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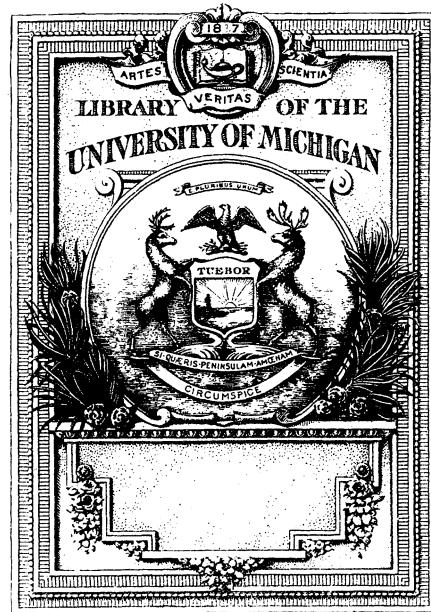


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Croydon.

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THE  
**SPECTATOR**







*Eustace Budgell.*



The  
**SPECTATOR**

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**No. 322, Monday, March 10, 1712**

to

**No. 394, Monday, June 2, 1712**

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**VOLUME**

**V**

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The Text Edited and Annotated by

G. GREGORY SMITH

With an Introductory Essay by

AUSTIN DOBSON

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
*THOMAS* Earl of WHARTON.

My LORD,

THE Author of the *Spectator* having prefixed before each of his Volumes the Name of some great Person to whom he has particular Obligations, lays his Claim to Your Lordship's Patronage upon the same Account. I must confess, my Lord, had not I already receiv'd great Instances of Your Favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a Work of this Nature to Your Perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the Characters of Men, and all the Parts of Humane Life, that it is impossible for the least Misrepresentation of them to escape Your Notice. It is Your Lordship's particular Distinction, that You are Master of the whole Compass of Business, and have signalized Your Self in all the different Scenes of it. We admire some for the Dignity, others for the Popularity of their Behaviour; some for their Clearness of Judgment, others for their Happiness of Expression; some for the laying of Schemes, and others for the putting of them in Execution; It is Your Lordship only who enjoys these several Talents united, and that too in as great Perfection as others possess them singly. Your Enemies acknowledge this great Extent in Your Lordship's Character, at the same Time that they use their utmost Industry and Invention to derogate from it. But it is for Your Honour that those who are now Your Enemies were always so. You have acted in so much Consistency with Your Self, and promoted the Interests of Your Country in so uniform a Manner, that even those who would misrepresent Your generous Designs for the Publick Good, cannot but approve the Steadiness and Intrepidity with

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which

which You pursue them. It is a most sensible Pleasure to me that I have this Opportunity of professing my self one of Your great Admirers, and, in a very particular Manner,

*My Lord,*

*Your Lordship's most Obliged,*

*and most Obedient, Humble Servant,*

*THE SPECTATOR.*

THE  
S P E C T A T O R.

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VOL. V.

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No. 322.

[STEELE.]

Monday, March 10, 1712.

—*Ad humum maerore gravi dedit & angit.*—Hor.

No. 322.

Monday,

March 10,

1712.

IT is often said, after a Man has heard a Story with extraordinary Circumstances, it is a very good one if it be true: But as for the following Relation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such Simplicity, and there are so many artless Touches of Distress in it, that I fear it comes too much from the Heart.

'*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

Some Years ago it happened that I lived in the same House with a young Gentleman of Merit; with whose good Qualities I was so much taken, as to make it my Endeavour to shew as many as I was able in my self Familiar Converse improved general Civilities into an unfeigned Passion on both Sides. He watched an Opportunity to declare himself to me; and I, who could not expect a Man of so great an Estate as his, received his Addresses in such Terms as gave him no Reason to believe I was displeased with them, tho' I did Nothing to make him think me more easy than was decent. His Father was a very hard worldly Man, and proud; so that there was no Reason to believe he would easily be brought to think, there was any Thing in any Woman's Person or Character that could ballance the Disadvantage of an unequal Fortune. In the mean Time the Son continued his Application to me, and omitted no Occasion of Demonstrating the most disinterested Passion imaginable to me; and in plain direct Terms offer'd

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offer'd to marry me privately, and keep it so 'till he should be so happy as to gain his Father's Approbation, or become possessed of his Estate. I passionately loved him, and you will believe I did not deny such a one what was my Interest also to grant. However I was not so young, as not to take the Precaution of carrying with me a faithful Servant, who had been also my Mother's Maid, to be present at the Ceremony. When that was over, I demanded a Certificate, signed by the Minister, my Husband, and the Servant I just now spoke of. After our Nuptials we conversed together very familiarly in the same House; but the Restraints we were generally under, and the Interviews we had being stolen and interrupted, made our Behaviour to each other have rather the impatient Fondness which is visible in Lovers, than the regular and gratified Affection which is to be observed in Man and Wife. This Observation made the Father very anxious for his Son, and press him to a Match he had in his Eye for him. To relieve my Husband from this Opportunity, and conceal the Secret of our Marriage, which I had Reason to know would not be long in my Power in Town, it was resolved that I should retire into a remote Place in the Country, and converse under feigned Names by Letter. We long continued this Way of Commerce; and I with my Needle, a few Books, and Reading over and over my Husband's Letters, passed my Time in a resigned Expectation of better Days. Be pleased to take Notice, that within four Months after I left my Husband I was delivered of a Daughter, who died within few Hours after her Birth. This Accident, and the retired Manner of Life I led, gave criminal Hopes to a neighbouring Brute of a Country Gentleman, whose Folly was the Source of all my Affliction. This Rustick is one of those rich Clowns, who supply the Want of all Manner of Breeding by the Neglect of it, and with noisy Mirth, half Understanding, and ample Fortune, force themselves upon Persons and Things without any Sense of Time and Place. The poor ignorant People where I lay concealed, and now passed for a Widow, wondered I could be so shy and strange

strange, as they called it, to the Squire; and were bribed No. 322, by him to admit him whenever he thought fit. I <sup>Monday,</sup> happened to be sitting in a little Parlour which belonged <sup>March 10,</sup> <sub>1712.</sub> to my own Part of the House, and musing over one of the fondest of my Husband's Letters, in which I always kept the Certificate of my Marriage, when this rude Fellow came in, and with the nauseous Familiarity of such unbred Brutes, snatched the Papers out of my Hand. I was immediately under so great a Concern, that I threw my self at his Feet, and begged of him to return them. He, with the same odious Pretence to Freedom and Gayety, swore he would read them. I grew more importunate, he more curious; 'till at last, with an Indignation arising from a Passion I then first discovered in him, he threw the Papers into the Fire, swearing that since he was not to read them, the Man who writ them should never be so happy as to have me read them over again. It is insignificant to tell you my Tears and Reproaches made the boisterous Calf leave the Room ashamed and out of Countenance, when I had Leisure to ruminate on this Accident with more than ordinary Sorrow: However such was then my Confidence in my Husband, that I writ to him the Misfortune, and desired another Paper of the same Kind. He deferred writing two or three Posts, and at last answered me in general, That he could not then send me what I asked for, but when he could find a proper Conveyance, I should be sure to have it. From this Time his Letters were more cold every Day than other, and as he grew indifferent I grew jealous. This has at last brought me to Town, where I find both the Witnesses of my Marriage dead, and that my Husband, after three Months Cohabitation, has buried a young Lady whom he married in Obedience to his Father. In a Word, he shuns and disowns me. Should I come to the House and confront him, the Father would join in supporting him against me, though he believed my Story; should I talk it to the World, what Reparation can I expect for an Injury I cannot make out? I believe he means to bring me, through Necessity, to resign my Pretensions to him for some Provision for my Life; but

I

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I will die first. Pray bid him remember what he said, and how he was charmed when he laughed at the heedless Discovery I often made of my self; let him remember how awkward I was in my dissembled Indifference towards him before Company; ask him how I, who could never conceal my Love for him, at his own Request can part with him for ever? Oh, Mr. SPECTATOR, sensible Spirits know no Indifference in Marriage; what then do you think is my piercing Affliction—I leave you to represent my Distress your own Way, in which I desire you to be speedy, if you have Compassion for Innocence exposed to Infamy.

T

Octavia.'

No. 323.  
[ADDISON.]

Tuesday, March 11.

—*Modo vir, modo femina*—,—Ovid.

THE Journal with which I presented my Reader on Tuesday last, has brought me in several Letters with Account of many private Lives cast into that Form. I have the *Rake's Journal*, the *Sot's Journal*, the *Whoremaster's Journal*, and among several others a very curious Piece, entitled, *The Journal of a Mohock*. By these Instances I find that the Intention of my last Tuesday's Paper has been mistaken by many of my Readers. I did not design so much to expose Vice as Idleness, and aimed at those Persons who pass away their Time rather in Trifle and Impertinence, than in Crimes and Immoralities. Offences of this latter Kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a Manner. In short, my Journal only holds up Folly to the Light, and shews the Disagreeableness of such Actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from Creatures endow'd with Reason.

My following Correspondent, who calls herself *Clarinda*, is such a Journalist as I require: She seems by her Letter to be placed in a modish State of Indifference between Vice and Virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper Pains taken with her. Had

Had her Journal been filled with Gallantries, or such Occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural Innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the Generality of Readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the Picture of a Life filled with a fashionable Kind of Gayety and Laziness, I shall set down five Days of it, as I have received it from the Hand of my fair Correspondent.

*'Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,*

You having set your Readers an Exercise in one of your last Week's Papers, I have perform'd mine according to your Orders, and herewith send it you enclosed. You must know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that I am a maiden Lady of a good Fortune, who have had several Matches offered me for these ten Years last past, and have at present warm Applications made to me by a very pretty Fellow. As I am at my own Disposal, I come up to Town every Winter, and pass my Time in it after the Manner you will find in the following Journal, which I began to write upon the very Day after your *Spectator* upon that Subject.

*TUESDAY Night.* Could not go to Sleep 'till one in the Morning for Thinking of my Journal.

*WEDNESDAY.* From *Eight till Ten.* Drank two Dishes of Chocolate in Bed, and fell asleep after them.

*From Ten to Eleven.* Eat a Slice of Bread and Butter, drank a Dish of Bohea, read the *Spectator*.

*From Eleven to One.* At my Toilette, try'd a new Head. Gave Orders for Veny to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in Blue.

*From One 'till Half an Hour after Two.* Drove to the *Change*. Cheapned a Couple of Fans.

*'Till Four.* At Dinner. *Mem.* Mr. Froth passed by in his new Liveries.

*From Four to Six.* Dressed, paid a Visit to old Lady *Blithe* and her Sister, having before heard they were gone out of Town that Day.

*From Six to Eleven.* At Basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the Ace of Diamonds.

THURSDAY

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THURSDAY. *From Eleven at Night to Eight in the Morning.* Dream'd that I punted to Mr. *Froth*.  
*From Eight to Ten.* Chocolate. Read two Acts in *Aurenzebe* abed.

*From Ten to Eleven.* Tea-Table. Sent to borrow Lady *Faddle's* *Cupid* for *Veny*. Read the Play-Bills. Received a Letter from Mr. *Froth*. *Mem*, locked it up in my strong Box.

*Rest of the Morning.* *Fontange*, the Tire-woman, her Account of my Lady *Blithe's* Wash. Broke a Tooth in my little Tortoise-shell Comb. Sent *Frank* to know how my Lady *Hectick* rested after her Monkey's leaping out at Window. Looked pale. *Fontange* tells me my Glass is not true. Dressed by Three.

*From Three to Four.* Dinner cold before I sat down.

*From Four to Eleven.* Saw Company. Mr. *Froth's* Opinion of *Milton*. His Account of the *Mohocks*. His Fancy of a Pin-cushion. Picture in the Lid of his Snuff-Box. Old Lady *Faddle* promises me her Woman to cut my Hair. Lost five Guineas at Crimp.

*Twelve a Clock at Night.* Went to bed.

FRIDAY, *Eight in the Morning.* Abed. Read over all Mr. *Froth's* Letters. *Cupid* and *Veny*.

*Ten a Clock.* Stay'd within all Day, not at home.

*From Ten to Twelve.* In Conference with my Mantua-Maker. Sorted a Suit of Ribbands. Broke my blue *China Cup*.

*From Twelve to One.* Shut my self up in my Chamber, practised Lady *Betty Modely's* Skuttle.

*One in the Afternoon.* Called for my flower'd Handkercheif. Worked half a Violet Leaf in it. Eyes aked, and Head out of Order. Threw by my Work, and read over the remaining Part of *Aurenzebe*.

*From Three to Four.* Dined.

*From Four to Twelve.* Changed my Mind, dressed, went abroad, and play'd at Crimp 'till Midnight. Found Mrs. *Spiteley* at home. Conversation Mrs. *Brilliant's* Necklace false Stones. Old Lady *Loveday* going to be married to a young Fellow that is not worth a Groat. Miss

Miss *Prue* gone into the Country. *Tom Townly* has No. 323, red Hair. *Mem.* Mrs. Spately whispered in my Ear Tuesday, that she had something to tell me about Mr. *Froth*. March 11, 1712.  
I am sure it is not true.

*Between Twelve and One.* Dreamed that Mr. *Froth* lay at my Feet, and called me *Indamora*.

SATURDAY. Rose at Eight a Clock in the Morning, Sat down to my Toilette.

*From Eight to Nine.* Shifted a Patch for Half an Hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left Eye-brow.

*From Nine to Twelve.* Drank my Tea, and dressed.

*From Twelve to Two.* At Chappel. A great Deal of good Company. *Mem.* The third Air in the new Opera. *Lady Blithe* dressed frightfully.

*From Three to Four.* Dined. Miss *Kitty* called upon me to go to the Opera before I was risen from the Table.

*From Dinner to Six.* Drank Tea. Turned off a Footman for being rude to *Veny*.

*Six a Clock.* Went to the Opera. I did not see Mr. *Froth* till the Beginning of the second Act. Mr. *Froth* talked to a Gentleman in a black Wig. Bowed to a Lady in the front Box. Mr. *Froth* and his Friend clapt *Nicolini* in the third Act. Mr. *Froth* cried out *Ancora*. Mr. *Froth* led me to my Chair. I think he squeezed my Hand.

*Eleven at Night.* Went to Bed. Melancholly Dreams. Methought *Nicolini* said he was Mr. *Froth*.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. *Eight a Clock.* Waked by Miss *Kitty*. *Aurenzebe* lay upon the Chair by me. *Kitty* repeated without Book the eight best Lines in the Play. Went in our Mobbs to the dumb Man, according to Appointment. Told me that my Lover's Name began with a G. *Mem.* the Conjuror was within a Letter of Mr. *Froth's* Name, &c.

Upon looking back into this my Journal, I find that I am at a Loss to know whether I pass my Time well  
or

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or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it, before I perused your Speculation upon that Subject. I scarce find a single Action in these five Days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the Working upon the Violet Leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first Day I am at Leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my Time and Thoughts, as I find they do upon my Journal. The latter of them I will turn off if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring Matters to a Conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my Life run away in a Dream.

*Your humble Servant,*  
Clarinda.'

To resume one of the Morals of my first Paper, and to confirm *Clarinda* in her good Inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty Figure she would make among Posterity, were the History of her whole Life published like these five Days of it. I shall conclude my Paper with an Epitaph written by an uncertain Author on Sir *Philip Sidney*'s Sister, a Lady who seems to have been of a Temper very much different from that of *Clarinda*. The last Thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my Reader will pardon me the Quotation.

On the Countess Dowager of *Pembroke*.

*Underneath this Marble Hearse  
Lies the Subject of all Verse,  
Sydney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother;  
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,  
Fair and learn'd, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a Dart at thee.*

L

No. 324.  
[STEELE.]

Wednesday, March 12.

*O curvae in terris animae & coelestium inanes.*—Pers.

'*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

THE Materials you have collected together towards a general History of Clubs, make so bright a Part of your Speculations, that I think it is but a Justice we

we all owe the learned World to furnish you with such No. 324. Assists as may promote that useful Work. For <sup>Wednesday</sup> March 12, 1712, this Reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect Informations of a Set of Men (if you will allow them a Place in that Species of Being) who have lately erected themselves into a Nocturnal Fraternity, under the Title of *The Mohock Club*, a Name borrowed it seems from a Sort of *Cannibals in India*, who subsist by Plundering and Devouring all the Nations about them. The President is stiled *Emperor of the Mohocks*; and his Arms are a *Turkish Crescent*, which his Imperial Majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary Manner engraven upon his Forehead. Agreeable to their Name, the avowed Design of their Institution is Mischief; and upon this Foundation all their Rules and Orders are framed. An outragious Ambition of doing all possible Hurt to their Fellow-Creatures, is the great Cement of their Assembly, and the only Qualification required in the Members. In order to exert this Principle in its full Strength and Perfection, they take Care to drink themselves to a Pitch, that is, beyond the Possibility of attending to any Motions of Reason or Humanity; then make a general Sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the Streets through which they patroll. Some are knock'd down, others stabb'd, others cut and carbonado'd. To put the Watch to a total Rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive Militia, is reckon'd a *Coup d'eclat*. The particular Talents by which these *Misanthropes* are distinguished from one another, consist in the various Kinds of Barbarities which they execute upon their Prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy Dexterity in Tipping the Lion upon them; which is perform'd by squeezing the Nose flat to the Face, and boring out the Eyes with their Fingers; Others are called the Dancing-Masters, and teach their Scholars to cut Capers by running Swords thro' their Legs; a new Invention, whether originally *French* I cannot tell: A third Sort are the Tumblers, whose Office it is to set Women upon their Heads, and commit certain Indecencies, or rather Barbarities, on the Limbs which they expose. But these I forbear to mention

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mention, because they can't but be very shocking to the Reader, as well as the SPECTATOR. In this Manner they carry on a War against Mankind; and by the standing Maxims of their Policy, are to enter into no Alliances but one, and that is Offensive and Defensive with all Bawdy-Houses in general, of which they have declared themselves Protectors and Guarantees.

I must own, Sir, these are only broken incoherent Memoirs of this wonderful Society, but they are the best I have been yet able to procure; for being but of late Establishment, it is not ripe for a just History: And to be serious, the chief Design of this Trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleas'd, out of a Concern for the Good of your Countrymen, to act under the Character of SPECTATOR not only the Part of a Looker-on, but an Overseer of their Actions; and whenever such Enormities as this infest the Town, we immediately fly to you for Redress. I have Reason to believe, that some thoughtless Youngsters, out of a false Notion of Bravery, and an immoderate Fondness to be distinguished for Fellows of Fire, are insensibly hurry'd into this senseless scandalous Project: Such will probably stand corrected by your Reproofs, especially if you inform them, that it is not Courage for half a Score Fellows, mad with Wine and Lust, to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that the Manners of *Indian* Savages are no becoming Accomplishments to an *English* fine Gentleman. Such of them as have been Bullies and Scowlers of a long Standing, and are grown Veterans in this Kind of Service, are I fear too hardned to receive any Impressions from your Admonitions. But I beg you would recommend to their Perusal your ninth Speculation: They may there be taught to take Warning from the Club of Duellists; and be put in Mind, that the common Fate of those Men of Honour was to be hang'd.

I am,

March the 10th,  
1711-12.

Sir,  
Your most humble Servant,

Philanthropos.'

The

The following Letter is of a quite contrary Nature; No. 324. but I add it here that the Reader may observe at the <sup>Wednesday</sup> same View, how amiable Ignorance may be when it <sup>day,</sup> is shewn in its Simplicities, and how detestable in <sup>March 12,</sup> Barbarities. It is written by an honest Countryman to his Mistress, and came to the Hands of a Lady of good Sense wrapped about a Thread-Paper, who has long kept it by her as an Image of artless Love.

*'To her I very much Respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.*

Lovely, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. *Margaret Clark*, I pray you let Affection excuse Presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the Sight of your sweet Countenance and comely Body, sometimes when I had Occasion to buy Treacle or Liquorish Powder at the Apothecary's Shop, I am so enamour'd with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming Desire to become your Servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own Man, and may match where I please; for my Father is taken away, and now I am come to my Living, which is Ten Yard Land, and a House; and there is never a Yard of Land in our Field but it is as well worth ten Pound a Year as a Thief is worth a Halter; and all my Brothers and Sisters are provided for: Besides I have good Household-stuff, though I say it, both Brass and Pewter, Linnen and Woollens; and though my House be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one Half of it slated. If you think well of this Motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new Cloaths is made and Hay-Harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good—' The rest is torn off; and Posterity must be contented to know that Mrs. *Margaret Clark* was very pretty, but are left in the Dark as to the Name of her Lover.

T

Thursday

No. 325. No. 325.  
 Thursday, [BUDGELL.]  
 March 13,  
 1712.

Thursday, March 13.

—*Quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas?  
 Quod petis, est nusquam; quod amas, avertere, perdes.  
 Ista repercussae, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est.  
 Nil habet ista sui; tecum venitque, manetque,  
 Tecum discedat, si tu discedere possis.*—Ovid.

WILL HONEYCOMB diverted us last Night with an Account of a young Fellow's first Discovering his Passion to his Mistress. The young Lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable Opinion of him, and was still in Hopes that he would some Time or other make his Advances. As he was one Day talking with her in Company of her two Sisters, the Conversation happening to turn upon Love, each of the young Ladies was, by way of Raillery, recommending a Wife to him; when, to the no small Surprise of her who languished for him in Secret, he told them with a more than ordinary Seriousness, That his Heart had been long engaged to one whose Name he thought himself obliged in Honour to conceal; but that he could shew her Picture in the Lid of his Snuff-Box. The young Lady, who found herself the most sensibly touched by this Confession, took the first Opportunity that offered of snatching his Box out of his Hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolved to look into the Lid, begged her, that if she should happen to know the Person she would not reveal her Name. Upon carrying it to the Window she was very agreeably surprized to find there was Nothing within the Lid but a little Looking-Glass, in which, after she had view'd her own Face with more Pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the Box with a Smile, telling him, She could not but admire at his Choice.

WILL fancying that his Story took, immediately fell into a Dissertation on the Usefulness of Looking-Glasses, and applying himself to me, asked, If there were any Looking-Glasses in the Times of the Greeks and Romans; for that he had often observed in the Translations

lations of Poems out of those Languages, that People No. 325, generally talked of seeing themselves in Wells, Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers; Nay, says he, I remember Mr. Dryden in his *Ovid* tells us of a swinging Fellow, called *Polypheme*, that made use of the Sea for his Looking-Glass, and could never dress himself to Advantage but in a Calm.

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1712.

My Friend WILL, to shew us the whole Compass of his Learning upon this Subject, further informed us, that there were still several Nations in the World so very barbarous as not to have any Looking-Glasses among them, and that he had lately read a Voyage to the South-Sea, in which it is said, that the Ladies of Chili always dress their Heads over a Bason of Water.

I am the more particular in my Account of WILL'S last Night's Lecture on these natural Mirrors, as it seems to bear some Relation to the following Letter, which I received the Day before.

'Sir,

I have read your last *Saturday's* Observation on the Fourth Book of *Milton* with great Satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden Moral, which you have taken Notice of in several Parts of the Poem. The Design of this Letter is to desire your Thoughts, whether there may not also be some Moral couched under that Place in the same Book where the Poet lets us know, that the first Woman immediately after her Creation, ran to a Looking-Glass, and became so enamoured of her own Face, that she had never removed, to view any of the other Works of Nature, had not she been led off to a Man. If you think fit to set down the whole Passage from *Milton*, your Readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the Quotation will not a little contribute to the filling up of your Paper.

Your Humble Servant,

R. T.

The last Consideration urged by my Querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The Passage

No. 325. Passage he alludes to is part of *Eve's Speech to Adam*, Thursday, and one of the most beautiful Passages in the whole March 13, Poem.  
1712.

*That Day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd  
Under a shade of flowers, much wondring where  
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
Not distant far from thence, a murmuring sound  
Of waters issu'd from a Cave, and spread  
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd  
Pure as the Expanse of Heav'n; I thither went  
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down  
On the green Bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Skie.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite,  
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd  
Bending to look on me; I started back;  
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd;  
Pleas'd it return'd as soon, with answering looks  
Of sympathy and love; there I had fixt  
Mine Eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
Had not a Voice thus warn'd me; What thou seest,  
What there thou seest fair Creature is thy self;  
With thee it came and goes; but follow me,  
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
Thy coming, and thy soft Embraces; he  
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy  
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd  
Mother of humane Race; What could I do,  
But follow streight, invisibly thus led;  
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a Platan, yet methought less fair,  
Less winning soft, less amiable mild,  
Than that smooth watry image; back I return'd;  
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve;  
Whom fly'st thou; whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,  
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent,  
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side  
Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half; with that thy gentle hand  
Seis'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see  
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.  
So spake our general Mother—*

X

Friday

No. 326.  
STEELE.]

Friday, March 14.

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*Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea,  
Robustaeque fores, & vigillum canum  
Tristes excubiae munierant satis  
Nocturnis ab adulteris,  
Si non —————— Hor.*

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR Correspondent's Letter relating to Fortune-Hunters, and your subsequent Discourse upon it, have given me Encouragement to send you a State of my Case; by which you will see, that the Matter complained of is a common Grievance both to City and Country.

I am a Country Gentleman of between five and six thousand a Year. It is my Misfortune to have a very fine Park and an only Daughter; upon which Account I have been so plagu'd with Deer-Stealers and Fops, that for these Four Years past I have scarce enjoy'd a Moment's Rest. I look upon my self to be in a State of War; and am forc'd to keep as constant Watch in my Seat, as a Governour would do that commanded a Town on the Frontier of an Enemy's Country. I have indeed pretty well secur'd my Park, having for this Purpose provided my self of four Keepers, who are Left-handed, and handle a Quarter-staff beyond any other Fellows in the Country. And for the Guard of my House, besides a Band of Pensioner-Matrons and an old Maiden Relation, whom I keep on constant Duty, I have Blunderbusses always charged, and Fox-gins planted in private Places about my Garden, of which I have given frequent Notice in the Neighbourhood; yet so it is, that in spite of all my Care, I shall every now and then have a sawcy Rascal ride by *reconnoitring* (as I think you call it) under my Windows, as sprucely drest as if he were going to a Ball. I am aware of this Way of Attacking a Mistress on Horseback, having heard that it is a common Practice in Spain; and have therefore taken Care to remove my Daughter from the Road-side of the House, and to lodge

v.

B

her

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her next the Garden. But to cut short my Story, What can a Man do after all? I durst not stand for Member of Parliament last Election, for Fear of some ill Consequence from my being off of my Post. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to promote a Project I have set on Foot, and upon which I have writ to some of my Friends; and that is, that Care may be taken to secure our Daughters by Law as well as our Deer; and that some honest Gentleman of a publick Spirit, would move for Leave to bring in a Bill for the better Preserving of the female Game. I am, Sir,

*Your humble Servant,*

*'Mr. SPECTATOR,*

*Mile-End-Green, March 6, 1711-12.*

Here is a young Man walks by our Door every Day about the Dusk of the Evening. He looks up at my Window as if to see me; and if I steal towards it to peep at him, he turns another Way, and looks frightned at finding what he was looking for. The Air is very cold; and pray let him know that, if he knocks at the Door, he will be carried to the Parlour Fire; and I will come down soon after, and give him an Opportunity to break his Mind.

*I am,  
Sir,*

*Your humble Servant,  
Mary Comfitt.*

If I observe he cannot speak, I'll give him time to recover himself, and ask him how he does.'

*'Dear Sir,*

I beg you to print this without Delay, and by the first Opportunity give us the natural Causes of Longing in Women; or put me out of Fear that my Wife will one Time or other be delivered of something as monstrous as any Thing that has yet appeared to the World; for they say the Child is to bear a Resemblance of what was desired by the Mother. I have been married upwards of six Years, have had four Children, and my Wife is now big with the fifth. The Expences she has

has put me to, in procuring what she has longed for No. 326. During her Pregnancy with them, would not only have Friday, March 14, 1712. handsomely defrayed the Charges of the Month, but of their Education too; her Fancy being so exorbitant for the first Year or two, as not to confine it self to the usual Objects of Eatables and Drinkables, but running out after Equipage and Furniture, and the like Extravagancies. To trouble you only with a few of them: When she was with Child of *Tom* my eldest Son, she came home one Day just fainting, and told me she had been visiting a Relation, whose Husband had made her a Present of a Chariot and a stately Pair of Horses; and that she was positive she could not breathe a Week longer, unless she took the Air in the Fellow to it of her own within that time: This, rather than lose an Heir, I readily complied with. Then the Furniture of her best Room must be instantly changed, or she should mark the Child with some of the frightful Figures in the old-fashion'd Tapistry. Well, the Upholsterer was called, and her Longing saved that Bout. When she went with *Molly*, she had fixed her Mind upon a new Set of Plate, and as much China as would have furnished an *India* Shop: These also I chearfully granted, for Fear of being Father to an *Indian Pagod*. Hitherto I found her Demands rose upon every Concession; and had she gone on I had been ruined: But by good Fortune, with her third, which was *Peggy*, the Heighth of her Imagination came down to the Corner of a Venison-Pasty, and brought her once even upon her Knees to gnaw off the Ears of a Pig from the Spit. The Gratifications of her Palate were easily preferred to those of her Vanity; and sometimes a Partridge or a Quail, a Wheat-Ear or the Pestle of a Lark, were chearfully purchased; nay I could be contented though I were to feed her with green Pease in *April*, or Cherries in *May*. But with the Babe she now goes she is turned Girl again, and fallen to eating of Chalk, pretending 'twill make the Child's Skin white; and nothing will serve her but I must bear her Company, to prevent its having a Shade of my Brown. In this however I have ventured to deny her. No longer ago than Yesterday, as we were coming

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coming to Town, she saw a Parcel of Crows so heartily at Breakfast upon a Piece of Horse-flesh, that she had an invincible Desire to partake with them, and (to my infinite Surprise) begged the Coachman to cut her off a Slice as if 'twere for himself; which the Fellow did and as soon as she came home she fell to it with such an Appetite, that she seemed rather to devour than eat it. What her next Sally will be I cannot guess; but in the mean Time my Request to you is, that if there be any Way to come at these wild unaccountable Rovings of Imagination by Reason and Argument, you'd speedily afford us your Assistance. This exceeds the Grievance of Pin-Money; and I think in every Settlement there ought to be a Clause inserted, that the Father should be answerable for the Longings of his Daughter. But I shall impatiently expect your Thoughts in this Matter; and am,

Sir,

Your most obliged,

And most faithful

Humble Servant,

T. B.

Let me know whether you think the next Child will love Horses as much as *Molly* does China-Ware! T

No. 327.

[ADDISON.]

Saturday, March 15.

—*Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.*—Virg.

WE were told in the foregoing Book how the Evil Spirit practised upon Eve as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with Thoughts of Vanity, Pride and Ambition. The Author, who shews a wonderful Art throughout his whole Poem, in preparing the Reader for the several Occurrences that arise in it, finds, upon the above-mention'd Circumstance, the First Part of the Fifth Book. Adam upon his Awaking finds Eve still asleep, with an unusual Discomposure in her Looks. The Posture in which he regards her, is described with a Tenderness not to be express'd, as

as the Whisper with which he awakens her is the No. 327.  
softest that ever was conveyed to a Lover's Ear.

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*His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve  
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek  
As through unquiet rest; he on his side  
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice  
Mild, as when Zephyrus or Flora breathes,  
Her Hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake  
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
Our tended plants, how blows the Citron Grove,  
What drops the Myrrhe, and what the balmie Reed,  
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee  
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet,  
Such Whispering wak'd her, but with startled Eye  
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.  
O Sole in whom my thoughts find all Repose,  
My glory, my perfection, glad I see  
Thy face, and morn return'd* —————

I cannot but take Notice that *Milton*, in the Conferences between *Adam* and *Eve*, had his Eye very frequently upon the Book of *Canticles*, in which there is a noble Spirit of Eastern Poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with in *Homer*, who is generally placed near the Age of *Solomon*. I think there is no Question but the Poet in the preceding Speech remember'd those two Passages which are spoken on the like Occasion, and fill'd with the same pleasing Images of Nature.

*My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the Voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the Vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my Love, my fair one, and come away.*

*Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the Field, let us get up early to the Vineyards, let us see if the Vine flourish, whether the tender Grape appear, and the Pomegranates bud forth.*

His

No. 327. His preferring the Garden of *Eden* to that  
 Saturday, *Where the Sapient King*  
 March 15, *Held Dalliance with his fair Egyptian Spouse,*  
 1712.

shews that the Poet had this delightful Scene in his Mind.

*Eve's Dream* is full of those *high Conceits engendering Pride*, which, we are told, the Devil endeavoured to instil into her. Of this Kind is that Part of it where she fancies herself awaken'd by *Adam* in the following beautiful Lines.

*Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
 Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns  
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
 Shadowy sets off the face of things; In vain,  
 If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes  
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire,  
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze!*

An injudicious Poet would have made *Adam* talk thro' the whole Work, in such Sentiments as these. But Flattery and Falshood are not the Courtship of *Milton's Adam*, and could not be heard by *Eve* in her State of Innocence, excepting only in a Dream produc'd on purpose to taint her Imagination. Other vain Sentiments of the same Kind in this Relation of her Dream, will be obvious to every Reader. Tho' the Catastrophe of the Poem is finely presaged on this Occasion, the Particulars of it are so artfully shadow'd, that they do not anticipate the Story which follows in the Ninth Book. I shall only add, that tho' the Vision it self is founded upon Truth, the Circumstances of it are full of that Wildness and Inconsistency which are natural to a Dream. *Adam*, conformable to his superior Character for Wisdom, instructs and Comforts *Eve* upon this Occasion.

*So chear'd he his fair Spouse, and she was chear'd,  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;*

Two

*Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
Each in their chrystal sluice, he e'er they fell  
Kiss'd, as the gracious Signs of sweet remorse  
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.*

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The Morning Hymn is written in Imitation of one of those Psalms, where, in the Overflowings of Gratitude and Praise, the Psalmist calls not only upon the Angels, but upon the most conspicuous Parts of the inanimate Creation, to joyn with him in extolling their Common Maker. Invocations of this Nature fill the Mind with glorious Ideas of God's Works, and awaken that divine Enthusiasm, which is so natural to Devotion. But if this Calling upon the dead Parts of Nature, is at all Times a proper Kind of Worship it was in a particular Manner suitable to our first Parents, who had the Creation fresh upon their Minds, and had not seen the various Dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many Topicks of Praise which might afford Matter to the Devotions of their Posterity. I need not remark the beautiful Spirit of Poetry, which runs through this whole Hymn, nor the Holiness of that Resolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned those Speeches which are assigned to the Persons in this Poem, I proceed to the Description which the Poet gives of *Raphael*. His Departure from before the Throne, and his Flight thro' the Choirs of Angels, is finely imaged. As *Milton* every where fills his Poem with Circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the Gate of Heaven as framed after such a Manner, that it open'd of it self upon the Approach of the Angel who was to pass through it.

— 'till at the gate  
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide,  
On golden Hinges turning, as by work  
Divine the Sovereign Architect had framed.

The Poet here seems to have regarded two or three Passages in the 18th *Iliad*, as that in particular, where, speaking of *Vulcan*, *Homer* says, that he had made twenty *Triptodes* running on Golden Wheels, which, upon

No. 327. upon Occasion, might go of themselves to the Assembly Saturday, of the Gods, and, when there was no more Use for them, return again after the same Manner. *Scaliger* has rallied *Homer* very severely upon this Point, as *M. Dacier* has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether in this Particular of *Homer*, the Marvellous does not lose Sight of the Probable. As the miraculous Workmanship of *Milton's* Gates is not so extraordinary as this of the *Trípodes*, so I am perswaded he would not have mentioned it, had not he been supported in it by a Passage in the Scripture, which speaks of Wheels in Heaven that had Life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in Conformity with the Cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no Question but *Milton* had this Circumstance in his Thoughts, because in the following Book he describes the Chariot of the *Messiah* with *living* Wheels, according to the Plan in *Ezekiel's* Vision.

—Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound  
*The Chariot of Paternal Deity,*  
*Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,*  
*It self instinct with Spirit*—

I question not but *Bossu*, and the two *Daciers*, who are for vindicating every Thing that is censured in *Homer*, by something parallel in Holy Writ, would have been very well pleased had they thought of confronting *Vulcan's* *Trípodes* with *Ezekiel's* Wheels.

*Raphael's* Descent to the Earth, with the Figure of his Person, is represented in very lively Colours. Several of the *French*, *Italian*, and *English* Poets have given a Loose to their Imaginations in the Description of Angels; But I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the Notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in *Milton*. After having set him forth in all his heavenly Plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the Earth, the Poet concludes his Description with a Circumstance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest Strength of Fancy.

*Like*

—*Like Maia's Son he stood  
And shook his plumes, that Heav'ly fragrance fill'd  
The Circuit wide*—

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Raphael's Reception by the Guardian Angels; his passing through the Wilderness of Sweets; his distant Appearance to *Adam*, have all the Graces that Poetry is capable of bestowing. The Author afterwards gives us a particular Description of *Eve* in her Domestick Employments.

*So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,  
What choice to chuse for delicacy best,  
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix  
Tastes, not well joyn'd inelegant, but bring  
Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change;  
Bestirs her then, &c.*—

Though in this, and other Parts of the same Book, the Subject is only the Housewifry of our First Parent, it is set off with so many pleasing Images and strong Expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable Parts in this Divine Work.

The natural Majesty of *Adam*, and at the same Time his submissive Behaviour to the superior Being, who had vouchsafed to be his Guest; the solemn Hail which the Angel bestows upon the Mother of Mankind, with the Figure of *Eve* ministering at the Table, are Circumstances which deserve to be admired.

Raphael's Behaviour is every Way suitable to the Dignity of his Nature, and to that Character of a sociable Spirit, with which the Author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received Instructions to converse with *Adam*, as one Friend converses with another, and to warn him of the Enemy, who was contriving his Destruction: Accordingly he is represented as sitting down at Table with *Adam*, and eating of the Fruits of *Paradise*. The Occasion naturally leads him to his Discourse on the Food of Angels. After having thus entered into Conversation with Man upon more indifferent Subjects, he warns him of his Obedience, and makes a natural Transition to the History of that fallen Angel, who was employed in the Circumvention of our first Parents.

Had

No. 327. Had I followed Monsieur Bossu's Method, in my first Paper on *Milton*, I should have dated the Action of *Paradise Lost* from the Beginning of *Raphael's* Speech in this Book, as he supposes the Action of the *Aeneid* to begin in the second Book of that Poem. I could allege many Reasons for my drawing the Action of the *Aeneid* rather from its immediate Beginning in the first Book, than from its remote Beginning in the second, and shew why I have considered the sacking of *Troy* as an *Episode*, according to the common Acceptation of that Word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining Piece of Criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first Paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Whichever of the Notions be true, the Unity of *Milton's* Action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the Fall of Man in its immediate Beginning, or proceeding from the Resolutions taken in the infernal Council, or in its more remote Beginning, or proceeding from the first Revolt of the Angels in Heaven. The Occasion which *Milton* assigns for this Revolt, as it is founded on Hints in *Holy Writ*, and on the Opinion of some great Writers, so it was the most proper that the Poet could have made use of.

The Revolt in Heaven is described with great Force of Imagination and a fine Variety of Circumstances. The learned Reader cannot but be pleased with the Poet's Imitation of *Homer* in the last of the following Lines.

*At length into the limits of the North  
They came, and Satan took his Royal Seat  
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount  
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Tow'rs  
From Diamond Quarries hewn, and Rocks of Gold,  
The Palace of great Lucifer, (so call  
That Structure in the Dialect of Men  
Interpreted)——*

*Homer* mentions Persons and Things, which he tells us in the Language of the Gods are call'd by different Names from those they go by in the Language of Men. *Milton* has imitated him with his usual Judgment in this particular

particular Place, wherein he has likewise the Authority No. 327. of Scripture to justify him. The Part of *Abdiel*, who was the only Spirit that in this infinite Host of Angels preserved his Allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble Moral of religious Singularity. The Zeal of the Seraphim breaks forth in a becoming Warmth of Sentiments and Expressions, as the Character which is given us of him denotes that generous Scorn and Intrepidity which attends heroick Virtue. The Author doubtless designed it as a Pattern to those who live among Mankind in their present State of Degeneracy and Corruption.

*So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found,  
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;  
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrify'd ;  
His Loyalty he kept, his Love, his Zeal ;  
Nor Number, nor Example with him wrought  
To swerve from Truth, or change his constant mind  
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
Long Way through hostile Scorn, which he sustain'd  
Superior, nor of Violence fear'd ought ;  
And with retorted Scorn his Back he turn'd  
On those proud Tow'rs to swift Destruction doom'd.* L

No. 328.

[ADDISON.]

Monday, March 17.

*Nullum a labore me reclinat otium.—Hor.*'*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

**A**S I believe this is the first Complaint that ever was made to you of this Nature, so you are the first Person I ever could prevail upon my self to lay it before. When I tell you I have a healthy vigorous Constitution, a plentiful Estate, no inordinate Desires, and am married to a very virtuous lovely Woman, who neither wants Wit nor good Nature, and by whom I have a numerous Offspring to perpetuate my Family, you will naturally conclude me a happy Man. But, notwithstanding these promising Appearances, I am so far from it, that the Prospect of being ruin'd and undone, by a Sort of Extravagance which of late Years is in a less Degree crept into every fashionable Family, deprives me of all the Comforts of my Life, and renders me the most anxious miserable

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miserable Man on Earth. My Wife, who was the only Child and darling Care of an indulgent Mother, employ'd her early Years in learning all those Accomplishments we generally understand by good breeding and a polite Education. She sings, dances, plays on the Lute and Harpsichord, paints prettily, is a perfect Mistress of the French Tongue, and has made a considerable Progress in *Italian*. She is besides excellently skill'd in all domestick Sciences, as Preserving, Pickling, Pastry, making Wines of Fruits of our own Growth, Embroidering, and Needle-works of every Kind. Hitherto you will be apt to think there is very little Cause of Complaint; but suspend your Opinion till I have further explain'd my self, and then I make no Question you will come over to mine. You are not to imagine I find Fault that she either possesses or takes Delight in the Exercise of those Qualifications I just now mention'd; 'tis the immoderate Fondness she has to them that I lament, and that what is only design'd for the innocent Amusement and Recreation of Life, is become the whole Business and Study of hers. The six Months we are in Town (for the Year is equally divided between that and the Country) from almost Break of Day 'till Noon, the whole Morning is laid out in practising with her several Masters; and to make up the Losses occasion'd by her Absence in Summer, every Day in the Week their Attendance is requir'd; and as they are all People eminent in their Professions, their Skill and Time must be recompensed accordingly: So how far these Articles extend, I leave you to judge. Limning, one would think, is no expensive Diversion, but as she manages the Matter, 'tis a very considerable Addition to her Disbursements; which you will easily believe when you know she paints Fans for all her female Acquaintance, and draws all her Relations' Pictures in Miniature; the first must be mounted by no Body but *Colmar*, and the other set by no Body but *Charles Mather*. What follows is still much worse than the former; for, as I told you, she is a great Artist at her Needle, 'tis incredible what Sums she expends in Embroidery; For besides what is appropriated to her personal Use, as Mantuas

Mantuas, Petticoats, Stomachers, Handkerchiefs, Purses, No. 328. Pin-cushions, and Working-Aprons, she keeps four Monday, March 17, 1712. French Protestants continually employ'd in making divers Pieces of superfluous Furniture, as Quilts, Toilets, Hangings for Closets, Beds, Window-Curtains, easy Chairs, and Tabourets: Nor have I any Hopes of ever reclaiming her from this Extravagance, while she obstinately persists in thinking it a notable Piece of good Housewifry, because they are made at Home, and she has had some Share in the Performance. There would be no End of relating to you the Particulars of the annual Charge in furnishing her Store-room with a Profusion of Pickles and Preserves; for she is not contented with having every Thing, unless it be done every Way, in which she consults an hereditary Book of Receipts; for her female Ancestors have been always fam'd for good Housewifry, one of whom is made immortal by giving her Name to an Eye-Water and two Sorts of Puddings. I cannot undertake to recite all her medicinal Preparations, as Salves, Cerecloths, Powders, Confects, Cordials, Ratafia, Persico, Orange-flower, and Cherry-brandy, together with innumerable Sorts of simple Waters. But there is nothing I lay so much to Heart, as that detestable Catalogue of counterfeit Wines, which derive their Names from the Fruits, Herbs, or Trees of whose Juices they are chiefly compounded: They are loathsome to the Taste, and pernicious to the Health; and as they seldom survive the Year, and then are thrown away, under a false Pretence of Frugality, I may affirm they stand me in more than if I entertain'd all our Visiters with the best Burgundy and Champaign. Coffee, Chocolate, Green, Imperial, Peco, and Bohea Tea seem to be Trifles; but when the proper Appurtenances of the Tea-Table are added, they swell the Account higher than one would imagine. I cannot conclude without doing her Justice in one Article; where her Frugality is so remarkable I must not deny her the Merit of it, and that is in Relation to her Children, who are all confin'd, both Boys and Girls, to one large Room in the remotest Part of the House, with Bolts on the Doors, and Barrs to the Windows, under the

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the Care and Tuition of an old Woman who had been dry Nurse to her Grandmother. This is their Residence all the Year round; and as they are never allow'd to appear, she prudently thinks it needless to be at any Expence in Apparel or Learning. Her eldest Daughter to this Day would have neither read nor writ, if it had not been for the Butler, who being the Son of a Country Attorney, has taught her such a Hand as is generally used for engrossing Bills in Chancery. By this Time I have sufficiently tried your Patience with my domestick Grievances; which I hope you will agree could not well be contain'd in a narrower Compass, when you consider what a Paradox I undertook to maintain in the Beginning of my Epistle, and which manifestly appears to be but too melancholy a Truth. And now I heartily wish the Relation I have given of my Misfortunes may be of Use and Benefit to the Publick. By the Example I have set before them, the truly virtuous Wives may learn to avoid those Errors which have so unhappily misled mine, and which are visibly these three. First, In mistaking the proper Objects of her Esteem, and fixing her Affections upon such Things as are only the Trappings and Decorations of her Sex. Secondly, In not distinguishing what becomes the different Stages of Life. And, Lastly, The Abuse and Corruption of some excellent Qualities, which, if circumscrib'd within just Bounds, would have been the Blessings and Prosperity of her Family, but by a vicious Extream are like to be the Bane and Destruction of it' T

No. 329.

[ADDISON.]

Tuesday, March 18.

*Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit & Ancus.*—Hor.

MY Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY told me t'other Night, that he had been reading my Paper upon *Westminster-Abbey*, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious Fancies. He told me at the same Time, that he observed I had promised another Paper upon *the Tombs*, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read History. I could not at

at first imagine how this came into the Knight's No. 329. Head, till I recollect that he had been very busy Tuesday, March 18, 1712. all last Summer upon *Baker's Chronicle*, which he has quoted several Times in his Disputes with Sir ANDREW FREEPORT since his last coming to Town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next Morning, that we might go together to the *Abbey*.

I found the Knight under his Butler's Hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a Glass of the Widow *Trueby's Water*, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a Dram of it at the same Time, with so much Heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down I found it very unpalatable, upon which the Knight observing that I had made several wry Faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best Thing in the World against the Stone or Gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the Virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of Good-will. Sir ROGER told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a Man whilst he staid in Town, to keep off Infection, and that he got together a Quantity of it upon the first News of the Sickness being at *Dantzick*: When of a sudden turning short to one of his Servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call an Hackney-Coach, and take Care it was an elderly Man that drove it.

He then resumed his Discourse upon Mrs. *Trueby's Water*, telling me that the Widow *Trueby* was one who did more Good than all the Doctors and Apothecaries in the County: That she distilled every poppy that grew within five Miles of her, that she distributed her Water *gratis* among all Sorts of People; to which the Knight added, that she had a very great Jointure, and that the whole Country would fain have it a Match between him and her; and truly, says Sir ROGER, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

His

No. 329. His Discourse was broken off by his Man's telling  
Tuesday, him he had called a Coach. Upon our going to it  
March 18, after having cast his Eye upon the Wheels, he asked  
1712. the Coachman if his Axle-tree was good; upon the  
Fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight  
turned to me, told me he looked like an honest Man,  
and went in without further Ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir ROGER popping out  
his Head, called the Coachman down from his Box,  
and upon his presenting himself at the Window, asked  
him if he smoaked; as I was considering what this  
would end in, he bid him stop by the Way at any  
good Tobacconist's, and take in a Roll of their best  
Virginia. Nothing material happen'd in the remain-  
ing Part of our Journey, till we were set down at the  
West-End of the Abbey.

As we went up the Body of the Church, the Knight  
pointed at the Trophies upon one of the new Monu-  
ments, and cry'd out, A brave Man I warrant him.  
Passing afterwards by Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*, he flung  
his Hand that Way, and cry'd Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*!  
a very gallant Man! As we stood before *Busby's*  
Tomb, the Knight utter'd himself again after the same  
Manner, Dr. *Busby*, a great Man, he whipp'd my  
Grandfather, a very great Man. I should have gone  
to him my self, if I had not been a Blockhead, a very  
great Man!

We were immediately conducted into the little  
Chappel on the Right Hand. Sir ROGER planting him-  
self at our Historian's Elbow, was very attentive to  
every Thing he said, particularly to the Account he  
gave us of the Lord who had cut off the King of  
Morocco's Head. Among several other Figures, he  
was very well pleased to see the Statesman *Cecil* upon  
his Knees; and, concluding them all to be great Men,  
was conducted to the Figure which represents that  
Martyr to good Housewifry, who died by the Prick  
of a Needle. Upon our Interpreter's telling us, that  
she was a Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, the  
Knight was very inquisitive into her Name and  
Family, and, after having regarded her Finger for  
some

some Time, I wonder, says he, that Sir *Richard Baker* No. 329, has said Nothing of her in his Chronicle.

Tuesday,  
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1712.

We were then convey'd to the two Coronation Chairs, where my old Friend, after having heard that the Stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from *Scotland*, was called *Jacob's Pillar*, sat himself down in the Chair, and looking like the Figure of an old *Gothic* King, asked our Interpreter, What Authority they had to say, that *Jacob* had ever been in *Scotland*? The Fellow, instead of returning him an Answer, told him, that he hoped his Honour would pay his Forfeit. I could observe Sir *ROGER* a little ruffled upon being thus trapp'd; but our Guide not insisting upon his Demand, the Knight soon recovered his good Humour, and whispered in my Ear, that if *WILL WIMBLE* were with us, and saw those two Chairs, it would go hard but he would get a Tobacco-Stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir *ROGER*, in the next Place, laid his Hand upon *Edward III's* Sword, and leaning upon the Pommel of it, gave us the whole History of the *Black Prince*; concluding, that in Sir *Richard Baker's* Opinion, *Edward the Third* was one of the greatest Princes that ever sate upon the *English Throne*.

We were then shewn *Edward the Confessor's* Tomb; upon which Sir *ROGER* acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the Evil; and afterwards *Henry the Fourth's*, upon which he shook his Head, and told us, there was fine Reading in the Casualties of that Reign.

Our Conductor then pointed to that Monument, where there is the Figure of one of our *English* Kings without an Head; and upon giving us to know, that the Head, which was of beaten Silver, had been stolen away several Years since; Some Whig, I warrant you, says Sir *ROGER*; You ought to lock up your Kings better; They will carry off the Body too, if you don't take Care.

The glorious Names of *Henry the Fifth* and *Queen Elizabeth* gave the Knight great Opportunities of shining, and of doing Justice to Sir *Richard Baker*, who,

v.

c

as

No. 329, as our Knight observed with some Surprize, had a great many Kings in him, whose Monuments he had not seen in the Abbey,  
 Tuesday,  
 March 18,  
 1712.

For my own Part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight shew such an honest Passion for the Glory of his Country, and such a respectful Gratitude to the Memory of its Princes.

I must not omit, that the Benevolence of my good old Friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our Interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary Man; for which Reason he shook him by the Hand at Parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his Lodgings in *Norfolk-Buildings*, and talk over these Matters with him more at Leisure. L

No. 330.

[STEELE.]

Wednesday, March 19.

*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*—Juv.

THE following Letters, written by two very considerate Correspondents, both under twenty Years of Age, are very good Arguments of the Necessity of taking into Consideration the many Incidents which affect the Education of Youth.

*'Sir,*

I have long expected, that in the Course of your Observations upon the several Parts of humane Life, you would one Time or other fall upon a Subject, which, since you have not, I take the Liberty to recommend to you. What I mean is the Patronage of young modest Men to such as are able to countenance and introduce them into the World. For Want of such Assists, a Youth of Merit languishes in Obscurity or Poverty, when his Circumstances are low, and runs into Riot and Excess when his Fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make my self better understood, than by sending you an History of my self, which I shall desire you to insert in your Paper, it being the only Way I have of expressing my Gratitude for the highest Obligations imaginable.

I

I am the Son of a Merchant of the City of *London*, No. 330, who, by many Losses, was reduced from a very luxuri-  
ant Trade and Credit to very narrow Circumstances, in Comparison to that of his former Abundance. This took away the Vigour of his Mind, and all Manner of Attention to a Fortune, which he now thought desperate, insomuch, that he died without a Will, having before buried my Mother in the Midst of his other Misfortunes. I was sixteen Years of Age when I lost my Father, and an Estate of 200*l.* a Year came into my Possession, without Friend or Guardian to instruct me in the Management or Enjoyment of it. The natural Consequence of this, was, (though I wanted no Director, and soon had Fellows who found me out for a smart young Gentleman, and led me into all the Debaucheries of which I was capable) that my Companions and I could not well be supplied without running in Debt, which I did very frankly 'till I was arrested, and conveyed with a Guard strong enough for the most desperate Assassine, to a Bayliff's House, where I lay four Days, surrounded with very merry, but not very agreeable Company. As soon as I had extricated my self from this shameful Confinement, I reflected upon it with so much Horror, that I deserted all my old Acquaintance, and took Chambers in an Inn of Court, with a Resolution to study the Law with all possible Application. But I trifled away a whole Year in looking over a thousand Intricacies, without Friend to apply to in any Case of Doubt; so that I only lived there among Men, as little Children are sent to School before they are capable of Improvement, only to be out of Harm's Way. In the Midst of this State of Suspense, not knowing how to dispose of my self, I was sought for by a Relation of mine, who, upon observing a good Inclination in me, used me with great Familiarity, and carried me to his Seat in the Country. When I came there he introduced me to all the good Company in the County, and the great Obligation I have to him for this kind Notice, and Residence with him ever since, has made so strong an Impression upon me, that he has an Authority of a Father over me, founded upon the

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the Love of a Brother. I have a good Study of Books, a good Stable of Horses always at my Command; and though I am not now quite eighteen Years of Age, familiar Converse on his Part, and a strong Inclination to exert my self on mine, have had an Effect upon me that makes me acceptable wherever I go. Thus, Mr SPECTATOR, by this Gentleman's Favour and Patronage, it is my own Fault if I am not wiser and richer every Day I live. I speak this, as well by subscribing the initial Letters of my Name to thank him, as to incite others to an Imitation of his Virtue. It would be a worthy Work to shew what great Charities are to be done without Expence, and how many noble Actions are lost, out of Inadvertency in Persons capable of performing them, if they were put in Mind of it. If a Gentleman of Figure in a County would make his Family a Pattern of Sobriety, good Sense, and Breeding, and would kindly endeavour to influence the Education and growing Prospects of the younger Gentry about him, I am apt to believe it would save him a great Deal of stale Beer on a publick Occasion, and render him the Leader of his Country from their Gratitude to him, instead of being a Slave to their Riots and Tumults in order to be made their Representative. The same Thing might be recommended to all who have made any Progress in any Parts of Knowledge, or arrived at any Degree in a Profession; others may gain Preferments and Fortunes from their Patrons, but I have, I hope, received from mine good Habits and Virtues. I repeat to you, Sir, my Request to print this, in Return for all the Evil an helpless Orphan shall ever escape, and all the Good he shall receive in this Life; both which are wholly owing to this Gentleman's Favour to,

Sir,

*Your most obedient humble Servant,*

S. P.'

'*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I am a Lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty Pleasure in Learning. I have been at the *Latin* School four Years. I don't know I ever play'd Truant, or neglected any Task  
my

my Master set me in my Life, I think on what I read No. 330, in School as I go home at Noon and Night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a Mile out of my Way, not minding whither I went. Our Maid tells me, she often hears me talk *Latin* in my Sleep. And I dream, two or three Nights in the Week I am reading *Juvenal* and *Homer*. My Master seems as well pleased with my Performances as any Boy's in the same Class, I think, if I know my own Mind, I would chuse rather to be a Scholar, than a Prince without Learning. I have a very good affectionate Father; but, though very rich, yet so mighty near, that he thinks much of the Charges of my Education. He often tells me, he believes my Schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God knows what in Books. I tremble to tell him I want one. I am forced to keep my Pocket-Money, and lay it out for a Book now and then that he don't know of. He has ordered my Master to buy no more Books for me, but says he will buy them himself. I asked him for *Horace* t'other Day, and he told me in a Passion, he did not believe I was fit for it, but only my Master had a Mind to make him think I had got a great Way in my Learning. I am sometimes a Month behind other Boys in getting the Books my Master gives Orders for. All the Boys in the School, but I, have the classick Authors *in usum Delphini*, gilt and letter'd on the Back. My Father is often reckoning up how long I have been at School, and tells me he fears I do little Good. My Father's Carriage so discourages me, that he makes me grow dull and melancholy. My Master wonders what is the Matter with me; I am afraid to tell him; for he is a Man that loves to encourage Learning, and would be apt to chide my Father, and, not knowing my Father's Temper, may make him worse. Sir, if you have any Love for Learning, I beg you would give me some Instructions in this Case, and perswade Parents to encourage their Children when they find them diligent and desirous of Learning. I have heard some Parents say, they would do any Thing for their Children, if they would but mind their Learning. I would be glad to be in their Place. Dear Sir, pardon my Boldness. If you will

No. 330. will but consider and pity my Case, I will pray for your Prosperity as long as I live,  
 Wednesday, March 19, 1712. *London, Mar. 2, 1711.* Your humble Servant,  
 1712. *T. 2, 1711.* James Discipulus.'

No. 331.  
 [BUDGELL]

Thursday, March 20.

—*Stolidam praebet tibi vellere barbam.*—Pers.

WHEN I was last with my Friend Sir ROGER, in *Westminster Abbey*, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the Bust of a venerable old Man. I was at a Loss to guess the Reason of it, when after some Time he pointed to the Figure, and asked me if I did not think that our Forefathers looked much wiser in their Beards than we do without them. For my Part, says he, when I am walking in my Gallery in the Country, and see my Ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my Age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old Patriarchs, and at the same Time looking upon my self as an idle smock-faced young Fellow. I love to see your *Abrahams*, your *Isaacs*, and your *Jacobs*, as we have them in old Pieces of Tapistry, with Beards below their Girdles, that cover Half the Hangings. The Knight added, if I would recommend Beards in one of my Papers, and endeavour to restore human Faces to their ancient Dignity, that upon a Month's Warning he would undertake to lead up the Fashion himself in a Pair of Whiskers.

I smiled at my Friend's Fancy; but after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the Metamorphoses our Faces have undergone in this Particular.

The Beard, conformable to the Notion of my Friend Sir ROGER, was for many Ages looked upon as the Type of Wisdom. *Lucian* more than once rallies the Philosophers of his Time who endeavoured to rival one another in Beard; and represents a learned Man who stood for a Professorship in Philosophy, as unqualified for it by the Shortness of his Beard.

*Elian*, in his Account of *Zoilus*, the pretended Critick, who wrote against *Homer* and *Plato*, and thought himself

self wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that No. 331. this *Zoilus* had a very long Beard that hung down upon his Breast, but no Hair upon his Head, which he always kept close shaved; regarding, it seems, the Hairs of his Head as so many Suckers, which if they had been suffered to grow, might have drawn away the Nourishment from his Chin, and by that Means have starved his Beard.

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I have read somewhere that one of the Popes refused to accept an Edition of a Saint's Works, which were presented to him, because the Saint, in his Effigies before the Book, was drawn without a Beard.

We see by these Instances what Homage the World has formerly paid to Beards; and that a Barber was not then allowed to make those Depredations on the Faces of the Learned, which have been permitted him of later Years.

Accordingly several wise Nations have been so extremely jealous of the least Ruffle offered to their Beards, that they seem to have fix'd the Point of Honour principally in that Part. The *Spaniards* were wonderfully tender in this Particular. *Don Quevedo*, in his third Vision on the last Judgment, has carried the Humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious Countrymen, after having received Sentence, was taken into Custody by a Couple of Evil Spirits; but that his Guides happening to disorder his Mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a Pair of Curling-Irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the History of our own Nation, we shall find that the Beard flourished in the *Saxon* *Hep-tarchy*, but was very much discouraged under the *Norman* Line. It shot out, however, from Time to Time in several Reigns under different Shapes. The last Effort it made seems to have been in Queen *Mary's* Days, as the curious Reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the Figures of *Cardinal Poole* and *Bishop Gardiner*, tho' at the same Time, I think, it may be questioned, if Zeal against Popery has not induced our Protestant Painters to extend the Beards of these two Persecutors beyond their natural Dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I

No. 331. I find but few Beards worth taking Notice of in the Thursday, Reign of King James the First.

March 20, 1712. During the Civil Wars there appeared one, which makes too great a Figure in Story to be passed over in Silence; I mean that of the redoubted *Hudibras*, an Account of which *Butler* has transmitted to Posterity in the following Lines;

*His tawny Beard was th' equal Grace,  
Both of his Wisdom, and his Face,  
In Cut and Dye so like a Tyle,  
A sudden View it would beguile,  
The upper Part thereof was Whey,  
The nether Orange mixt with Grey.*

The Whisker continued for some Time among us after the Expiration of Beards; but this is a Subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct Treatise, which I keep by me in Manuscript, upon the *Mustachoe*.

If my Friend Sir ROGER'S Project, of introducing Beards, should take Effect, I fear the Luxury of the present Age would make it a very expensive Fashion. There is no Question but the Beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest Colours, and the most immoderate Lengths. A fair Beard, of the Tapestry-Size Sir ROGER seems to approve, could not come under twenty Guineas. The famous Golden Beard of *Esculapius* would hardly be more valuable, than one made in the Extravagance of the Fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the Ladies would not come into the Mode, when they take the Air on Horseback. They already appear in Hats and Feathers, Coats and Perrwigs; and I see no Reason why we may not suppose that they would have their *riding Beards* on the same Occasion.

*I may give the Moral of this Discourse in another Paper.*

X

Friday

No. 332.  
STEELE.]

Friday, March 21.

No. 332.  
Friday,  
March 21,  
1712.— *Minus aptus acutis*  
*Naribus horum hominum* ——, Hor,

' Dear Short-Face,

IN your Speculation of Wednesday last, you have given us some Account of that worthy Society of Brutes the *Mohocks*; wherein you have particularly specified the ingenious Performances of the Lion-Tippers, the Dancing-Masters, and the Tumblers: But as you acknowledge you had not then a perfect History of the whole Club, you might very easily omit one of the most notable Species of it, the *Sweaters*, which may be reckon'd a Sort of Dancing-Masters too. It is, it seems, the Custom for Half a Dozen, or more, of these well-disposed Savages, as soon as they have inclosed the Person upon whom they design the Favour of a Sweat, to whip out their Swords, and holding them parallel to the Horizon, they describe a Sort of Magick Circle round about him with the Points. As soon as this Piece of Conjuration is perform'd, and the patient without Doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the Operation, that Member of the Circle towards whom he is so rude as to turn his Back first, runs his Sword directly into that Part of the Patient wherein School-boys are punished; and, as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about to some other Point, every Gentleman does himself the same Justice as often as he receives the Affront. After this Jigg has gone two or three Times round, and the Patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomely rubb'd down by some Attendants, who carry with them Instruments for that Purpose, and so discharged. This Relation I had from a Friend of mine, who has lately been under this Discipline. He tells me he had the Honour to dance before the Emperor himself, not without the Applause and Acclamations both of his Imperial Majesty and the whole Ring; though, I dare say, neither I nor any of his Acquaintance ever dreamt he wou'd have merited any Reputation by his Activity.

I can assure you, Mr. SPEC, I was very near being qualified to have given you a faithful and painful Account of this walking Bagnio, if I may so call it, my self

No. 332. self: For going the other Night along *Fleet-street*, and having, out of Curiosity, just enter'd into Discourse with a wandering Female who was travelling the same Way, a Couple of Fellows advanced towards us, drew their Swords, and cry'd out to each other, *A Sweat! a Sweat!* Whereupon, suspecting they were some of the Ring-leaders of the *Bagnio*, I also drew my Sword, and demanded a Parley; but finding none would be granted me, and perceiving others behind them filing off with great Diligence to take me in Flank, I began to sweat for Fear of being forced to it; but very luckily betaking my self to a Pair of Heels, which I had good Reason to believe wou'd do me Justice, I instantly got Possession of a very snug Corner in a neighbouring Alley that lay in my Rear; which Post I maintained for above Half an Hour with great Firmness and Resolution, tho' not letting this Success so far overcome me, as to make me unmindful of the Circumspection that was necessary to be observed upon my advancing again towards the Street; by which Prudence and good Management I made a handsome and orderly Retreat, having suffer'd no other Damage in this Action than the Loss of my Baggage, and the Dislocation of one of my Shoe-heels, which last I am just now inform'd is in a fair way of Recovery. These Sweaters, by what I can learn from my Friend, and by as near a View as I was able to take of them my self, seem to me to have at present but a rude Kind of Discipline amongst them. It is probable, if you wou'd take a little Pains with them, they might be brought into better Order. But I'll leave this to your own Discretion; and will only add, that if you think it worth while to insert this by Way of Caution to those who have a Mind to preserve their Skins whole from this Sort of Cupping, and tell them at the same Time the Hazard of treating with Night-walkers, you will perhaps oblige others, as well as

*Your very humble Servant,*

Jack Lightfoot.

*P. S.* My Friend will have me acquaint you, That though he would not willingly detract from the Merit of that extraordinary Strokes-man Mr. *Sprightly*, yet  
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it is his real Opinion, that some of those Fellows who No. 332, are employ'd as Rubbers to this new-fashion'd Bagnio, Friday, March 21, have struck as bold Strokes as ever he did in his Life, 1712.

I had sent this Four and twenty Hours sooner, if I had not had the Misfortune of being in a great Doubt about the Orthography of the Word Bagnio. I consulted several Dictionaries, but found no Relief; at last having Recourse both to the Bagnio in *Newgate-street* and to that in *Chancery-lane*, and finding the original Manuscripts upon the Sign-Posts of each to agree literally with my own Spelling, I return'd Home, full of Satisfaction, in order to dispatch this Epistle.'

'*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

As you have taken most of the Circumstances of Humane Life into your Consideration, we, the under-written, thought it not improper for us also to represent to you our Condition. We are three Ladies who live in the Country, and the greatest Improvements we make is by Reading. We have taken a small Journal of our Lives, and find it extreamly opposite to your last *Tuesday's Speculation*. We rise by Seven, and pass the Beginning of each Day in Devotion and looking into those Affairs that fall within the Occurrences of a retired Life; in the Afternoon we sometimes enjoy the Company of some Friend or Neighbour, or else work or read; at Night we retire to our Chambers, and take Leave of each other for the whole Night at Ten a Clock. We take particular Care never to be sick of a *Sunday*. *Mr. SPECTATOR*, We are all very good Maids, but are ambitious of Characters which we think more laudable, that of being very good Wives. If any of your Correspondents enquire for a Spouse for an honest Country Gentleman, whose Estate is not dipped, and wants a Wife that can save half his Revenue, and yet make a better Figure than any of his Neighbours of the same Estate with finer bred Women; You shall have further Notice from,

*Sir,*

*Your courteous Readers,*

Martha Busie,  
Deborah Thrifty,  
Alice Early.'

Saturday

T

No. 333. No. 333.  
 Saturday, [ADDISON.]  
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Saturday, March 22.

—*Vocat in certamina divos.—Virg.*

WE are now entering upon the Sixth Book of *Paradise Lost*, in which the Poet describes the Battel of Angels; having raised his Reader's Expectation, and prepar'd him for it by several Passages in the preceding Books. I omitted quoting these Passages in my Observations on the former Books, having purposely reserved them for the Opening of this, the Subject of which gave Occasion to them. The Author's Imagination was so inflamed with this great Scene of Action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus where he mentions Satan in the Beginning of his Poem,

—*Him the Almighty Power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie,  
 With hideous ruin and combustion down  
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
 In Adamantine Chains and Penal Fire,  
 Who durst desie the Omnipotent to Arms.*

We have likewise several noble Hints of it in the Infernal Conference,

*O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers,  
 That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to War, . . .  
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low, . . .  
 But see the angry Victor hath recall'd  
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
 Back to the gates of Heav'n; The sulphurous hail  
 Shot after us in Storm, o'erblown hath laid  
 The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice  
 Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the Thunder,  
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
 Perhaps hath spent his Shafts, and ceases now  
 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.*

There are several other very sublime Images on the same Subject in the First Book, as also in the Second.

What

*What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook  
With Heav'n's afflicting Thunder, and besought  
The Deep to shelter us; this Hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds.*

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In short, the Poet never mentions any thing of this Battel but in such Images of Greatness and Teravour as are suitable to the Subject. Among several others, I cannot forbear quoting that Passage where the Power, who is describ'd as presiding over the Chaos, speaks in the Third Book.

*Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old  
With faultring speech and visage incompos'd  
Answer'd, I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
Made head against Heaven's King, tho' overthrown,  
I saw and heard; for such a numerous Host  
Fled not in Silence through the frighted Deep  
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven's Gates  
Pour'd out by Millions her victorious Bands  
Pursuing.*

It required great Pregnancy of Invention, and Strength of Imagination, to fill this Battel with such Circumstances as should raise and astonish the Mind of the Reader; and, at the same time, an Exactness of Judgment to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into *Homer*, are surpriz'd to find his Battels still rising one above another, and improving in Horroure, to the Conclusion of the *Iliad*. *Milton's* Fight of Angels is wrought up with the same Beauty. It is usher'd in with such Signs of Wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first Engagement is carried on under a Cope of Fire, occasion'd by the Flights of innumerable burning Darts and Arrows which are discharged from either Host. The second Onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial Thunders, which seem to make the Victory doubtful, and produce a kind of Consternation even in the good Angels. This is follow'd by the tearing up of Mountains and Promontories; till, in the last Place, the Messiah comes forth in the Fulness of Majesty and Teravour. The Pomp of his Appearance, amidst the Roarings

No. 333. Roarings of his Thunders, the Flashes of his Lightnings Saturday, and the Noise of his Chariot-Wheels, is described with March 22, the utmost Flights of Humane Imagination. 1712.

There is nothing in the first and last Day's Engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas most Readers would conceive of a Fight between two Armies of Angels.

The second Day's Engagement is apt to startle an Imagination, which has not been raised and qualified for such a Description, by the Reading of the ancient Poets, and of *Homer* in particular. It was certainly a very bold Thought in our Author, to ascribe the first Use of Artillery to the Rebel Angels. But as such a pernicious Invention may be well supposed to have proceeded from such Authors, so it entered very properly into the Thoughts of that Being, who is all along described as aspiring to the Majesty of his Maker. Such Engines were the only Instruments he could have made use of to imitate those Thunders, that in all Poetry, both Sacred and Prophane, are represented as the Arms of the Almighty. The Tearing up the Hills was not altogether so daring a Thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepared for such an Incident by the Description of the Gyants' War, which we meet with among the ancient Poets. What still made this Circumstance the more proper for the Poet's Use, is the Opinion of many Learned Men, that the Fable of the Gyants' War, which makes so great a Noise in Antiquity, and gave Birth to the sublimest Description in *Hesiod*'s Works, was an Allegory founded upon this very Tradition of a Fight between the good and bad Angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what Judgment *Milton*, in this Narration, has avoided every Thing that is mean and trivial in the Descriptions of the Latin and Greek Poets; and, at the same time, improv'd every great Hint which he met with in their Works upon this Subject. *Homer* in that Passage, which *Longinus* has celebrated for its Sublimeness, and which *Virgil* and *Ovid* have copied after him, tells us, that the Gyants threw Ossa upon *Olympus*, and

and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*. He adds an Epithet to *Pelion* No. 333. (*εινοστριψιλλον*) which very much swells the Idea, by Saturday, bringing up to the Reader's Imagination all the Woods March 22, that grew upon it. There is further a great Beauty 1712. in his singling out by Name these three remarkable Mountains, so well known to the Greeks. This last is such a Beauty as the Scene of *Milton's* War could not possibly furnish him with. *Claudian*, in his Fragment upon the Gyants' War, has given full Scope to that Wildness of Imagination which was natural to him. He tells us, that the Gyants tore up whole Islands by the Roots, and threw them at the Gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up *Lemnos* in his Arms, and whirling it to the Skies, with all *Vulcan's* Shop in the midst of it. Another tears up Mount *Ida*, with the River *Enipeus*, which ran down the Sides of it; but the Poet, not content to describe him with this Mountain upon his Shoulders, tells us that the River flow'd down his Back, as he held it up in that Posture. It is visible to every judicious Reader, that such Ideas savour more of Burlesque than of the Sublime. They proceed from a Wantonness of Imagination, and rather divert the Mind than astonish it. *Milton* has taken every thing that is Sublime in these several Passages, and composes out of them the following great Image.

*From their Foundations loosning to and fro  
They pluck'd the seated Hills with all their load,  
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggy tops  
Up-lifting, bore them in their Hands.*

We have the full Majesty of *Homer* in this short Description, improved by the Imagination of *Claudian*, without its Puerilities.

I need not point out the Description of the fallen Angels seeing the Promontories hanging over their Heads in such a dreadful Manner, with the other numberless Beauties in this Book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the Notice of the most ordinary Reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful Stroaks of Poetry in this Book, and such a Variety of sublime Ideas

No. 333. Ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a Place within the Bounds of this Paper. Besides Saturday, March 22, 1712, that, I find it in a great measure done to my Hand at the End of my Lord Roscommon's Essay on translated Poetry. I shall refer my Reader thither for some of the Master-Stroaks in the Sixth Book of *Paradise Lost*, though at the same time there are many others which that noble Author has not taken notice of.

*Milton*, notwithstanding the sublime Genius he was Master of, has in this Book drawn to his Assistance all the Helps he could meet with among the ancient Poets. The Sword of *Michael*, which makes so great a Havock among the bad Angels, was given him, we are told, out of the Armory of God.

—*But the Sword  
Of Michael from the Armory of God  
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen  
Nor solid might resist that edge; it met  
The Sword of Satan with steep force to smite  
Descending, and in half cut sheere;*—

This Passage is a Copy of that in *Virgil*, wherein the Poet tells us, that the Sword of *Aeneas*, which was given him by a Deity, broke into Pieces the Sword of *Turnus*, which came from a mortal Forge. As the Moral in this Place is Divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a Man who is favour'd by Heaven such an Allegorical Weapon, is very conformable to the old Eastern Way of Thinking. Not only *Homer* has made use of it, but we find the Jewish Hero in the Book of *Maccabees*, who had fought the Battels of the chosen People with so much Glory and Success, receiving in his Dream a Sword from the Hand of the Prophet *Jeremiah*. The following Passage, wherein Satan is described as wounded by the Sword of *Michael*, is in Imitation of *Homer*.

*The griding Sword with discontinuous wound  
Pass'd through him; but th' Ethereal substance closed,  
Not long divisible; and from the gash  
A stream of Nectarous humour issuing flow'd  
Sanguin, such as celestial Spirits may bleed,  
And all his Armour stain'd*—

*Homer*

*Homer* tells us in the same manner, that upon No. 333, *Diomedes* wounding the Gods, there flow'd from the Saturday,  
Wound an *Ichor*, or pure kind of Blood, which was March 22,  
not bred from mortal Viands; and that tho' the Pain 1712,  
was exquisitely great, the Wound soon closed up and  
healed in those Beings who are vested with Immortality.

I question not but *Milton* in his Description of his furious *Moloch* flying from the Battel, and bellowing with the Wound he had received, had his Eye on Mars in the *Iliad*, who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the Fight, and making an Outcry louder than that of a whole Army when it begins the Charge. *Homer* adds, that the *Greeks* and *Trojans* who were engaged in a general Battel, were terrified on each Side with the bellowing of this wounded Deity. The Reader will easily observe how *Milton* has kept all the Horrour of this Image without running into the Ridicule of it.

— *Where the might of Gabriel fought,  
And with fierce Easigns pierc'd the deep array  
Of Moloc, furious King, who him defy'd,  
And at his Chariot wheels to drag him bound  
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n  
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon  
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd Arms  
And uncouth pain fled bellowing,* —

*Milton* has likewise raised his Description in this Book with many Images taken out of the Poetical Parts of Scripture. The Messiah's Chariot, as I have before taken Notice, is form'd upon a Vision of *Ezekiel*, who, as *Grotius* observes, has very much in him of *Homer's* Spirit in the Poetical Parts of his Prophecy.

The following Lines in that glorious Commission which is given the Messiah to extirpate the Host of Rebel Angels, is drawn from a sublime Passage in the Psalms.

*Go then thou mightiest in thy Father's might,  
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
That shake Heaven's basis, bring forth all my War,  
My Bow, my Thunder, my almighty Arms,  
Gird on thy Sword on thy puissant Thigh.*

The Reader will easily discover many other Stroaks of the same Nature.

v.

D

There

No. 333. There is no question but *Milton* had heated his Imagination with the Fight of the Gods in *Homer*, before he entered upon this Engagement of the Angels, Saturday, March 22, 1712.

*Homer* there gives us a Scene of Men, Heroes, and Gods mixed together in Battel. *Mars* animates the contending Armies, and lifts up his Voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the Shouts and Confusion of the Fight. *Jupiter* at the same time thunders over their Heads; while *Neptune* raises such a Tempest that the whole Field of Battel and all the Tops of the Mountains, shake about them. The Poet tells us, that *Pluto* himself, whose Habitation was in the very Center of the Earth, was so affrighted at the Shock, that he leapt from his Throne. *Homer* afterwards describes *Vulcan* as pouring down a Storm of Fire upon the River *Xanthus*, and *Minerva* as throwing a Rock at *Mars*; who, he tells us, covered seven Acres in his Fall.

As *Homer* has introduced into his Battel of the Gods every thing that is great and terrible in Nature, *Milton* has filled his Fight of Good and Bad Angels with all the like Circumstances of Horrour. The Shout of Armies, the Rattling of Brazen Chariots, the Hurling of Rocks and Mountains, the Earthquake, the Fire, the Thunder, are all of them employ'd to lift up the Reader's Imagination, and give him a suitable Idea of so great an Action. With what Art has the Poet represented the whole Body of the Earth trembling, even before it was created.

*All Heaven resounded, and had Earth been then,  
All Earth had to its Center shook*—

In how sublime and just a Manner does he afterwards describe the whole Heaven shaking under the Wheels of the Messiah's Chariot, with that exception to the Throne of God?

*—Under his burning Wheels  
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the Throne it self of God*—

Notwithstanding the Messiah appears cloathed with so much Terrour and Majesty, the Poet has still found Means

Means to make his Readers conceive an Idea of him No. 333.  
beyond what he himself was able to describe.

Saturday,  
March 22,  
1712.

*Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checkt  
His thunder in mid Volly, for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven.*

In a Word, *Milton's Genius*, which was so great in it self, and so strengthened by all the Helps of Learning, appears in this Book every way equal to his Subjects, which was the most sublime that could enter into the Thoughts of a Poet. As he knew all the Arts of Affecting the Mind, he knew it was necessary to give it certain Resting - places and Opportunities of recovering it self from Time to Time: He has therefore with great Address interspersed several Speeches, Reflections, Similitudes, and the like Reliefs, to diversifie his Narration, and ease the Attention of the Reader, that he might come fresh to his great Action, and by such a Contrast of Ideas, have a more lively Taste of the noble Parts of his Description. L

No. 334.

[STEELE.]

Monday, March 24.

*Voluisti enim in suo genere unumquemque nostrum quasi  
quendam esse Rosciūm, dixistique non tam ea quae recta  
essent probari, quam quae prava sunt fastidios adhaerescere.*

—Cicero de Gestu.

IT is very natural to take for our whole Lives a light Impression of a Thing which at first fell into Contempt with us for want of Consideration. The real Use of a certain Qualification (which the wiser Part of Mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous Circumstance) shews the ill Consequence of such Prepossessions. What I mean is the Art, Skill, Accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of Dancing. I knew a Gentleman of great Abilities, who bewailed the Want of this Part of his Education to the End of a very honourable Life. He observed that there was not Occasion for the common Use of great Talents; that they are but seldom in Demand; and that these very great Talents were often render'd useless

No. 334. Monday, March 24, 1712.

useless to a Man for want of small Attainments. A good Mein (a becoming Motion, Gesture, and Aspect) is natural to some Men, but even these would be highly more graceful in their Carriage, if what they do from the Force of Nature were confirm'd and heighten'd from the Force of Reason. To one who has not at all consider'd it, to mention the Force of Reason on such a Subject, will appear fantastical; but when you have a little attended to it, an Assembly of Men will have quite another View; and they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible Rules, why this Man with those beautiful Features, and well-fashion'd Person, is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those Advantages. When we read we do it without any exerted Act of Memory that presents the Shape of the Letters; but Habit makes us do it mechanically, without staying, like Children, to recollect and join those Letters. A Man who has not had the Regard of his Gesture in any Part of his Education, will find himself unable to act with Freedom before new Company, as a Child that is but now learning would be to read without Hesitation. It is for the Advancement of the Pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary Life, that one would wish Dancing were generally understood as conducive as it really is, to a proper Deportment in Matters that appear the most remote from it. A Man of Learning and Sense is distinguished from others as he is such, though he never runs upon Points too difficult for the rest of the World; in like manner the reaching out of the Arm, and the most ordinary Motion, discovers whether a Man ever learnt to know what is the true Harmony and Composure of his Limbs and Countenance. Whoever has seen *Booth* in the Character of *Pyrrhus* march to his Throne to receive *Orestes*, is convinced that majestick and great Conceptions are expressed in the very Step; but perhaps, though no other Man could perform that Incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater Elevation, were he a Dancer. This is so dangerous a Subject to treat with Gravity, that I shall not at present enter into it any further; but the Author of the following

ing Letter has treated it in the Essay he speaks of in No. 334, such a Manner, that I am beholden to him for a <sup>March 24,</sup> Resolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of <sup>1712,</sup> any Thing, till I have heard what they who have another Opinion of it have to say in its Defence.

*'Mr. SPECTATOR,*

Since there are scarce any of the Arts or Sciences that have not been recommended to the World by the Pens of some of the Professors, Masters, or Lovers of them, whereby the Usefulness, Excellence, and Benefit arising from them, both as to the speculative and practical Part, have been made publick, to the great Advantage and Improvement of such Arts and Sciences; why should Dancing, an Art celebrated by the Ancients in so extraordinary a Manner, be totally neglected by the Moderns, and left destitute of any Pen to recommend its various Excellencies and substantial Merit to Mankind?

The low Ebb to which Dancing is now fallen, is altogether owing to this Silence. The Art is esteemed only as an amusing Trifle; it lies altogether uncultivated, and is unhappily fallen under the Imputation of Illiterate and Mechanick; And as *Terence*, in one of his Prologues, complains of the Rope-dancers drawing all the Spectators from his Play, so may we well say, that Capering and Tumbling is now preferred to, and supplies the place of, just and regular Dancing, on our Theatres. It is therefore, in my Opinion, high time, that some one should come in to its Assistance, and relieve it from the many gross and growing Errors that have crept into it, and over-cast its real Beauties; and to set Dancing in its true Light, would shew the Usefulness and Elegancy of it, with the Pleasure and Instruction produced from it; and also lay down some fundamental Rules, that might so tend to the Improvement of its Professors, and Information of the Spectators, that the first might be the better enabled to perform, and the latter rendered more capable of judging, what is (if there be any thing) valuable in this Art.

To encourage therefore some ingenious Pen capable  
of

No. 334. Monday, March 24, 1712.

of so generous an Undertaking, and in some measure to relieve Dancing from the Disadvantages it at present lies under, I who teach to dance, have attempted a small Treatise as an Essay towards an History of Dancing; in which I have enquired into its Antiquity, Original, and Use, and shewn what Esteem the Ancients had for it: I have likewise considered the Nature and Perfection of all its several Parts, and how beneficial and delightful it is, both as a Qualification and an Exercise; and endeavour'd to answer all Objections that have been maliciously rais'd against it. I have proceeded to give an Account of the particular Dances of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, whether Religious, Warlike, or Civil; and taken particular Notice of that Part of Dancing relating to the ancient Stage, and in which the *Pantomimes* had so great a Share: Nor have I been wanting in giving an historical Account of some particular Masters excellent in that surprizing Art; after which I have advanced some Observations on the modern Dancing, both as to the Stage, and that Part of it so absolutely necessary for the Qualification of Gentlemen and Ladies; and have concluded with some short Remarks on the Origin and Progress of the Character by which Dances are writ down, and communicated to one Master from another. If some great Genius after this would arise, and advance this Art to that Perfection it seems capable of receiving, what might not be expected from it? For if we consider the Origin of Arts and Sciences, we shall find that some of them took Rise from Beginnings so mean and unpromising, that it is very wonderful to think that ever such surprizing Structures should have been raised upon such ordinary Foundations. But what cannot a great Genius effect? Who would have thought that the clangorous Noise of a Smith's Hammer should have given the first Rise to Musick? Yet *Macrobius* in his second Book relates, that *Pythagoras*, in passing by a Smith's Shop, found, that the Sounds proceeding from the Hammers were either more grave or acute, according to the different Weights of the Hammers. The Philosopher, to improve this Hint, suspends different Weights by

by Strings of the same Bigness, and found in like No. 334. manner that the Sounds answered to the Weights. Monday, March 24, 1712. This being discovered, he finds out those Numbers which produced Sounds that were Consonants: As, that two Strings of the same Substance and Tension, the one being double the Length of the other, give that Interval which is called *Diapason*, or an Eighth; the same was also effected from two Strings of the same Length and Size, the one having four times the Tension of the other. By these Steps, from so mean a Beginning, did this great Man reduce, what was only before Noise, to one of the most delightful Sciences, by marrying it to the Mathematicks; and by that means caused it to be one of most abstract and demonstrative of Sciences. Who knows therefore but Motion, whether Decorous or Representative, may not (as it seems highly probable it may) be taken into Consideration by some Person capable of reducing it into a regular Science, though not so demonstrative as that proceeding from Sounds, yet sufficient to entitle it a Place among the magnified Arts.

Now, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, as you have declared your self Visitor of Dancing-Schools, and this being an Undertaking which more immediately respects them, I think my self indispensably obliged, before I proceed to the Publication of this my Essay, to ask your Advice; and hold it absolutely necessary to have your Approbation; and in order to recommend my Treatise to the Perusal of the Parents of such as learn to dance, as well as to the Young Ladies to whom, as Visitor, you ought to be Guardian.

*Salop, March 19,  
1711-12.*

*I am, Sir,  
Your most humble Servant,*

T

Tuesday

No. 335. No. 335,  
Tuesday, [ADDISON.]  
March 25,  
1712.

Tuesday, March 25.

*Respicere exemplar vitae morumque jubebo  
Doctum imitatore, & vivas hinc ducere voces.—Hor.*

MY Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY, when we last met together at the Club, told me, that he had a great Mind to see the new Tragedy with me, assuring me at the same Time, that he had not been at a Play these twenty Years. The last I saw, says Sir ROGER, was the Committee, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good Church of *England* Comedy. He then proceeded to enquire of me who this Distress'd Mother was, and upon hearing that she was *Hector's* Widow, he told me, that her Husband was a brave Man, and that when he was a School-Boy, he had read his Life at the end of the Dictionary. My Friend asked me, in the next Place, if there would not be some Danger in coming home late, in case the *Mohocks* should be abroad, I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their Hands last Night, for I observ'd two or three lusty black Men that followed me half way up *Fleet-street*, and mended their Pace behind me, in Proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continued the Knight with a Smile, I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me; for I remember an honest Gentleman in my Neighbourhood, who was serv'd such a Trick in King *Charles* the Second's Time; for which Reason he has not ventured himself in Town ever since. I might have shown them very good Sport, had this been their Design, for as I am an old Fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have play'd them a thousand Tricks they had never seen in their Lives before. Sir ROGER added, that if these Gentlemen had any such Intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out, says he, at the End of *Norfolk-street*, where I doubled the Corner, and got Shelter in my Lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the Knight, if Captain SENTRY will make one with us to

to Morrow Night, and if you will both of you call No. 335, upon me about Four a-Clock, that we may be at the House before it is full, I will have my own Coach in Readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the Fore-Wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed Hour, bid Sir ROGER fear nothing, for that he had put on the same Sword which he made use of at the Battel of *Steenkirk*. Sir ROGER'S Servants, and among the rest my old Friend the Butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good Oaken Plants, to attend their Master upon this Occasion. When we had plac'd him in his Coach, with my self at his Left Hand, the Captain before him, and his Butler at the Head of his Footmen in the Rear, we convoy'd him in Safety to the Play-house; where, after having march'd up the Entry in good Order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the Pit. As soon as the House was full, and the Candles lighted, my old Friend stood up and looked about him with that Pleasure, which a Mind seasoned with Humanity naturally feels in it self, at the Sight of a Multitude of People who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common Entertainment. I could not but fancy to my self, as the old Man stood up in the Middle of the Pit, that he made a very proper Center to a Tragick Audience. Upon the Entring of *Pyrrhus*, the Knight told me, that he did not believe the King of *France* himself had a better Strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old Friend's Remarks, because I looked upon them as a Piece of Natural Criticism, and was well pleased to hear him at the Conclusion of almost every Scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the Play would end. One while he appear'd much concerned for *Andromache*; and a little while after as much for *Hermione*; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of *Pyrrhus*.

When Sir ROGER saw *Andromache*'s obstinate Refusal to her Lover's Importunities, he whispered me in the Ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary Vehemence

No. 335. *Tuesday, March 25, 1712.* *ence, You can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with a Widow.* Upon *Pyrrhus* his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his Head, and muttered to himself, *Ay, do if you can.* This Part dwelt so much upon my Friend's Imagination, that at the Close of the Third Act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my Ear, *These Widows, Sir, are the most perverse Creatures in the World.* But pray, says he, you that are a Critick, is the Play according to your Dramatick Rules, as you call them? Should your People in Tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single Sentence in this Play that I do not know the Meaning of.

The Fourth Act very luckily begun before I had Time to give the old Gentleman an Answer; Well, says the Knight, sitting down with great Satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see *Hector's Ghost*. He then renewed his Attention, and, from Time to Time, fell a praising the Widow. He made, indeed, a little Mistake as to one of her Pages, whom, at his first Entring, he took for *Astyanax*; but he quickly set himself right in that Particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little Boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine Child by the Account that is given of him. Upon *Hermione's* going off with a Menace to *Pyrrhus*, the Audience gave a loud Clap, to which Sir ROGER added, *On my Word, a notable young Baggage.*

As there was a very remarkable Silence and Stillness in the Audience during the whole Action, it was natural for them to take the Opportunity of these Intervals between the Acts, to express their Opinion of the Players, and of their respective Parts. Sir ROGER hearing a Cluster of them praise *Orestes*, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his Friend *Pylades* was a very sensible Man; As they were afterwards applauding *Pyrrhus*, Sir ROGER put in a second time, And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old Fellow in Whiskers as well as any of them. Captain SENTRY, seeing two or three Waggs who sat near us lean with an attentive Ear towards

Sir

Sir ROGER, and fearing lest they should smoak the No. 335.  
 Knight, pluck'd him by the Elbow, and whisper'd Tuesday,  
 something in his Ear, that lasted till the Opening of March 25,  
 the Fifth Act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive  
 to the Account which Orestes gives of *Pyrrhus* his  
 Death, and at the Conclusion of it, told me it was such  
 a bloody Piece of Work, that he was glad it was not  
 done upon the Stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his  
 aving Fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and  
 took Occasion to moralize (in his Way) upon an evil  
 Conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his Madness,  
 looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the House, so  
 we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to  
 have a clear Passage for our old Friend, whom we  
 did not care to venture among the Justling of the  
 Crowd. Sir ROGER went out fully satisfy'd with his  
 Entertainment, and we guarded him to his Lodgings  
 in the same manner that we brought him to the Play-  
 house; being highly pleased, for my own Part, not  
 only with the Performance of the excellent Piece which  
 had been presented, but with the Satisfaction which it  
 had given to the good old Man. L

No. 336.  
 [STEELE.]

Wednesday, March 26.

—*Clament periisse pudorem*  
*Cuncti paene patres; ea cum reprehendere coner,*  
*Quae gravis *Esopus*, quae doctus *Roscius* egit;*  
*Vel, quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;*  
*Vel, quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quae*  
*Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.*  
 —*Hor. lib. 2. Ep. 1. v. 80.*

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS you are the daily Endeavourer to promote Learning and good Sense, I think my self obliged to suggest to your Consideration whatever may promote or prejudice them. There is an Evil which has prevailed from Generation to Generation, which grey Hairs and tyrannical Custom continue to support; I hope your Spectatorial Authority will give a seasonable Check to the Spread of the Infection; I mean old Men's overbearing

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bearing the strongest Sense of their Juniors by the mere Force of Seniority; so that for a young Man in the Bloom of Life and Vigour of Age to give a reasonable Contradiction to his Elders, is esteemed an unpardonable Insolence, and regarded as a reversing the Decrees of Nature. I am a young Man I confess, yet I honour the grey Head as much as any one; however when in Company with old Men I hear them speak obscurely, or reason preposterously (into which Absurdities, Prejudice, Pride, or Interest will sometimes throw the wisest) I count it no Crime to rectify their Reasonings, unless Conscience must truckle to Ceremony, and Truth fall a Sacrifice to Complaisance. The strongest Arguments are enervated, and the brightest Evidence disappears, before those tremendous Reasonings and dazzling Discoveries of venerable old Age: You are young giddy-headed Fellows, you have not yet had Experience of the World. Thus we young Folks find our Ambition cramp'd, and our Laziness indulged, since, while young, we have little Room to display our selves; and, when old, the Weakness of Nature must pass for Strength of Sense, and we hope that hoary Heads will raise us above the Attacks of Contradiction. Now, Sir, as you would enliven our Activity in the pursuit of Learning, take our Case into Consideration; and, with a Gloss on brave *Elihu's* Sentiments, assert the Rights of Youth, and prevent the pernicious Encroachments of Age. The generous Reasonings of that gallant Youth would adorn your Paper; and I beg you would insert them, not doubting but that they will give good Entertainment to the most intelligent of your Readers.

*So these three Men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own Eyes. Then was kindled the Wrath of Elihu the Son of Barachel the Buzite, of the Kindred of Ram: Against Job was his Wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God. Also against his three Friends was his Wrath kindled, because they had found no Answer, and yet had condemned Job. Now Elihu had waited till Job had spoken, because they were elder than he. When Elihu saw there*

here was no Answer in the Mouth of these three Men, then his Wrath was kindled. And Elihu the Son of Barachel the Buzite answered and said, I am young, and ye are very old, wherefore I was afraid, and durst not shew you mine Opínion. I said, Days should speak, and Multitude of Years should teach Wisdom. But there is a Spirít in Man; and the Inspiration of the Almighty giveth them Understanding. Great Men are not always wise; Neither do the aged understand Judgment. Therefore I said, hearken to me, I also will shew mine Opínion. Behold I waited for your Words; I gave ear to your Reasons, whilst you searched out what to say. Yea, I attended unto you: And behold there was none of you that convinced Job, or that answered his Words: Lest ye should say, we have found out Wisdom: God thrusteth him down, not Man. Now he hath not directed his Words against me: Neither will I answer him with your Speeches. They were amazed, they answered no more: They left off speaking. When I had waited, (for they spake not, but stood still and answered no more,) I said, I will answer also my Part, I also will shew mine Opínion. For I am full of Matter, the Spirít within Me constraineth me. Behold, my Belly is as Wine which hath no Vent, it is ready to burst like new Bottles. I will speak that I may be refreshed: I will open my Lips, and answer. Let me not, I pray you, accept any Man's Person, neither let me give flattering Titles unto Man. For I know not to give flattering Titles, in so doing my Maker would soon take me away.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I have formerly read with great Satisfaction your Papers about Idols, and the Behaviour of Gentlemen in those Coffee-houses where Women officiate, and impatiently waited to see you take India and China Shops into Consideration: But since you have pass'd us over in Silence, either that you have not as yet thought us worth your Notice, or that the Grievances we lie under have escaped your discerning Eye, I must make my Complaints

No. 336.  
Wednesday,  
March 26,  
1712.

No. 336. Complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it becaus  
Wednes- you seem a little at Leisure at this present Writing.  
day, am, dear Sir, one of the top China-Women about Town  
March 26, and though I say it, keep as good Things, and receiv  
1712. as fine Company as any o' this End of the Town, le  
the other be who she will: In short, I am in a fair way  
to be easy, were it not for a Club of Female Rakes, who  
under Pretence of taking their innocent Rambles, for  
sooth, and diverting the Spleen, seldom fail to plague me  
twice or thrice a Day, to cheapen Tea, or buy a Screen  
*what else should they mean?* as they often repeat it.  
These Rakes are your idle Ladies of Fashion, who hav  
ing nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over  
my Ware. One of these No-Customers (for by the way  
they seldom or never buy any thing) calls for a Set o  
Tea-Dishes, another for a Bason, a third for my bes  
Green-Tea; and even to the Punch-Bowl there's scarce  
a Piece in my Shop but must be displaced, and the  
whole agreeable Architecture disordered, so that I can  
compare 'em to nothing but to the Night-Goblins that  
take a Pleasure to over-turn the Disposition of Plates  
and Dishes in the Kitchens of your housewifely Maids  
Well, after all this Racket and Clutter, this is too dear,  
that is their Aversion; another thing is charming, but  
not wanted: The Ladies are cured of the Spleen, but I  
am not a Shilling the better for it. Lord! what signifies  
one poor Pot of Tea, considering the Trouble they put  
me to? Vapours, Mr. SPECTATOR, are terrible Things; for  
though I am not possess'd by them my self, I suffer  
more from 'em than if I were. Now I must beg you  
to admonish all such Day-Goblins to make fewer Visits,  
or to be less troublesome when they come to one's  
Shop; and to convince 'em, that we honest Shop-keepers  
have Something better to do, than to cure Folks of the  
Vapours *gratis*. A young Son of mine, a School-Boy,  
is my Secretary, so I hope you'll make Allowances. I  
am, Sir,

*Your constant Reader,*

*March the 22d.*

*and very humble Servant,*

T

*Rebecca the Distress'd.'*

*Thursday*

No. 337.

[BUDGELL,]

Thursday, March 27.

*Fingit equum tenera docilem cervice magister  
Ire viam qua moastret eques* — Hor.

No. 337.

Thursday,

March 27,

1712.

I HAVE lately received a third Letter from the Gentleman, who has already given the Publick two Essays upon Education. As his Thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this Subject, I shall communicate them to the Reader.

'Sir,

If I had not been hindred by some extraordinary Business, I should have sent you sooner my further Thoughts upon Education. You may please to remember, that in my last Letter I endeavoured to give the best Reasons that could be urged in favour of a private or publick Education. Upon the whole it may perhaps be thought that I seemed rather inclined to the latter, though at the same time I confess'd that Virtue which ought to be our first and principal Care, was more usually acquired in the former.

I intend therefore, in this Letter, to offer at Methods, by which I conceive Boys might be made to improve in Virtue, as they advance in Letters.

I know that in most of our publick Schools Vice is punished and discouraged whenever it is found out; but this is far from being sufficient, unless our Youth are at the same time taught to form a right Judgment of Things, and to know what is properly Virtue.

To this End, whenever they read the Lives and Actions of such Men as have been famous in their Generation, it should not be thought enough to make them barely understand so many *Greek* or *Latin* Sentences, but they should be asked their Opinion of such an Action or Saying, and obliged to give their Reasons why they take it to be good or bad. By this means they would insensibly arrive at proper Notions of Courage, Temperance, Honour and Justice.

There must be great Care taken how the Example of any particular Person is recommended to them in gross; instead of which they ought to be taught wherein such a

Man

No. 337. Man, tho' great in some Respects, was weak and faulty in Thursday, others. For want of this Caution, a Boy is often so March 27, dazzled with the Lustre of a great Character, that he confounds its Beauties with its Blemishes, and looks even upon the faulty Parts of it with an Eye of Admiration.

I have often wondered how *Alexander*, who was naturally of a generous and merciful Disposition, came to be guilty of so barbarous an Action as that of dragging the Governour of a Town after his Chariot. I know this is generally ascribed to his Passion for *Homer*; but I lately met with a Passage in *Plutarch*, which, if I am not very much mistaken, still gives us a clearer Light into the Motives of this Action. *Plutarch* tells us, that *Alexander* in his Youth had a Master named *Lysimachus*, who though he was a Man destitute of all Politeness, ingratiated himself both with *Philip* and his Pupil, and became the second man at Court, by calling the King *Peleus*, the Prince *Achilles*, and himself *Phoenix*. It is no Wonder if *Alexander*, having been thus used not only to admire, but to personate *Achilles*, should think it glorious to imitate him in this Piece of Cruelty and Extravagance.

To carry this Thought yet further, I shall submit it to your Consideration, whether instead of a Theme or Copy of Verses, which are the usual Exercises, as they are called in the School-phrase, it would not be more proper that a Boy should be tasked once or twice a Week to write down his Opinion of such Persons and Things as occur to him in his Reading; that he should descant upon the Actions of *Turnus* or *Aeneas*, shew wherein they excelled or were defective, censure or approve any particular Action, observe how it might have been carried to a greater Degree of Perfection, and how it exceeded or fell short of another. He might at the same Time mark what was moral in any Speech, and how far it agreed with the Character of the Person speaking. This Exercise would soon Strengthen his Judgment in what is blameable or praise-worthy, and give him an early seasoning of Morality.

Next to those Examples which may be met with in Books, I very much approve *Horace's* Way of setting before Youth the infamous or honourable Characters of their

their Contemporaries; that Poet tells us this was the No. 337. Method his Father made use of to incline him to any particular Virtue, or give him an Aversion to any particular Vice. If, says *Horace*, my Father advised me to live within Bounds, and be contented with the Fortune he should leave me; Do not you see (says he) the miserable Condition of *Burrus*, and the Son of *Albus*? Let the Misfortunes of those two Wretches teach you to avoid Luxury and Extravagance. If he would inspire me with an Abhorrence to Debauchery, Do not (says he) make your self like *Sectanus*, when you may be happy in the Enjoyment of lawful Pleasures. How scandalous (say he) is the Character of *Trebonius*, who was lately caught in Bed with another Man's Wife? To illustrate the Force of this Method, the Poet adds, That as a headstrong Patient, who will not at first follow his Physician's Prescriptions, grows orderly when he hears that his Neighbours die all about him; so Youth is often frightened from Vice, by hearing the ill Report it brings upon others.

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*Xenophon's Schools of Equity*, in his Life of *Cyrus the Great*, are sufficiently famous; He tells us that the *Persian Children* went to School, and employed their Time as diligently in learning the Principles of Justice and Sobriety, as the Youth in other Countries did to acquire the most difficult Arts and Sciences; their Governors spent most Part of the Day in hearing their mutual Accusations one against the other, whether for Violence, Cheating, Slander, or Ingratitude, and taught them how to give Judgment against those who were found to be any ways guilty of these Crimes. I omit the Story of the long and short Coat, for which *Cyrus himself* was punished, as a Case equally known with any in *Littleton*.

The Method, which *Apuleius* tells us the *Indian Gymnosopists* took to educate their Disciples, is still more curious and remarkable. His Words are as follow. When their Dinner is ready, before it is set up, the Masters enquire of every particular Scholar how he has employed his Time since Sunrising; some of them answer, that having been chosen as Arbiters between

No. 337. two Persons, they have composed their Differences, and Thursday, made them Friends; some, that they have been executing the Orders of their Parents; and others, that they 1712.

have either found out something new by their own Application, or learnt it from the Instructions of their Fellows: But if there happens to be any one among them, who cannot make it appear that he has employed the Morning to Advantage, he is immediately excluded from the Company, and obliged to work while the rest are at Dinner.

It is not impossible, that from these several Ways of producing Virtue in the Minds of Boys, some general Method might be invented. What I would endeavour to inculcate is, That our Youth cannot be too soon taught the Principles of Virtue, seeing the first Impressions which are made on the Mind are always the strongest.

The Archbishop of *Cambray* makes *Telemachus* say, that tho' he was young in Years he was old in the Art of knowing how to keep both his own and his Friend's Secrets. When my Father, says the Prince, went to the Siege of *Troy*, he took me on his Knees, and after having embraced and blessed me, as he was surrounded by the Nobles of *Ithaca*, O my Friends, says he, into your Hands I commit the Education of my Son; if ever you lov'd his Father, shew it in your Care towards him; but above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a Secret. These Words of my Father, says *Telemachus*, were continually repeated to me by his Friends in his Absence; who made no Scruple of communicating to me their Uneasiness to see my Mother surrounded with Lovers, and the Measures they designed to take on that Occasion. He adds, that he was so ravished at being thus treated like a Man, and at the Confidence reposed in him, that he never once abused it; nor could all the Insinuations of his Father's Rivals ever get him to betray what was committed to him under the Seal of Secrecy.

There is hardly any Virtue which a Lad might not thus learn by Practice and Example.

I have heard of a good Man, who used at certain Times

Times to give his Scholars Six Pence apiece, that they No. 337, might tell him the next Day how they had employ'd it. *Thursday, March 27*. The third Part was always to be laid out in Charity, *1712.* and every Boy was blamed or commended as he could make it appear that he had chosen a fit Object.

In short, nothing is more wanting to our publick Schools, than that the Masters of them should use the same Care in fashioning the Manners of their Scholars, as in forming their Tongues to the Learned Languages. Where ever the former is omitted, I cannot help agreeing with Mr. *Lock*, That a Man must have a very strange Value for Words, when preferring the Languages of the *Greeks* and *Romans* to that which made them such brave Men, he can think it worth while to hazard the Innocence and Virtue of his Son for a little *Greek* and *Latin*.

As the Subject of this Essay is of the highest Importance, and what I do not remember to have yet seen treated by any Author, I have sent you what occurr'd to me on it from my own Observation or Reading, and which you may either suppress or publish as you think fit.

X

*I am, Sir, Yours, &c.'*

No. 338.

*Friday, March 28.*

— *Nil fuit unquam*  
*Sic impar sibi* — *Hor.*

I FIND the Tragedy of the *Distrest Mother* is publish'd to Day: The Author of the Prologue, I suppose, pleads an old Excuse I have read somewhere, of being *dull with Design*; and the Gentleman who writ the Epilogue, has, to my Knowledge, so much of greater Moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the Exceptions made against *Gayety* at the End of serious Entertainments, in the following Letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him than any Body, a Practice which cannot have any ill Consequence, but from the Abilities of the Person who is guilty of it.

*'Mr*

No. 338.

Friday,

March 28,

1712.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I had the Happiness the other Night of sitting very near you, and your worthy Friend Sir ROGER, at the acting of the new Tragedy, which you have in a late Paper or two so justly recommended. I was highly pleas'd with the advantageous Situation Fortune had given me, in placing me so near two Gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such Reflections on the several Incidents of the Play as pure Nature suggested, and from the other such as flow'd from the exactest Art and Judgment: Tho' I must confess that my Curiosity led me so much to observe the Knight's Reflections, that I was not so well at Leisure to improve my self by yours. Nature, I found, play'd her Part in the Knight pretty well, 'till at the last concluding Lines she entirely forsook him. You must know, Sir, that it is always my Custom, when I have been well entertain'd at a new Tragedy, to make my Retreat before the facetious Epilogue enters; not but that those Pieces are often very well writ, but having paid down my Half-Crown, and made a fair Purchase of as much of the pleasing Melancholy as the Poet's Art can afford me, or my own Nature admit of, I am willing to carry some of it Home with me; and can't endure to be at once trick'd out of all, tho' by the wittiest Dexterity in the World. However, I kept my Seat t'other Night, in Hopes of finding my own Sentiments of this Matter favour'd by your Friend's; when, to my great Surprize, I found the Knight entering with equal Pleasure into both Parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. Oldfield's Gayety, as he had been before with *Andromache's* Greatness. Whether this were no other than an Effect of the Knight's peculiar Humanity, pleas'd to find at last, that after all the tragical Doings, every thing was safe and well, I don't know. But for my own Part, I must confess, I was so dissatisfied, that I was sorry the Poet had sav'd *Andromache*, and could heartily have wish'd that he had left her stone-dead upon the Stage. For you cannot imagine, Mr. SPECTATOR, the Mischief she was reserv'd to do me. I found my Soul, during the Action

Action, gradually work'd up to the highest Pitch; and No. 338. felt the exalted Passion which all generous Minds conceive at the Sight of Virtue in Distress. The Impression, believe me, Sir, was so strong upon me, that I am perswaded, if I had been let alone in it, I could at an Extremity have ventured to defend your self and Sir ROGER against half a Score of the fiercest *Mohocks*: But the ludicrous Epilogue in the Close extinguish'd all my Ardour, and made me look upon all such noble Atchievements as downright silly and romantick. What the rest of the Audience felt, I can't so well tell: For my self, I must declare, that at the End of the Play I found my Soul uniform, and all of a Piece; but at the End of the Epilogue it was so jumbled together, and divided between Jest and Earnest, that if you will forgive me an extravagant Fancy, I will here set it down. I could not but fancy, if my Soul had at that Moment quitted my Body, and descended to the Poetical Shades in the Posture it was then in, what a strange Figure it would have made among them. They would not have known what to have made of my mottley Spectre, half Comic and half Tragic, all over resembling a ridiculous Face, that at the same Time laughs on one Side and cries o't'other. The only Defence, I think, I have ever heard made for this, as it seems to me, the most unnatural Tack of the Comic Tail to the Tragic Head, is this, that the Minds of the Audience must be refreshed, and Gentlemen and Ladies not sent away to their own Homes with too dismal and melancholy Thoughts about them: For who knows the Consequence of this? We are much obliged indeed to the Poets for the great Tenderness they express for the Safety of our Persons, and heartily thank them for it. But if that be all, pray, good Sir, assure them, that we are none of us like to come to any great Harm; and that, let them do their best, we shall in all Probability live out the Length of our Days, and frequent the Theatres more than ever. What makes me more desirous to have some Reformation of this Matter, is because of an ill Consequence or two attending it: For a great many of our Church-Musicians being related to the Theatre, they have

Friday,  
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No. 338. have, in Imitation of these Epilogues, introduc'd in their  
 Friday, farewell Voluntaries a sort of Musick quite foreign to  
 March 28, the Design of Church-Services, to the great Prejudice  
 1712. of well-dispos'd People. Those fingering Gentlemen  
 should be inform'd, that they ought to suit their Air  
 to the Place and Business; and that the Musician is  
 oblig'd to keep to the Text as much as the Preacher  
 For want of this, I have found by Experience a great  
 deal of Mischief: For when the Preacher has often, with  
 great Piety and Art enough, handled his Subject, and  
 the judicious Clark has with utmost Diligence cull'd out  
 two Staves proper to the Discourse, and I have found  
 in my self, and in the rest of the Pew, good Thoughts  
 and Dispositions, they have been all in a Moment dis-  
 sipated by a merry Jigg from the Organ-Loft. One  
 knows not what further ill Effects the Epilogues I have  
 been speaking of may in Time produce: But this I am  
 credibly inform'd of, that *Paul Lorrain* has resolv'd  
 upon a very sudden Reformation in his tragical Dramas;  
 and that at the next Monthly Performance, he designs,  
 instead of a Penitential Psalm, to dismiss his Audience  
 with an excellent new Ballad of his own composing.  
 Pray, Sir, do what you can to put a Stop to these growing  
 Evils, and you will very much oblige

*Your humble Servant,  
 Physibus.*

No. 339.  
 [ADDISON.]

Saturday, March 29.

— *Ut his exordia primis  
 Omnia, & ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.  
 Tum durare solum, & discludere Nerea ponto  
 Cooperit, & rerum paullatim sumere formas.*—Virg.

**L**ONGINUS has observed, that there may be a Loftiness in Sentiments, where there is no Passion, and brings Instances out of ancient Authors to support this his Opinion. The Pathetick, as that great Critick observes, may animate and inflame the Sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those who excel most in stirring up the Passions very often want the Talent of writing in

in the great and sublime Manner; and so on the con- No. 339.  
trary. *Milton* has shewn himself a Master in both Saturday,  
these Ways of Writing. The seventh Book, which we March 29,  
are now entering upon, is an Instance of that Sublime 1712,  
which is not mixt and work'd up with Passion. The  
Author appears in a kind of composed and sedate  
Majesty; and tho' the Sentiments do not give so great  
an Emotion as those in the former Book, they abound  
with as magnificent Ideas. The sixth Book, like a  
troubled Ocean, represents Greatness in Confusion; the  
seventh affects the Imagination like the Ocean in a  
Calm, and fills the Mind of the Reader, without pro-  
ducing in it any thing like Tumult or Agitation.

The Critick above-mentioned, among the Rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his Reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated Authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in Works of the same Nature; as in particular that if he writes on a poetical Subject, he shoulc consider how *Homer* would have spoken on such an Occasion. By this Means one great Genius often catches the Flame from another, and writes in his Spirit without copying servilely after him. There are a thousand shining Passages in *Virgil*, which have been lighted up by *Homer*.

*Milton*, tho' his own natural Strength of Genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect Work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his conceptions, by such an Imitation as that which *Longinus* has recommended.

In this Book, which gives us an Account of the Six Days Works, the Poet received but very few Assistances from Heathen Writers, who were Strangers to the Wonders of Creation. But as there are many glorious Stroaks of Poetry upon this Subject in Holy Writ, the Author has numberless Allusions to them through the whole Course of this Book. The great Critick I have before mentioned, though an Heathen, has taken Notice of the sublime Manner in which the Law-giver of the Jews has described the Creation in the First Chapter of *Genesis*; and there are many other Passages in Scripture, which rise up to the same Majesty

No. 339. Saturday, March 29, 1712. Majesty, where this Subject is touched upon. *Milton* has shewn his Judgment very remarkably, in making use of such as these as were proper for his Poem, and in duly qualifying those high Strains of Eastern Poetry, which were suited to Readers whose Imaginations were set to an higher Pitch than those of colder Climates.

*Adam's* Speech to the Angel, wherein he desires an Account of what had passed within the Regions of Nature before the Creation, is very great and solemn. The following Lines, in which he tells him, that the Day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a Subject, are exquisite in their Kind.

*And the Great Light of Day yet wants to run  
Much of his race, though steep; suspens in Heav'n  
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,  
And longer will delay, to hear thee tell  
His Generation, &c. —*

The Angel's encouraging our First Parents in a modest Pursuit after Knowledge, with the Causes which he assigns for the Creation of the World, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the Heavens were made, comes forth in the Power of his Father, surrounded with an Host of Angels, and cloathed with such a Majesty as becomes his entering upon a Work, which, according to our Conceptions, appears the utmost Exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful Description has our Author raised upon that Hint in one of the Prophets. *And behold there came four Chariots out from between two Mountains, and the Mountains were Mountains of Brass.*

*About his Chariot numberless were pour'd  
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd  
From the Armoury of God, where stand of old  
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd  
Against a solemn day, harness at hand,  
Celestial Equipage; and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,  
Attendant on their Lord; Heav'n open'd wide  
Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound  
On golden Hinges moving —*

I

I have before taken Notice of these Chariots of God, No. 339, and of these Gates of Heaven, and shall here only add, Saturday, March 29, 1712, that *Homer* gives us the same Idea of the latter as opening of themselves, tho' he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the Hours first of all removed those prodigious Heaps of Clouds which lay as a Barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole Poem more sublime than the Description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the Head of his Angels, as looking down into the *Chaos*, calming its Confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first Out Line of the Creation.

*On Heav'ly ground they stood, and from the shore  
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss  
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
And surging waves, as Mountains to assault  
Heav'ns height, and with the Center mix the Pole,  
Silence ye troubled waves, and thou Deep, Peace,  
Said then th' Omnipic word, your Discord end;  
Nor staid, but on the wings of Cherubim  
Up-lifted, in Paternal Glory rode  
Far into Chaos, and the world unbora,  
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train  
Follow'd in bright Procession to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might,  
Then staid the fervid Wheels, and in his hand  
He took the golden Compasses, prepared  
In God's eternal Store, to circumscribe  
This Universe, and all created things;  
One foot he Center'd, and the other turn'd  
Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
This be thy just Circumference, O World.*

The Thought of the Golden Compasses is conceiv'd altogether in *Homer's* Spirit, and is a very noble Incident in this wonderful Description. *Homer*, when he speaks of the Gods, ascribes to them several Arms and Instruments with the same Greatness of Imagination. Let the Reader only peruse the Description of *Minerva's* *Aegis*, or Buckler, in the Fifth Book, with her Spear which would overturn whole Squadrons, and her Helmet, that was sufficient to cover an Army drawn

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drawn out of an Hundred Cities: The Golden Compasses in the above-mentioned Passage appear a very natural Instrument in the Hand of him, whom *Plato* somewhere calls the Divine Geometrician. As Poetry delights in cloathing abstracted Ideas in Allegories and sensible Images, we find a magnificent Description of the Creation form'd after the same manner in one of the Prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the Waters in the Hollow of his Hand, meeting out the Heavens with his Span, comprehending the Dust of the Earth in a Measure, weighing the Mountains in Scales, and the Hills in a Ballance. Another of them describing the Supreme Being in this great Work of Creation, represents him as laying the Foundations of the Earth, and stretching a Line upon it. And in another Place as garnishing the Heavens, stretching out the North over the empty Place, and hanging the Earth upon nothing. This last noble Thought *Milton* has express'd in the following Verse,

*And Earth self-ballanc'd on her Center hung.*

The Beauties of Description in this Book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this Paper. The Poet has employ'd on them the whole Energy of our Tongue. The several great Scenes of the Creation rise up to view one after another, in such a Manner that the Reader seems present at this wonderful Work, and to assist among the Choirs of Angels, who are the Spectators of it. How glorious is the Conclusion of the first Day.

—*Thus was the first day Ev'n and Morn,  
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
By the Celestial Quires, when Orient light  
Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld,  
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout  
The hollow universal Orb they fill'd.*

We have the same Elevation of Thought in the third Day, when the Mountains were brought forth, and the Deep was made,

*Immediately*

*Immediately the Mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs up heave  
Into the Clouds, their tops ascend the Sky;  
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
Capricious bed of Waters.*

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We have also the Rising of the whole vegetable World describ'd in this Day's Work, which is fill'd with all the Graces that other Poets have lavished on their Description of the Spring, and leads the Reader's Imagination into a Theatre equally surprizing and beautiful.

The several Glories of the Heav'ns make their Appearance on the fourth Day.

*First in his East the glorious lamp was seen,  
Regent of day, and all the Horizon round  
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
His Longitude thro' Heav'n's high rode; the Gray  
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danced  
Shedding sweet influence; less bright the Moon,  
But opposite in levell'd West was set,  
His Mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
From him, for other light she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
Till night; then in the East her turn she shines  
Revolv'd on Heaven's great Axe, and her reign  
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand stars that then appear'd  
Spangling the Hemisphere.*

One would wonder how the Poet could be so concise in his Description of the Six Days' Works, as to comprehend them within the Bounds of an Episode, and at the same Time so particular, as to give us a lively Idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his Account of the fifth and sixth Days, in which he has drawn out to our View the whole Animal Creation, from the Reptil to the Behemoth. As the Lion and the Leviathan are two of the noblest Productions in the World of living Creatures, the Reader will find a most exquisite Spirit of Poetry in the Account which our Author gives us of them. The Sixth Day concludes with the Formation of Man, upon which the Angel takes Occasion, as he did after the Battle in Heaven,

to

No. 339, to remind *Adam* of his Obedience, which was the Saturday, principal Design of this his Visit.

March 29, 1712. The Poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into Heaven, and taking a Survey of his great Work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this Part of the Poem, where the Author describes that great Period of Time, filled with so many glorious Circumstances; when the Heavens and Earth were finished; when the Messiah ascended up in Triumph through the Everlasting Gates; when he looked down with Pleasure upon his new Creation; when every Part of Nature seem'd to rejoice in its Existence; when the Morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for Joy.

*So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixth day;  
Yet not till the Creator from his Work  
Desisting, tho' unweary'd, up return'd,  
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,  
Thence to behold this new created World  
Th' addition of his Empire; how it shew'd  
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
Answering his great Idea. Up he rode  
Follow'd with acclamation and the Sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tuned  
Angelic Harmonies: the earth, the air  
Resounding, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)  
The Heavens and all the Constellations rung,  
The Planets in their Stations list'ning stood,  
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
Open ye everlasting gates, they sung,  
Open ye Heav'ns, your living doors, let in  
The great Creator from his work return'd  
Magnificent, his six days' work, a World,*

I cannot conclude this Book upon the Creation, without mentioning a Poem which has lately appear'd under that Title. The Work was undertaken with so good an Intention, and is executed with so great a Mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble Productions in our English Verse. The Reader cannot but be pleased to find the Depths of Philosophy enlivened with all the Charms of Poetry, and to see so great a Strength of Reason, amidst so beautiful a Redundancy of the Imagination. The Author has shewn us that Design in all the Works of Nature, which

which necessarily leads us to the Knowledge of its first No. 339, Cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestible Instances, that Divine Wisdom, which the Son of *Sirach* has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in his Formation of the World, when he tells us, that *He created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his Works.* L

Saturday,  
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[STEELE.]

Monday, March 31.

*Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes!  
Quem sese ore ferens! quam forti pectore & armis!*

—Virg.

I TAKE it to be the highest Instance of a noble Mind to bear great Qualities without discovering in a Man's Behaviour any Consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the World: Or, to say it otherwise, it is the Duty of a great Person so to demean himself, as that whatever Endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no Qualities but such as any Man may arrive at: He ought to think no Man valuable but for his publick Spirit, Justice and Integrity; and all other Endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those Virtues. Such a Man, if he is wise or valiant, knows it is of no Consideration to other Men that he is so, but as he employs those high Talents for their Use and Service. He who affects the Applauses and Addresses of a Multitude, or assumes to himself a Pre-eminence upon any other Consideration, must soon turn Admiratio into Contempt. It is certain that there can be no Merit in any Man who is not conscious of it; but the Sense that it is valuable only according to the Application of it, makes that Superiority amiable, which would otherwise be invidious. In this Light it is considered as a Thing in which every Man bears a Share: It annexes the Ideas of Dignity, Power, and Fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner to him who is Possessor of it; and all Men who were Strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a Curiosity in beholding the Person, Behaviour, Feature, and Shape of him, in whose Character, perhaps, each Man had formed something in common

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common with himself. Whether such, or any other, are the Causes, all Men have a yearning Curiosity to behold a Man of heroick Worth; and I have had many Letters from all Parts of this Kingdom, that request I would give them an exact Account of the Stature, the Mein, the Aspect of the Prince who lately visited *England*, and has done such Wonders for the Liberty of *Europe*. It would puzzle the most Curious to form to himself the Sort of Man my several Correspondents expect to hear of, by the Action mentioned when they desire a Description of him: There is always something that concerns themselves, and growing out of their own Circumstances, in all their Enquiries. A Friend of mine in *Wales* beseeches me to be very exact in my Account of that wonderful Man, who had marched an Army and all its Baggage over the *Alps*; and, if possible, to learn whether the Peasant who shew'd him the Way, and is drawn in the Map, be yet living. A Gentleman from the University, who is deeply intent on the Study of Humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had Opportunity in observing the whole Interview between his Highness and our late General. Thus do Men's Fancies work according to their several Educations and Circumstances; but all pay a Respect, mixed with Admiration, to this illustrious Character. I have waited for his Arrival in *Holland*, before I would let my Correspondents know, that I have not been so uncurious a Spectator, as not to have seen Prince *Eugene*. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every Expectation of those who have writ to me on that Head; nor is it possible for me to find Words to let one know what an artful Glance there is in his Countenance who surprized *Cremona*; how daring he appears who forced the Trenches of *Turin*: But in general can say, that he who beholds him, will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined or executed by the Wit or Force of Man. The Prince is of that Stature which makes a Man most easily become all Parts of Exercise, has Height to be graceful on Occasions of State and Ceremony, and no less adapted for Agility and Dispatch: His Aspect is erect and compos'd; his

his Eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than No. 340, sparkling; his Action and Address the most easie Monday,  
March 31,  
1712. imaginable, and his Behaviour in an Assembly peculiarly graceful in a certain Art of mixing insensibly with the rest, and becoming one of the Company, instead of receiving the Courtship of it. The Shape of his Person, and Composure of his Limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his Look something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his Quality or Character, but the innate Disposition of his Mind. It is apparent that he suffers the Presence of much Company, instead of taking Delight in it; and he appear'd in Publick while with us, rather to return Good-will, or satisfy Curiosity, than to gratifie any Taste he himself had of being popular. As his Thoughts are never tumultuous in Danger, they are as little discomposed on Occasions of Pomp and Magnificence; A great Soul is affected in either Case, no further than in considering the properest Methods to extricate it self from them. If this Hero has the strong Incentives to uncommon Enterprizes that were remarkable in *Alexander*, he prosecutes and enjoys the Fame of them with the Justness, Propriety, and good Sense of *Caesar*. It is easie to observe in him a Mind as capable of being entertained with Contemplation as Enterprize; a Mind ready for great Exploits, but not impatient for Occasions to exert it self. The Prince has Wisdom and Valour in as high Perfection as Man can enjoy it; which noble Faculties in Conjunction, banish all Vain-glory, Ostentation, Ambition, and all other Vices which might intrude upon his Mind to make it unequal. These Habits and Qualities of Soul and Body render this Personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every Man should have in him, the Exertion of his very self, abstracted from the Circumstances in which Fortune has placed him. Thus were you to see Prince *Eugene*, and were told he was a private Gentleman, you would say he is a Man of Modesty and Merit; Should you be told that was Prince *Eugene*, he would be diminished no otherwise, than that part of your distant Admiration would turn into familiar Good-will. This I thought fit to

No. 340. to entertain my Reader with, concerning an Hero who never was equalled but by one Man; over whom also he has this Advantage, that he has had an Opportunity to manifest an Esteem for him in his Adversity. T  
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No. 341.

[BUDGEELL.]

Tuesday, April 1.

— *Revocate animos maestumque timorem*  
*Mittite.* — *Virg.*

HAVING, to oblige my Correspondent *Physibulus*, printed his Letter last *Friday*, in relation to the new Epilogue, he cannot take it amiss, if I now publish another, which I have just received from a Gentleman, who does not agree with him in his Sentiments upon that Matter.

'Sir,

I am amazed to find an Epilogue attacked in your last *Friday's Paper*, which has been so generally applauded by the Town, and received such Honours as were never before given to any in an *English Theatre*.

The Audience would not permit Mrs. *Oldfield* to go off the Stage the first Night till she had repeated it twice: the second Night the Noise of *Ancoras* was as loud as before, and she was again obliged to speak it twice: the third Night it was still called for a second time; and, in short, contrary to all other Epilogues, which are drop'd after the third Representation of the Play, this has already been repeated nine times.

I must own, I am the more surprized to find this Censure in Opposition to the whole Town, in a Paper which has hitherto been famous for the Candour of its Criticisms.

I can by no Means allow your melancholy Correspondent, that the new Epilogue is unnatural because it is gay. If I had a Mind to be learned, I could tell him that the Prologue and Epilogue were real Parts of the ancient Tragedy; but every one knows that on the *British Stage* they are distinct Performances by themselves, Pieces intirely detached from the Play, and no way essential to it.

The

The Moment the Play ends, Mrs. *Oldfield* is no more No. 341 *Andromache*, but Mrs. *Oldfield*; and tho' the Poet had Tuesday, left *Andromache stone-dead upon the Stage*, as your April 1, 1712, ingenious Correspondent phrases it, Mrs. *Oldfield* might still have spoke a merry Epilogue. We have an Instance of this in a Tragedy where there is not only a Death but a Martyrdom. *St. Catherine* was there personated by *Nell Gwin*; she lies *stone-dead upon the Stage*, but upon those Gentlemen's offering to remove her Body, whose Business it is to carry off the Slain in our *English* Tragedies, she breaks out into that abrupt Beginning, of what was a very ludicrous, but at the same Time thought a very good Epilogue.

*Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded Dog,  
I am to rise and speak the Epilogue.*

This diverting Manner was always practised by Mr. *Dryden*, who, if he was not the best Writer of Tragedies in his Time, was allowed by every one to have the happiest Turn for a Prologue or an Epilogue. The Epilogues to *Cleomenes*, *Don Sebastian*, *The Duke of Guise*, *Aureng-zebe*, and *Love Triumphant*, are all Precedents of this Nature.

I might further justify this Practice by that excellent Epilogue which was spoken a few Years since, after the Tragedy of *Phaedra* and *Hippolitus*; with a great many others, in which the Authors have endeavour'd to make the Audience merry. If they have not all succeeded so well as the Writer of this, they have, however, shewn that it was not for want of Good-will.

I must further observe, that the Gayety of it may be still the more proper, as it is at the End of a *French* Play; since every one knows that Nation, who are generally esteemed to have as polite a Taste as any in *Europe*, always close their Tragic Entertainments with what they call a *Petite Pièce*, which is purposely design'd to raise Mirth, and send away the Audience well pleased. The same Person who has supported the chief Character in the Tragedy, very often plays the principal Part in the *Petite Pièce*; so that I have my self seen

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at *Paris*, *Orestes* and *Lubin* acted the same Night by the same Man.

Tragi-Comedy, indeed, you have your self in a former Speculation found Fault with very justly, because it breaks the Tide of the Passions while they are yet flowing; but this is nothing at all to the present Case, where they have already had their full Course.

As the new Epilogue is written conformably to the Practice of our best Poets, so it is not such an one which, as the Duke of *Buckingham* says in his *Rehearsal*, might serve for any other Play, but wholly rises out of the Occurrences of the Piece it was composed for.

The only Reason your mournful Correspondent gives against this facetious Epilogue, as he calls it, is, that he has a Mind to go home *Melancholy*. I wish the Gentleman may not be more grave than wise. For my own Part, I must confess I think it very sufficient to have the Anguish of a fictitious Piece remain upon me while it is representing, but I love to be sent home to Bed in a good Humour. If *Physibulus* is however resolved to be inconsolable, and not to have his Tears dried up, he need only continue his old Custom, and when he has had his Half Crown's Worth of Sorrow, slink out before the Epilogue begins.

It is pleasant enough to hear this Tragical Genius complaining of the great *Mischief Andromache* had done him: What was that? Why, she made him laugh. The poor Gentleman's Sufferings put me in Mind of *Harlequin's Case*, who was tickled to Death. He tells us soon after, thro' a small Mistake of Sorrow for Rage, that during the whole Action he was so very sorry, that he thinks he could have attack'd half a Score of the fiercest *Mohocks* in the Excess of his Grief. I cannot but look upon it as an happy Accident, that a Man who is so bloody-minded in his Affliction, was diverted from this Fit of outragious Melancholy. The Valour of this Gentleman in his Distress, brings to one's Memory the *Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance*, who lays about him at such an unmerciful Rate in an old Romance. I shall readily grant him, that his Soul, as he himself says, *would have made a very ridiculous*

*ulous Figure, had it quitted the Body, and descended to the Poetical Shades in such an Encounter.* No. 341.

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As to his Conceit of tacking a *Tragic Head* with a *Comic Tail*, in order to refresh the Audience, it is such a piece of *Jargon* that I don't know what to make of it.

The Elegant Writer makes a very sudden Transition from the Play-house to the Church, and from thence to the Gallows.

As for what relates to the Church, he is of Opinion that these Epilogues have given Occasion to those *merry Jiggs from the Organ-Loft, which have dissipated those good Thoughts and Dispositions he has found in himself, and the rest of the Pew, upon the singing of two Staves cull'd out by the judicious and diligent Clark.*

He fetches his next Thought from *Tyburn*; and seems very apprehensive lest there should happen any Innovations in the Tragedies of his Friend *Paul Lorrain*.

In the mean Time, Sir, this gloomy Writer, who is so mightily scandalized at a gay Epilogue after a serious Play, speaking of the Fate of those unhappy Wretches who are condemned to suffer an ignominious Death by the Justice of our Laws, endeavours to make the Reader merry on so improper an Occasion, by those poor Burlesque Expressions of *Tragical Dramas* and *Monthly Performances*.

*I am, Sir, with great Respect,*

*Your most obedient, most humble Servant,*

X

*Philomeides.*

No. 342.

[STEELE.]

Wednesday, April 2,

*Justitiae partes sunt non violare homines: Verecundiae non offendere.*—Tull.

AS Regard to Decency is a great Rule of Life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the Female World, I cannot overlook the following Letter, which describes an egregious Offender.

*'Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I was this Day looking over your Papers, and reading in that of *December* the 6th with great Delight the amiable

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amiable Grief of *Asteria* for the Absence of her Husband, it threw me into a great deal of Reflection. I cannot say but this arose very much from the Circumstances of my own Life, who am a Soldier, and expect every Day to receive Orders, which will oblige me to leave behind me a Wife that is very dear to me, and that very deservedly. She is, at present, I am sure, no way below your *Asteria* for Conjugal Affection: But I see the Behaviour of some Women so little suited to the Circumstances wherein my Wife and I shall soon be, that it is with a Reluctance I never knew before, I am going to my Duty. What puts me to present Pain, is the Example of a young Lady, whose Story you shall have as well as I can give it you. *Hortensius*, an Officer of good Rank in her Majesty's Service, happened in a certain Part of *England* to be brought to a Country Gentleman's House, where he was received with that more than ordinary Welcome, with which Men of domestick Lives entertain such few Soldiers whom a military Life, from the Variety of Adventures, has not rendered over-bearing but humane, easy, and agreeable. *Hortensius* stay'd here some Time, and had easy Access at all Hours, as well as unavoidable Conversation at some Parts of the Day with the beautiful *Sylvana*, the Gentleman's Daughter. People who live in Cities are wonderfully struck with every little Country Abode they see when they take the Air; and 'tis natural to fancy they could live in every neat Cottage (by which they pass) much happier than in their present Circumstances. The turbulent way of Life which *Hortensius* was us'd to, made him reflect with much Satisfaction on all the Advantages of a sweet Retreat one Day; and among the rest, you'll think it not improbable, it might enter into his Thought, that such a Woman as *Sylvana* would consummate the Happiness. The World is so debauched with mean Considerations, that *Hortensius* knew it would be received as an Act of Generosity, if he asked for a Woman of the highest Merit, without further Questions of a Parent who had nothing to add to her personal Qualifications. The Wedding was celebrated at her Father's House: When that was over, the generous Husband did not proportion his

his Provision for her to the Circumstances of her Fortune, but considered his Wife as his Darling, his Pride, and his Vanity, or rather that it was in the Woman he had chosen that a Man of Sense could shew Pride or Vanity with an Excuse, and therefore adorned her with rich Habits and valuable Jewels. He did not however omit to admonish her that he did his very utmost in this; that it was an Ostentation he could not but be guilty of to a Woman he had so much Pleasure in, desiring her to consider it as such; and begged of her also to take these Matters rightly, and believe the Gems, the Gowns, the Laces, would still become her better, if her Air and Behaviour was such, that it might appear she dressed thus rather in Compliance to his Humour that way, than out of any Value she her self had for the Trifles. To this Lesson, too hard for a Woman, *Hortensius* added, that she must be sure to stay with her Friends in the Country till his Return. As soon as *Hortensius* departed, *Sylvana* saw in her Looking-glass that the Love he conceived for her was wholly owing to the Accident of seeing her; and she is convinced it was only her Misfortune the rest of Mankind had not beheld her, or Men of much greater Quality and Merit had contended for one so genteel, tho' bred in Obscurity; so very witty, tho' never acquainted with Court or Town. She therefore resolved not to hide so much Excellence from the World, but without any Regard to the Absence of the most generous Man alive, she is now the gayest Lady about this Town, and has shut out the Thoughts of her Husband by a constant Retinue of the vainest young Fellows this Age has produced; to entertain whom she squanders away all *Hortensius* is able to supply her with, tho' that Supply is purchased with no less Difficulty than the Hazard of his Life.

Now, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, would it not be a Work becoming your Office to treat this Criminal as she deserves? You should give it the severest Reflections you can; You should tell Women, that they are more accountable for Behaviour in Absence than after Death. The Dead are not dishonoured by their Levities; the Living may return, and be laughed at by empty Fops, who will not fail

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fail to turn into Ridicule the good Man, who is so unseasonable as to be still alive, and come and spoil good Company.

*I am, Sir, your most obedient humble Servant'*

All Strictness of Behaviour is so unmercifully laughed at in our Age, that the other much worse Extreme is the more common Folly. But let any Woman consider which of the two Offences an Husband would the more easily forgive, that of being less entertaining than she could to please Company, or raising the Desires of the whole Room to his Disadvantage; and she will easily be able to form her Conduct. We have indeed carried Women's Characters too much into publick Life, and you shall see them now-a-Days affect a sort of Fame: but I cannot help venturing to disoblige them for their Service, by telling them, that the utmost of a Woman's Character is contained in domestick Life; she is Blameable or Praise-worthy according as her Carriage affects the House of her Father or her Husband. All she has to do in this World, is contained within the Duties of a Daughter, a Sister, a Wife, and a Mother: All these may be well performed, tho' a Lady should not be the very finest Woman at an Opera or an Assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate Share of Wit, a plain Dress, and a modest Air. But when the very Brains of the Sex are turned, and they place their Ambition on Circumstances wherein to excel, it's no Addition to what is truly commendable. Where can this end but, as it frequently does, in their placing all their Industry, Pleasure, and Ambition on things, which will naturally make the Gratifications of Life last, at best, no longer than Youth and good Fortune? And when we consider the least ill Consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own Condition as Years advance, with a Disrelish of Life, and falling into Contempt of their own Persons, or being the Derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional Part of the Species, (for their own Happiness and Comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born) their Ambition

to

to excel will be directed accordingly; and they will in No. 342. no Part of their Lives want Opportunities of being Wednes- shining Ornaments to their Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, <sup>day,</sup> or Children. <sup>T April 2,</sup> <sub>T 1712.</sub>

No. 343,  
[ADDISON.]

Thursday, April 3.

*Errat, & illinc  
Huc venit, hinc illuc, & quoslibet occupat artus  
Spiritus; eque feris humana in corpora transit,  
Inque feras noster.* —Pythag. ap. Ov.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to shew upon Occasion all the little Learning he has picked up, told us Yesterday at the Club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the Transmigration of Souls, and that the Eastern Parts of the World believed in that Doctrine to this Day. Sir *Paul Rycaut*, says he, gives us an Account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the Freedom of any little Bird they see confined to a Cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming any of our Country men from their Captivity at *Algiers*. You must know, says WILL, the Reason is, because they consider every Animal as a Brother or a Sister in Disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their Charity to them, tho' under such mean Circumstances. They'll tell you, says WILL, that the Soul of a Man, when he dies, immediately passes into the Body of another Man, or of some Brute, which he resembled in his Humour, or his Fortune, when he was one of *us*.

As I was wondering what this Profusion of Learning would end in, WILL told us that *Jack Freelo*, who was a Fellow of Whim, made Love to one of those Ladies, who throw away all their Fondness on Parrots, Monkeys, and Lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a Visit one Morning, he writ a very pretty Epistle upon this Hint. *Jack*, says he, was conducted into the ParLOUR, where he diverted himself for some Time with her Favourite Monkey, which was chained in one of the

No. 343. the Windows; till at length observing a Pen and Ink  
 Thursday, lie by him, he writ the following Letter to his Mistress,  
 April 3, in the Person of the Monkey; and upon her not coming  
 1712. down so soon as he expected, left it in the Window;  
 and went about his Business.

The Lady soon after coming into the Parlour, and seeing her Monkey look upon a Paper with great Earnestness, took it up, and to this Day is in some Doubt, says WILL whether it was written by Jack or the Monkey.

'Madam,

Not having the Gift of Speech, I have a long Time waited in vain for an Opportunity of making my self known to you; and having at present the Conveniencies of Pen, Ink, and Paper by me, I gladly take the Occasion of giving you my History in Writing, which I could not do by Word of Mouth. You must know, Madam, that about a thousand Years ago I was an *Indian Brachman*, and versed in all those mysterious Secrets which your *European Philosopher*, called *Pythagoras*, is said to have learned from our Fraternity. I had so ingratiated my self by my great Skill in the Occult Sciences with a Dæmon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my Soul might never pass into the Body of a Brute Creature; but this he told me was not in his Power to grant me. I then begg'd that into whatever Creature I should chance to transmigrate, I might still retain my Memory, and be conscious that I was the same Person who lived in different Animals. This he told me was within his Power, and accordingly promised on the Word of a Dæmon that he would grant me what I desired. From that Time forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was made President of a College of Brachmans, an Office which I discharged with great Integrity till the Day of my Death.

I was then shuffled into another human Body, and acted my Part so very well in it, that I became first Minister to a Prince who reigned upon the Banks of the *Ganges*. I here lived in great Honour for several Years

Years, but by Degrees lost all the Innocence of the No. 343. Brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the People Thursday, to enrich my Sovereign; till at length I became so odious, that my Master, to recover his Credit with his Subjects, shot me through the Heart with an Arrow, as I was one Day addressing my self to him at the Head of his Army.

Upon my next remove I found my self in the Woods under the Shape of a Jack-call, and soon listed my self in the Service of a Lion. I used to yelp near his Den about Midnight, which was his Time of rouzing and seeking after his Prey. He always followed me in the Rear, and when I had run down a fat Buck, a wild Goat, or an Hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a Bone that was but half picked for my Encouragement; but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three Chaces, he gave me such a confounded Gripe in his Anger that I died of it.

In next Transmigration I was again set upon two Legs, and became an *Indian* Tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great Extravagancies, and being married to an expensive Jade of a Wife, I ran so cursedly in Debt that I durst not shew my Head. I could no sooner step out of my House, but I was arrested by some Body or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one Night in the Dusk of the Evening, I was taken up and hurried into a Dungeon, where I died a few Months after.

My Soul then entered into a Flying-Fish, and in that State led a most melancholy Life for the Space of six Years. Several Fishes of Prey pursued me when I was in the Water, and if I betook my self to my Wings, it was ten to one but I had a Flock of Birds aiming at me. As I was one Day flying amidst a Fleet of *English* Ships, I observed an huge Sea-Gull whetting his Bill and hovering just over my Head: Upon my dipping into the Water to avoid him, I fell into the Mouth of a monstrous Shark that swallow'd me down in an Instant.

I was some Years afterwards, to my great Surprize, an

No. 343. an eminent Banker in *Lombard-street*; and remember, Thursday, April 3, 1712, bring how I had formerly suffered for want of Money.

became so very sordid and avaritious that the whole Town cried Shame of me. I was a miserable little old Fellow to look upon, for I had in a Manner starved my self, and was nothing but Skin and Bone when I died.

I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find my self dwindled into an Emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a Figure, and did not know but, some Time or other, I might be reduced to a Mite if I did not mend my Manners. I therefore applied my self with great Diligence to the Offices that were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest Ant in the whole Molehill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a Burden, by an unlucky Cock-Sparrow that lived in the Neighbourhood, and had before made great Depredations upon our Common-wealth.

I then bettered my Condition a little, and lived a whole Summer in the Shape of a Bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious Life I had undergone in my two last Transmigrations, I fell into the other Extream, and turned Drone. As I one Day headed a Party to plunder an Hive, we were received so warmly by the Swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the Spot.

I might tell you of many other Transmigrations which I went through; how I was a Town-Rake, and afterwards did Penance in a Bay Gelding for ten Years; as also how I was a Taylor, a Shrimp, and a Tom-Tit. In the last of these my Shapes I was shot in the *Christmas* Holydays by a young Jack-a-napes, who would needs try his new Gun upon me.

But I shall pass over these and several other Stages of Life, to remind you of the young Beau who made Love to you about Six Years since. You may remember, Madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and played a thousand Tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a Cold that he got under your Window one Night in a Serenade. I was that unfortunate

lunate young Fellow, whom you were then so cruel No. 343. to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky Body, I Thursday, found my self upon a Hill in *Aethiopia*, where I lived April 3, 1712. in my present Grotesque Shape, till I was caught by a Servant of the *English Factory*, and sent over into *Great-Britain*: I need not inform you how I came into your Hands. You see, Madam, this is not the first Time that you have had me in a Chain; I am, however, very happy in this my Captivity, as you often bestow on me those Kisses and Careesses which I would have given the World for when I was a Man. I hope this Discovery of my Person will not tend to my Disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed Favours to

*Your most devoted humble Servant,*

Pugg.

*P. S.* I would advise your little Shock-dog to keep out of my Way; for as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my Rivals, I may chance one Time or other to give him such a Snap as he won't like! L

No. 344.

[STEELE.]

Friday, April 4.

—*In solo vivendi causa palato est.—Juv.*

'*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I THINK it has not yet fallen into your Way to discourse on little Ambition, or the many whimsical Ways Men fall into, to distinguish themselves among their Acquaintance: Such Observations, well pursued, would make a pretty History of low Life. I my self am got into a great Reputation, which arose (as most extraordinary Occurrences in a Man's Life seem to do) from a meer Accident. I was some Days ago unfortunately engaged among a Set of Gentlemen, who esteem a Man according to the Quantity of Food he throws down at a Meal. Now I, who am ever for distinguishing my self according to the Notions of Superiority which the rest of the Company entertain, eat so immoderately for their Applause, as had like to have

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have cost me my Life. What added to my Misfortune was, that having naturally a good Stomach, and having lived soberly for some Time, my Body was as well prepared for this Contention as if it had been by Appointment. I had quickly vanquished every Glutton in Company but one, who was such a Prodigy in his Way, and withall so very merry during the whole Entertainment, that he insensibly betrayed me to continue his Competitor, which in a little Time concluded in a compleat Victory over my Rival; after which, by way of Insult, I eat a considerable Proportion beyond what the Spectators thought me obliged in Honour to do. The Effect, however, of this Engagement, has made me resolve never to eat more for Renown; and I have, pursuant to this Resolution, compounded three Wagers I had depending on the Strength of my Stomach; which happened very luckily, because it was stipulated in our Articles either to play or pay. How a Man of common Sense could be thus engaged, is hard to determine; but the Occasion of this is to desire you, to inform several Gluttons of my Acquaintance, who look on me with Envy, that they had best moderate their Ambition in Time, lest Infamy or Death attend their Success. I forgot to tell you, Sir, with what unspeakable Pleasure I received the Acclamations and Applause of the whole Board, when I had almost eat my Antagonist into Convulsions: It was then that I returned his Mirth upon him, with such Success as he was hardly able to swallow, though prompted by a Desire of Fame, and a passionate Fondness for Distinction: I had not endeavoured to excell so far, had not the Company been so loud in their Approbation of my Victory. I don't question but the same Thirst after Glory has often caused a Man to drink Quarts without taking Breath, and prompted Men to many other as difficult Enterprizes; though, if otherwise pursued, might turn very much to a Man's Advantage. This Ambition of mine was indeed extravagantly pursued: However I can't help observing, that you hardly ever see a Man commended for a good Stomach, but he immediately falls to eating more (though he had before dined) as well to confirm

confirm the Person that commended him in his good No. 344. Opinion of him, as to convince any other at the Table, Friday, who may have been unattentive enough not to have April 4, done Justice to his Character, 1712.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your most humble Servant,*

*Epicure Mammon.'*

*'Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I have writ to you three or four times, to desire you would take Notice of an impertinent Custom the Women, the fine Women have lately fallen into, of taking Snuff. This silly Trick is attended with such a Coquet Air in some Ladies, and such a sedate Masculine one in others, that I cannot tell which most to complain of; but they are to me equally disagreeable. Mrs. Saunter is so impatient of being without it, that she takes it as often as she does Salt at Meals; and as she affects a wonderful Ease and Negligence in all her Manner, an upper Lip mixed with Snuff and the Sauce, is what is presented to the Observation of all who have the Honour to eat with her. The pretty Creature her Neice does all she can to be as disagreeable as her Aunt; and if she is not as offensive to the Eye, she is quite as much to the Ear, and makes up all she wants in a confident Air, by a nauseous Rattle of the Nose when the Snuff is delivered, and the Fingers make the Stops and Closes on the Nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a very courtly Image in speaking of Ladies; that is very true, but where arises the Offence? Is it in those who commit, or those who observe it? As for my Part, I have been so extreamly disgusted with this filthy Physick hanging on the Lip, that the most agreeable Conversation, or Person, has not been able to make up for it. As to those who take it for no other End but to give themselves Occasion for pretty Action, or to fill up little Intervals of Discourse, I can bear with them; but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who ought to be heard with too much Respect, to admit of offering at that Time from Hand to Hand the Snuff-Box. But *Flavilla* is so far taken with her Behaviour in

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in this kind, that she pulls out her Box (which is indeed full of good *Brazile*) in the Middle of the Sermon; and to shew she has the Audacity of a well bred Woman, she offers it to the Men as well as the Women who sit near her: But since by this Time all the World knows she has a fine Hand, I am in Hopes she may give her self no further Trouble in this Matter. On *Sunday* was *Sevennight*, when they came about for the Offering, she gave her Charity with a very good Air, but at the same Time asked the Church-warden if he would take a Pinch. Pray, Sir, think of these things in Time, and you will oblige,

T

*Sir, your most humble Servant.*

No. 345.  
[ADDISON.]

Saturday, April 5.

*Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ  
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cetera posset.  
Natus homo est.* — Ov. Met.

THE Accounts which *Raphael* gives of the Battle of Angels, and the Creation of the World, have in them those Qualifications which the Criticks judge requisite to an Episode. They are nearly related to the principal Action, and have a just Connection with the Fable.

The Eighth Book opens with a beautiful Description of the Impression which this Discourse of the Archangel made on our first Parent. *Adam* afterwards, by a very natural Curiosity, enquires concerning the Motions of those Celestial Bodies which make the most glorious Appearance among the six Days Works. The Poet here, with a great deal of Art, represents *Eve* as withdrawing from this Part of their Conversation to Amusements more suitable to her Sex. He well knew, that the Episode in this Book, which is filled with *Adam's* Account of his Passion and Esteem for *Eve*, would have been improper for her Hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful Reasons for her retiring.

So

*So spake our Sire, and by his Count'nce seem'd  
 Entring on studious Thoughts abstruse; which Eve  
 Perceiving where she sat retired in sight,  
 With Lowliness majestick from her Seat,  
 And Grace that won who saw to wish her Stay,  
 Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flowers,  
 To visit how they prosper'd, Bud and Bloom,  
 Her Nursery; they at her Coming sprung,  
 And toucht by her fair Tendance gladlier grew.  
 Yet went she not, as not with such Discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her Ear  
 Of what was high: Such Pleasure she reserv'd,  
 Adam relating, she sole Auditress;  
 Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd  
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix  
 Grateful Diggressions, and solve high Dispute  
 With Conjugal Careesses; from his Lip  
 Not Words alone pleased her. O when meet now  
 Such Pairs in Love, and mutual Honour joyn'd!*

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The Angel's returning a doubtful Answer to Adam's Enquiries, was not only proper for the moral Reason which the Poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the Sanction of an Archangel to any particular System of Philosophy. The chief Points in the *Ptolomaick* and *Copernican* Hypothesis are described with great Conciseness and Perspicuity, and at the same Time dressed in very pleasing and poetical Images.

Adam, to detain the Angel, enters afterwards upon his own History, and relates to him the Circumstances in which he found himself upon his Creation; as also his Conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with Eve. There is no Part of the Poem more apt to raise the Attention of the Reader, than this Discourse of our great Ancestor; as nothing can be more surprising and delightful to us, than to hear the Sentiments that arose in the first Man while he was yet new and fresh from the Hands of his Creator. The Poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this Subject in Holy Writ with so many beautiful Imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole Episode. As our Author knew this Subject could not but be agreeable to

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to his Reader, he would not throw it into the Relation of the six Days Works, but reserved it for a distinct Episode, that he might have an Opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this Part of the Poem, I cannot but take Notice of two shining Passages in the Dialogue between *Adam* and the Angel. The first is that wherein our Ancestor gives an Account of the Pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble Moral.

*For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n;  
And sweeter thy Discourse is to my Ear  
Than Fruits of Palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst  
And Hunger both, from Labour, at the Hour  
Of sweet Repast; they satiate, and soon fill,  
Tho' pleasant; but thy Words, with Grace divine  
Imbu'd, bring to their Sweetness no Satiety.*

The other I shall mention is that in which the Angel gives a Reason why he should be glad to hear the story *Adam* was about to relate.

*For I that Day was absent, as befell,  
Bound on a Voyage uncouth and obscure,  
Far on Excursion towards the Gates of Hell,  
Squared in full Legion (such command we had)  
To see that none thence issued forth a Spy,  
Or Enemy, while God was in his Work,  
Lest he incens'd at such Eruption bold,  
Destruction with Creation might have mix'd.*

There is no Question but our Poet drew the Image in what follows from that in *Virgil's* Sixth Book, where *Aeneas* and the Sybil stand before the Adamantine Gates, which are there describ'd as shut upon the Place of Torments, and listen to the Groans, the Clank of Chains, and the Noise of Iron Whips, that were heard in those Regions of Pain and Sorrow.

*Fast we found, fast shut,  
The dismal Gates, and barricadoed strong;  
But long e'er our approaching heard within  
Noise, other than the Sound of Dance or Song,  
Torment, and loud Lament, and furious Rage.*

*Adam* then proceeds to give an Account of his Condition and Sentiments immediately after his Creation. How

How agreeably does he represent the Posture in which No. 345, he found himself, the beautiful Landskip that surrounded him, and the Gladness of Heart which grew up in him on that Occasion?

—*As new waked from soundest Sleep,  
Soft on the flowry Herb I found me laid  
In balmy Sweat, which with his Beams the Sun  
Soon dried, and on the reaking Moisture fed.  
Straight toward Heav'n my wondering Eyes I turn'd,  
And gaz'd a while the ample Sky, till rais'd  
By quick instinctive Motion up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
Stood on my Feet; About me round I saw  
Hill, Dale, and shady Woods, and sunny Plains,  
And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these  
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,  
Birds on the Branches warbling; all things smil'd;  
With Fragrance and with Joy my heart o'erflow'd.*

Adam is afterwards describ'd as surpriz'd at his own Existence, and taking a Survey of himself, and of all the Works of Nature. He likewise is represented as discovering by the Light of Reason, that he and every thing about him must have been the Effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a Right to his Worship and Adoration. His first Address to the Sun, and to those Parts of the Creation which made the most distinguished Figure, is very natural and amusing to the Imagination.

—*Thou Sun, said I, fair Light,  
And thou enlight'ned Earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,  
Tell if ye saw, how came I thus, how here!*

His next Sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his Existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His Dream, in which he still preserves the Consciousness of his Existence, together with his Removal into the Garden which was prepared for his Reception, are also Circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred Story.

These and the like wonderful Incidents in this Part

No. 345. of the Work, have in them all the Beauties of Novelty, Saturday, April 5, 1712. at the same Time that they have all the Graces of Nature. They are such as none but a great Genius could have thought of, though, upon the Perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the Subject of which he treats. In a Word, though they are natural they are not obvious, which is the true Character of all fine Writing.

The Impression which the Interdiction of the Tree of Life left in the Mind of our first Parent, is described with great Strength and Judgment; as the Image of the several Beasts and Birds passing in Review before him is very beautiful and lively.

*—Each Bird and Beast behold  
Approaching two and two, these cowring low  
With Blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his Wing,  
I nam'd them as they pass'd—*

Adam, in the next Place, describes a Conference which he held with his Maker upon the Subject of Solitude. The Poet here represents the supreme Being, as making an Essay of his own Work, and putting to the Trial that reasoning Faculty with which he had endued his Creature. Adam urges, in this divine Colloquy the Impossibility of his being happy, tho' he was the Inhabitant of *Paradise*, and Lord of the whole Creation, without the Conversation and Society of some rational Creature, who should partake those Blessings with him. This Dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the Beauty of the Thoughts, without other poetical Ornaments, is as fine a Part as any in the whole Poem: The more the Reader examines the Justness and Delicacy of its Sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The Poet has wonderfully preserved the Character of Majesty and Condescension in the Creator, and at the same Time that of Humility and Adoration in the Creature, as particularly in those beautiful Lines,

*Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,  
As with a Smile more brightened, thus reply'd, &c,*

—*I, with leave of Speech implor'd  
And humble Deprecation, thus reply'd,  
Let not my Words offend thee, heavenly Power,  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak, &c.*

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*Adam* then proceeds to give an Account of his second Sleep, and of the Dream in which he beheld the Formation of *Eve*. The new Passion that was awakened in him at the Sight of her is touched very finely.

*Under his forming Hands a Creature grew,  
Manlike, but different Sex; so lovely fair,  
That what seem'd fair in all the World seem'd now  
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,  
And in her Looks, which from that time infus'd  
Sweetness into my Heart, unfelt before,  
And into all things from her Air inspir'd  
The Spirit of Love and amorous Delight.*

*Adam's* Distress upon losing Sight of this beautiful Phantom, with his Exclamations of Joy and Gratitude at the Discovery of a real Creature, who resembled the Apparition which had been presented to him in his Dream; the Approaches he makes to her, and his Manner of Courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite Propriety of Sentiments.

Tho' this Part of the Poem is work'd up with great Warmth and Spirit, the Love which is described in it is every way suitable to a State of Innocence. If the Reader compares the Description which *Adam* here gives of his leading *Eve* to the Nuptial Bower, with that which *Mr. Dryden* has made on the same Occasion in a Scene of his *Fall of Man*, he will be sensible of the great Care which *Milton* took to avoid all Thoughts on so delicate a Subject, that might be offensive to Religion or good Manners. The Sentiments are chaste, but not cold, and convey to the Mind Ideas of the most transporting Passion, and of the greatest Purity. What a Noble Mixture of Rapture and Innocence has the Author joined together, in the Reflection which *Adam* makes on the Pleasures of Love, compared to those of Sense,

*Thus have I told thee all my State, and brought  
My Story to the Sum of earthly Bliss*

*Which*

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*Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
In all things else delight indeed, but such  
As, us'd or not, works in the mind no change,  
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies  
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, & flowers,  
Walks, and the melody of Birds; but here  
Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
Transported touch, here Passion first I felt,  
Commotion strange; in all enjoyments else  
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak  
Against the Charm of Beauty's powerful glance,  
Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
Not proof enough such object to sustain,  
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd  
Too much of ornament, in outward shew  
Elaborate, of inward less exact.*

*When I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
And in her self compleat, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best;  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded; Wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shews;  
Authority and reason on her wait,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
Greatness of Mind, and Nobleness their Seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a Guard angelick plac'd.*

These Sentiments of Love, in our first Parent, gave the Angel such an Insight into humane Nature, that he seems apprehensive of the Evils which might befall the Species in general, as well as *Adam* in particular, from the Excess of this Passion. He therefore fortifies him against it by timely Admonitions; which very artfully prepare the Mind of the Reader for the Occurrences of the next Book, where the Weakness of which *Adam* here gives such distant Discoveries brings about that fatal Event which is the Subject of the Poem. His Discourse, which follows the gentle Rebuke he receiv'd from the Angel, shews that his Love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in Reason, and consequently not improper for *Paradise*.

*Neither*

*Neither her outside form so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kinds  
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
So much delights me as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions mixt with love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soul;  
Harmony to behold in wedded pair.*

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Adam's Speech, at parting with the Angel, has in it a Deference and Gratitude agreeable to an inferior Nature, and at the same Time a certain Dignity and Greatness suitable to the Father of Mankind in his State of Innocence. L

No. 346.

[STEELE.]

Monday, April 7.

*Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni munerum longe antepono.  
Haec est gravium hominum atque magnorum; illa quasi  
assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi  
titillantium.—Tull.*

WHEN we consider the offices of humane Life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call Generosity, which when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded Temper, than an honest and liberal Mind. For this Reason it is absolutely necessary that all Liberality should have for its Basis and Support Frugality. By this means the benevolent Spirit works in a Man from the Convictions of Reason, not from the Impulses of Passion. The generous Man, in the ordinary Acceptation, without respect of the Demands of his own Family, will soon find, upon the Foot of his Account, that he has sacrificed to Fools, Knaves, Flatterers, or the deservedly unhappy, all the Opportunities of affording any future Assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in it self laudable, should not a Man take Care to secure an Ability to do Things praise-worthy as long as he lives? or could there be a more cruel Piece of Railery upon a Man who should have reduced his Fortune below the Capacity of acting according to his natural Temper

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Temper, than to say of him, *That Gentleman was generous*. My beloved Author therefore has, in the Sentence on the Top of my Paper, turned his Eye with a certain Satiety from beholding the Addresses to the People by Largesses and publick Entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the Circumstances of Time and a Man's own Fortune. A constant Benignity in Commerce with the rest of the World, which ought to run through all a Man's Actions, has Effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and less ostentatious in your self. He turns his Recommendation of this Virtue in Commercial Life; and according to him, a Citizen who is frank in his Kindnesses, and abhors Severity in his Demands; he who in buying, selling, lending, doing Acts of good Neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to Disputes, and above the Sense of little Sufferings; bears a nobler Character, and does much more good to Mankind than any other Man's Fortune without Commerce can possibly support. For the Citizen above all other Men has Opportunities of arriving at *that highest Fruit of Wealth, to be liberal without the least Expence of a Man's own Fortune*. It is not to be denied but such a Practice is liable to Hazard; but this therefore adds to the Obligation, that, among Traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the Favour a Secret, as he who receives it. The unhappy Distinctions among us in *England* are so great, that to celebrate the Intercourse of commercial Friendship (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous Man so many Enemies of the contrary Party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of *Tom the Bounteous*, who lends at the ordinary Interest, to give Men of less Fortune Opportunities of making greater Advantages. He conceals, under a rough Air and distant Behaviour, a bleeding Compassion and womanish Tenderness. This is governed by the most exact Circumspection, that there is no Industry wanting in the Person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper Expences. This I know of *Tom*, but who dares say it of so known a *Tory*? The same Care I was forced to use some Time ago in the Report

Report of another's Virtue, and said Fifty instead of an No. 346. Hundred, because the Man I pointed at was a Whigg, Monday, Actions of this Kind are popular without being invidious, <sup>April 7,</sup> 1712, for every Man of ordinary Circumstances looks upon a Man who has this known Benignity in his Nature, as a Person ready to be his Friend upon such Terms as he ought to expect it; and the Wealthy, who may envy such a Character, can do no Injury to its Interests but by the Imitation of it, in which the good Citizens will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to my self a greater Idea of humane Life, than in what is the Practice of some wealthy Men whom I could name, that make no Step to the Improvement of their own Fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other Men, who would languish in Poverty without that Munificence. In a Nation where there are so many publick Funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good Subject, who does not imbark some Part of his Fortune with the State to whose Vigilance he owes the Security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate Way of laying an Obligation upon many, and extending your Benignity the furthest a Man can possibly, who is not engaged in Commerce. But he who Trades, besides giving the State some Part of this sort of Credit he gives his Banker, may in all the Occurrences of his Life have his Eye upon removing Want from the Door of the Industrious, and defending the unhappy upright Man from Bankruptcy. Without this Benignity, Pride or Vengeance will precipitate a Man to chuse the Receipt of half his Demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the Whole from whom he has shewn Mercy. This Benignity is essential to the Character of a fair Trader, and any Man who designs to enjoy his Wealth with Honour and Self-Satisfaction: Nay it would not be hard to maintain, that the Practice of supporting good and industrious Men, would carry a Man further, even to his Profit, than indulging the Propensity of serving and obliging the Fortunate. My Author argues on this Subject, in order to incline Men's Minds to those who want them most, after this Manner, *We must always consider the Nature of Things, and govern our selves accordingly. The wealthy*

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*wealthy Man, when he has repaid you, is upon a Balance with you; but the Person whom you favoured with a Loan, if he be a good Man, will think himself in your Debt after he has paid you. The Wealthy and the Conspicuous are not obliged by the Benefits you do them, they think they conferred a Benefit when they receive one. Your good Offices are always suspected, and it is with them the same thing to expect their Favour as to receive it. But the Man below you, who knows, in the good you have done him, you respected himself more than his Circumstances, does not act like an obliged Man only to him from whom he has received a Benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whatever little Offices he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his Actions and Expressions. Moreover the Regard to what you do to a great Man, at best is taken Notice of no further than by himself or his Family; but what you do to a Man of an humble Fortune, (provided always that he is a good and a modest Man) raises the Affections towards you of all Men of that Character (of which there are many) in the whole City.*

There is nothing gains a Reputation to a Preacher so much as his own Practice; I am therefore casting about what Act of Benignity is in the Power of a SPECTATOR. Alas, that lies but in a very narrow Compass, and I think the most immediately under my Patronage, are either Players, or such whose Circumstances bear an Affinity with theirs: All therefore I am able to do at this Time of this Kind, is to tell the Town, that on Friday the 11th of this Instant April, there will be perform'd in York-Buildings a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, for the Benefit of Mr. Edward Keen, the Father of Twenty Children; and that this Day the haughty George Powell hopes all the good natured Part of the Town will favour him, whom they applauded in *Alexander, Timon, Lear and Orestes*, with their Company this Night, when he hazards all his Heroic Glory for their Approbation in the humbler Condition of honest *Jack Falstaffe*. T

Tuesday

No. 347.

[BUDGELL.]

Tuesday, April 8.

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Tuesday,  
April 8,  
1712.*Quis furor, o cives, quae tanta licentia ferri.—Luc.*

I DO not question but my Country Readers have been very much surprized at the several Accounts they have met with in our publick Papers of that Species of Men among us, lately known by the Name of *Mohocks*. I find the Opinions of the Learned, as to their Origin and Designs, are altogether various, insomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such Society of Men. The Terror which spread it self over the whole Nation some Years since, on account of the *Irish*, is still fresh in most People's Memories, tho' it afterwards appeared there was not the least Ground for that general Consternation.

The late Pannick Fear was, in the Opinion of many deep and penetrating Persons, of the same Nature. These will have it, that the *Mohocks* are like those Spectres and Apparitions which frighten several Towns and Villages in Her Majesty's Dominions, tho' they were never seen by any of the Inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these *Mohocks* are a kind of Bull-Beggars, first invented by prudent married Men, and Masters of Families, in order to deter their Wives and Daughters from taking the Air at unseasonable Hours; and that when they tell them the *Mohocks will catch them*, it is a Caution of the same Nature with that of our Fore-fathers, when they bid their Children have a care of *Raw-head and Bloody-bones*.

For my own Part I am afraid there was too much Reason for that great Alarm the whole City has been in upon this Occasion; tho' at the same Time I must own that I am in some Doubt whether the following Pieces are Genuine and Authentic, and the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the Name by which the Emperor subscribes himself, is altogether conformable to the *Indian* Orthography.

I shall only further inform my Readers, that it was some time since I received the following Letter and Manifesto

No. 347. Manifesto, tho' for particular Reasons I did not think  
 Tuesday, fit to publish them till now.  
 April 8,  
 1712.

*'To the SPECTATOR,*

*Sir,*

Finding that our earnest Endeavours for the Good of Mankind have been basely and maliciously represented to the World, we send you enclosed our Imperial Manifesto, which it is our Will and Pleasure that you forthwith communicate to the Publick, by inserting it in your next daily Paper. We do not doubt of your ready Compliance in this Particular, and therefore bid you heartily Farewell.

*Sign'd,*

Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar,

*Emperor of the Mohocks.*

*'The Manifesto of Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar,  
 Emperor of the Mohocks.*

Whereas we have received Information from sundry Quarters of this great and populous City, of several Outrages committed on the Legs, Arms, Noses, and other Parts of the good People of *England*, by such as have stiled themselves our Subjects; in order to vindicate our Imperial Dignity from those false Aspersions which have been cast on it, as if we our selves might have encouraged or abetted any such Practices; We have, by these Presents, thought fit to signifie our utmost Abhorrence and Detestation of all such tumultuous and irregular Proceedings; and do hereby further give Notice, that if any Person or Persons has or have suffered any Wound, Hurt, Damage or Detriment in his or their Limb or Limbs, otherwise than shall be hereafter specified, the said Person or Persons, upon applying themselves to such as we shall appoint for the Inspection and Redress of the Grievances aforesaid, shall be forthwith committed to the Care of our principal Surgeon, and be cured at our own Expence, in some one or other of those Hospitals which we are now erecting for that purpose.

And

And to the end that no one may, either through Ignorance or Inadvertency incur those Penalties which we have thought fit to inflict on Persons of loose and dissolute Lives, we do hereby通知 to the Publick, that if any Man be knock'd down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful Business, at proper Hours, that it is not done by our Order; and we do hereby permit and allow any such Person so knocked down or assaulted, to rise again, and defend himself in the best Manner that he is able.

We do also command all and every our good Subjects, that they do not presume, upon any Pretext whatsoever, to issue and sally forth from their respective Quarters till between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve. That they never *Tip the Lion* upon Man, Woman, or Child till the Clock at St. Dunstan's shall have struck One.

That the *Sweat* be never given but between the Hours of One and Two; always provided, that our *Hunters* may begin to *Hunt* a little after the Close of the Evening, any thing to the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also that if ever they are reduced to the Necessity of *Pinking*, it shall always be in the most fleshy Parts, and such as are least exposed to View.

It is also our Imperial Will and Pleasure, that our good Subjects the *Sweaters* do establish their *Hum-mums* in such close Places, Alleys, Nooks and Corners, that the Patient or Patients may not be in Danger of catching Cold.

That the *Tumblers*, to whose Care we chiefly commit the Female Sex, confine themselves to *Drurylane* and the *Purlieus* of the *Temple*; and that every other Party and Division of our Subjects do each of them keep within the respective Quarters we have allotted to them. Provided nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall in any wise be construed to extend to the *Hunters*, who have our full Licence and Permission to enter into any Part of the Town where ever their Game shall lead them.

And whereas we have nothing more at our Imperial Heart than the Reformation of the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, which to our unspeakable Satisfaction we have

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have in some measure already effected, we do hereby earnestly pray and exhort all Husbands, Fathers, House-keepers, and Masters of Families, in either of the aforesaid Cities, not only to repair themselves to their respective Habitations at early and seasonable Hours; but also to keep their Wives and Daughters, Sons, Servants and Apprentices, from appearing in the Streets at those Times and Seasons which may expose them to Military Discipline, as it is practised by our good Subjects the *Mohocks*; and we do further promise, on our Imperial Word, that as soon as the Reformation aforesaid shall be brought about, we will forthwith cause all Hostilities to cease.

*Given from our Court at the Devil-Tavern, March 15, 1712.*

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No. 348.  
 [STEELE.]

Wednesday, April 9.

*Invidiam placare paras virtute relicta!*—Hor.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE not seen you lately at any of the Places where I visit, so that I am afraid you are wholly unacquainted with what passes among my Part of the World, who are, though I say it, without Controversie, the most accomplished and best bred of the Town. Give me Leave to tell you, that I am extreamly discomposed when I hear Scandal, and am an utter Enemy to all manner of Detraction, and think it the greatest Meanness that People of Distinction can be guilty of: However, it is hardly possible to come into Company, where you do not find them pulling one another to Pieces, and that from no other Provocation but that of hearing any one commended. Merit, both as to Wit and Beauty, is become no other than the Possession of a few trifling People's Favour, which you cannot possibly arrive at, if you have really any thing in you that is deserving. What they would bring to pass, is, to make all Good and Evil consist in Report, and with Whispers, Calumnies and Impertinencies, to have the Conduct of those Reports

ports. By this means Innocents are blasted upon their No. 348. first appearance in Town; and there is nothing more <sup>Wednesday, April 9, 1712.</sup> required to make a young Woman the Object of Envy and Hatred, than to deserve Love and Admiration. This abominable Endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing that is praise-worthy, is as frequent among the Men as the Women. If I can remember what pass'd at a Visit last Night, it will serve as an Instance that the Sexes are equally inclined to Defamation, with equal Malice, with equal Impotence. *Jack Triplett* came into my Lady *Airy's* about Eight of the Clock; You know the Manner we sit at a Visit, and I need not describe the Circle; but *Mr. Triplett* came in, introduced by two Tapers supported by a spruce Servant, whose Hair is under a Cap till my Lady's Candles are all lighted up, and the Hour of Ceremony begins; I say, *Jack Triplett* came in, and singing (for he is really good Company) *Every Feature, charming Creature*,—he went on, *It is a most unreasonable Thing that People cannot go peaceably to see their Friends, but these Murderers are let loose. Such a Shape! such an Air! what a Glance was that as her Chariot passed by mine*— My Lady her self interrupted him; *Pray who is this fine Thing*— *I warrant, says another, 'tis the Creature I was telling your Ladyship of just now. You were telling of?* says *Jack*; *I wish I had been so happy as to have come in and heard you, for I have not Words to say what she is*; But if an agreeable Height, a modest Air, a Virgin Shame, and Impatience of being beheld, amidst a Blaze of ten thousand Charms— The whole Room flew out— *Oh Mr. Triplett!*— When *Mrs. Loft*, a known Prude, said she believed she knew whom the Gentleman meant; but she was indeed, as he civilly represented her, impatient of being beheld— Then turning to the Lady next to her— *The most unbred Creature you ever saw.* Another pursued the Discourse: As unbred, Madam, as you may think her, she is extreamly bely'd if she is the Novice she appears; she was last Week at a Ball till Two in the Morning; *Mr. Triplett knows whether he was the happy Man that took Care of her home; but*— This was followed

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followed by some particular Exception that each Woman in the Room made to some peculiar Grace, or Advantage; so that Mr. *Triplett* was beaten from one Limb and Feature to another, till he was forced to resign the whole Woman. In the End, I took Notice *Triplett* recorded all this Malice in his Heart; and saw in his Countenance, and a certain waggish Shrug, that he designed to repeat the Conversation; I therefore let the Discourse die, and soon after took an Occasion to commend a certain Gentleman of my Acquaintance for a Person of singular Modesty, Courage, Integrity, and withal as a Man of an entertaining Conversation, to which Advantages he had a Shape and Manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. *Triplett*, who is a Woman's Man, seemed to hear me with Patience enough commend the Qualities of his Mind; He never heard indeed but that he was a very honest Man, and no Fool; but for a fine Gentleman he must ask Pardon. Upon no other Foundation than this, Mr. *Triplett* took Occasion to give the Gentleman's Pedigree, by what Methods some part of the Estate was acquired, how much it was beholden to a Marriage for the present Circumstances of it; After all, he could see nothing but a common Man in his Person, his Breeding, or Understanding.

Thus, Mr. SPECTATOR, this impertinent Humour of diminishing every one who is produced in Conversation to their Advantage, runs through the World; and I am, I confess, so fearful of the Force of ill Tongues, that I have begged of all those who are my Well-wishers never to commend me, for it will but bring my Frailities into Examination, and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed Perfections. I am confident a thousand young People, who would have been Ornaments to Society, have, from Fear of Scandal, never dared to exert themselves in the polite Arts of Life. Their Lives have passed away in an odious Rusticity, in spite of great Advantages of Person, Genius, and Fortune. There is a vicious Teravour of being blamed in some well-inclined People, and a wicked Pleasure in suppressing them in others; both which I recommend to your Spectatorial Wisdom to animadvert

animadvert upon; and if you can be successful in it, I No. 348. need not say how much you will deserve of the Town, <sup>Wednesday</sup> but new Toasts will owe to you their Beauty, and new <sup>April 9,</sup> Wits their Fame. I am, <sup>1712.</sup>

Sir,

*Your most obedient humble Servant*

T

Mary.'

No. 349.

[ADDISON.]

Thursday, April 10.

— *Quos ille timorum*  
*Maximus haud urget leti metus; inde ruendi*  
*In ferrum mens prona viris animaque capaces*  
*Mortis* — — — — — *Lucan.*

I AM very much pleased with a Consolatory Letter of *Phalaris*, to one who had lost a Son that was a young Man of great Merit. The Thought with which he comforts the afflicted Father, is, to the best of my Memory as follows; That he should consider Death had set a kind of Seal upon his Son's Character, and placed him out of the Reach of Vice and Infamy; That while he lived he was still within the Possibility of falling away from Virtue, and losing the Fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a Man's Reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other Motives, may be one Reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a Man's Praise till his Head is laid in the Dust. Whilst he is capable of changing we may be forced to retract our Opinions. He may forfeit the Esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different Light from what he does at present. In short, as the Life of any Man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the Conclusion of it.

It was upon this Consideration that *Epaminondas*, being asked, whether *Chabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? You must first see us die, said he, before that Question can be answered.

As there is not a more melancholy Consideration to

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No. 349. a good Man than his being obnoxious to such a change, Thursday, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an April 10, Uniformity in his Actions, and preserve the Beauty of 1712. his Character to the last.

The End of a Man's Life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written Play, where the principal Persons still act in Character, whatever the Fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great Person in the *Graecian* or *Roman* History whose Death has not been remarked upon by some Writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the Genius or Principles of the Person who has descended on it. Monsieur de *St. Evremont* is very particular in setting forth the Constancy and Courage of *Petronius Arbiter* during his last Moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater Firmness of Mind and Resolution than in the Death of *Seneca*, *Cato*, or *Socrates*. There is no Question but this polite Author's Affectation of appearing singular in his Remarks, and making Discoveries which had escaped the Observation of others, threw him into this Course of Reflection. It was *Petronius* his Merit that he died in the same Gaiety of Temper in which he lived; but as his Life was altogether loose and dissolute, the Indifference which he shewed at the Close of it, is to be looked upon as a Piece of natural Carelessness and Levity, rather than Fortitude. The Resolution of *Socrates* proceeded from very different Motives, the Consciousness of a well-spent Life, and the Prospect of a happy Eternity. If the ingenious Author above-mentioned was so pleased with *Gayety* of *Humour* in a dying Man, he might have found a much nobler Instance of it in our Countryman *Sir Thomas More*.

This great and learned Man was famous for enlivening his ordinary Discourses with Wit and Pleasantry, and, as *Erasmus* tells him in an Epistle Dedicatory, acted in all Parts of Life like a second *Democritus*.

He died upon a Point of Religion, and is respected as a Martyr by that Side for which he suffered. That innocent Mirth which had been so conspicuous in his Life, did not forsake him to the last; He maintain'd the same

same Clearfulness of Heart upon the Scaffold, which he No. 349, used to shew at his Table; and upon laying his Head Thursday,  
April 10,  
1712. on the Block, gave Instances of that good Humour with which he had always entertained his Friends in the most ordinary Occurrences. His Death was of a Piece with his Life. There was nothing in it new, forced or affected. He did not look upon the severing of his Head from his Body as a Circumstance that ought to produce any Change in the Disposition of his Mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled Hope of Immortality, he thought any unusual Degree of Sorrow and Concern improper on such an Occasion as had nothing in it which could deject or terrifie him.

There is no great Danger of Imitation from this Example. Men's natural Fears will be a sufficient Guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was Philosophy in this extraordinary Man, would be Frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the Clearfulness of his Temper, as in the Sanctity of his Life and Manners.

I shall conclude this Paper with the Instance of a Person who seems to me to have shewn more Intrepidity and Greatness of Soul in his dying Moments, than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated *Greeks* and *Romans*. I met with this Instance in the History of the Revolutions in *Portugal*, written by the Abbot *de Vertot*.

When Don *Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*, had invaded the Territories of *Muly Moluc*, Emperor of *Morocco*, in order to dethrone him, and set his Crown upon the Head of his Nephew, *Moluc* was wearing away with a Distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the Reception of so formidable an Enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his Sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole Day, when the last decisive Battle was given; but knowing the fatal Consequences that would happen to his Children and People in case he should die before he put an End to that War, he commanded his principal Officers that if he died during the Engagement they should conceal his Death from the Army, and that they

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should

No. 349. should ride up to the Litter in which his Corps was Thursday, carried, under Pretence of receiving Orders from him April 10, as usual. Before the Battel begun he was carried 1712. through all the Ranks of his Army in an open Litter, as they stood drawn up in Array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in Defence of their Religion and Country. Finding afterwards the Battel to go against him, though he was very near his last Agonies, he threw himself out of his Litter, rallied his Army, and led them on to the Charge, which afterwards ended in a compleat Victory on the Side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his Men to the Engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his Litter, where laying his Finger on his Mouth, to enjoin Secrecy to his Officers, who stood about him, he died a few Moments after in that Posture. L

No. 350.

[STEELE.]

Friday, April 11.

*Ea animi elatio, quae cernitur in periculis . . . , si justitia vacat pugnatque . . . pro suis commodis, in vizio est.—Tull.*

CAPTAIN SENTREY was last Night at the Club, and produced a Letter from *Ipswich*, which his Correspondent desired him to communicate to his Friend the SPECTATOR. It contained an Account of an Engagement between a *French* Privateer, commanded by one *Dominick Pottiere*, and a little Vessel of that Place laden with Corn, the Master whereof, as I remember, was one *Goodwin*. The *English* Man defended himself with incredible Bravery, and beat off the *French*, after having been boarded three or four times. The Enemy still came on with greater Fury, and hoped by his Number of Men to carry the Prize; till at last the *English* Man, finding himself sink apace, and ready to Perish, struck: But the Effect which this singular Gallantry had upon the Captain of the Privateer, was no other than an unmanly Desire of Vengeance for the Loss he had sustained in his several Attacks. He told the *Ipswich* Man in a Speaking-Trumpet, that he would not take him aboard; and that he stay'd to see him

him sink. The *English Man* at the same time observed a Disorder in the Vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the Disdain which the Ship's Crew had of their Captain's Inhumanity: With this Hope he went into his Boat, and approached the Enemy. He was taken in by the Sailors in spite of their Commander; but though they received him against his Command, they treated him when he was in the Ship in the Manner he directed. *Pottiere* caused his Men to hold *Goodwin* while he beat him with a Stick till he fainted with Loss of Blood, and Rage of Heart; after which he ordered him into Irons, without allowing him any Food, but such as one or two of the Men stole to him under Peril of the like Usage: After having kept him several Days overwhelmed with the Misery of Stench, Hunger, and Soreness, he brought him into *Calais*. The Governor of the Place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed *Pottiere* from his Charge with Ignominy, and gave *Goodwin* all the Relief which a Man of Honour would bestow upon an Enemy barbarously treated, to recover the Imputation of Cruelty upon his Prince and Country.

When Mr. *SENTRY* had read his Letter, full of many other Circumstances which aggravate the Barbarity, he fell into a sort of Criticism upon Magnanimity and Courage, and argued, that they were inseparable; and that Courage, without Regard to Justice and Humanity, was no other than the Fierceness of a wild Beast. A good and truly bold Spirit, continued he, is ever actuated by Reason and a Sense of Honour and Duty: The Affectation of such a Spirit exerts it self in an impudent Aspect, an over-bearing Confidence, and a certain Negligence of giving Offence. This is visible in all the cocking Youths you see about this Town, who are noisy in Assemblies, unawed by the Presence of wise and virtuous Men; in a Word, insensible of all the Honours and Decencies of humane Life. A shameless Fellow takes Advantage of Merit cloathed with Modesty and Magnanimity, and in the Eyes of little People appears sprightly and agreeable; while the Man of Resolution and true Gallantry is over-looked and disregarded.

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regarded, if not despised. There is a Propriety in all things; and I believe what you Scholars call just and sublime, in Opposition to turgid and bombast Expression, may give you an Idea of what I mean, when I say Modesty is the certain Indication of a great Spirit, and Impudence the Affectation of it. He that writes with Judgment, and never rises into improper Warmths, manifests the true Force of Genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in all his Behaviour, is supported in that Deportment by what we may call true Courage. Alas, it is not so easy a thing to be a brave Man as the unthinking Part of Mankind imagine; To dare is not all that there is in it. The Privateer we were just now talking of, had Boldness enough to attack his Enemy, but not Greatness of Mind enough to admire the same Quality exerted by that Enemy in defending himself. Thus his base and little Mind was wholly taken up in the sordid Regard to the Prize, of which he failed, and the Damage done to his own Vessel; and therefore he used an honest Man, who defended his own from him, in the Manner as he would a Thief that should rob him.

He was equally disappointed, and had not Spirit enough to consider that one Case would be laudable, and the other criminal. Malice, Rancour, Hatred, Vengeance, are what tear the Breasts of mean Men in Fight; but Fame, Glory, Conquests, Desires of Opportunities to pardon and oblige their Opposers, are what glow in the Minds of the Gallant. The Captain ended his Discourse with a Specimen of his Book-Learning; and gave us to understand that he had read a *French* Author on the Subject of Justness in point of Gallantry. I love, said Mr. SENTREY, a Critick who mixes the Rules of Life with Annotations upon Writers. My Author, added he, in his Discourse upon Epick Poem, takes Occasion to speak of the same Quality of Courage drawn in the two different Characters of *Turnus* and *Aeneas*: He makes Courage the chief and greatest Ornament of *Turnus*; but in *Aeneas* there are many others which out-shine it, among the rest that of Piety. *Turnus* is therefore all along painted by the Poet full of Ostentation, his Language haughty and vain-glorious, as placing his

his Honour in the Manifestation of his Valour; *Aeneas* No. 350, speaks little, is slow to Action, and shews only a Sort of Friday, defensive Courage. If Equipage and Address make *Tur*, <sup>April 11,</sup> *nus* appear more courageous than *Aeneas*, Conduct and Success prove *Aeneas* more valiant than *Turnus*.

No. 351.

[ADDISON.]

Saturday, April 12.

— *In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.*—Virg.

IF we look into the three great Heroic Poems which have appear'd in the World, we may observe that they are built upon very slight Foundations. Homer lived near 300 Years after the *Trojan War*, and, as the Writing of History was not then in use among the Greeks, we may very well suppose, that the Tradition of *Achilles* and *Ulysses* had brought down but very few Particulars to his Knowledge, tho' there is no Question but he has wrought into his two Poems such of their remarkable Adventures as were still talked of among his Contemporaries.

The story of *Aeneas*, on which *Virgil* founded his Poem, was likewise very bare of Circumstances, and by that Means afforded him an Opportunity of embellishing it with Fiction, and giving a full Range to his own Invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the Course of his Fable, the principal Particulars, which were generally believed among the Romans, of *Aeneas* his Voyage and Settlement in *Italy*.

The Reader may find an Abridgment of the whole Story as collected out of the ancient Historians, and as it was received among the Romans, in *Dionysius Halicarnassaeus*.

Since none of the Criticks have considered *Virgil's* Fable, with relation to this History of *Aeneas*, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this Light, so far as regards my present Purpose. Whoever looks into the Abridgment above-mentioned, will find that the Character of *Aeneas* is filled with Piety to the Gods, and a superstitious Observation of Prodigies, Oracles, and Predictions. *Virgil* has not only preserved this Character

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Character in the Person of *Aeneas*, but has given a Place in his Poem to those particular Prophecies which he found recorded of him in History and Tradition. The Poet took the Matters of Fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own Manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprizing. I believe very many Readers have been shocked at that ludicrous Prophecy, which one of the *Harpyes* pronounces to the *Trojans* in the Third Book, namely, that, before they had built their intended City, they should be reduced by Hunger to eat their very Tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the Circumstances that had been transmitted to the *Romans* in the History of *Aeneas*, they will think the Poet did very well in taking Notice of it. The Historian above-mentioned acquaints us, a Prophetess had foretold *Aeneas*, that he should take his Voyage Westward, till his Companions should eat their Tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in *Italy*, as they were eating their Flesh upon Cakes of Bread, for want of other Conveniences, they afterwards fed on the Cakes themselves; upon which one of the Company said merrily, *We are eating our Tables*. They immediately took the Hint, says the Historian, and concluded the Prophecy to be fulfilled. As *Virgil* did not think it proper to omit so material a Particular in the History of *Aeneas*, it may be worth while to consider with how much Judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a Passage in an Heroic Poem. The Prophetess who fortells it is an hungry *Harpy*, as the Person who discovers it is young *Ascanius*.

*Heus etiam mensas consumimus! inquit Iulus.*

Such an Observation, which is beautiful in the Mouth of a Boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the Company. I am apt to think that the changing of the *Trojan* Fleet into Water-Nymphs, which is the most violent Machine in the whole *Aeneid*, and has given Offence to several Criticks, may be accounted for the same way. *Virgil* himself, before he begins that Relation

lation, premises that what he was going to tell appeared No. 351. incredible, but that it was justified by Tradition. What Saturday, further confirms me that this Change of the Fleet was <sup>April 12,</sup> 1712, a celebrated Circumstance in the History of *Aeneas*, is, that *Ovid* has given a Place to the same *Metamorphosis* in his Account of the heathen Mythology.

None of the Critics I have met with having considered the Fable of the *Aeneid* in this Light, and taken Notice how the Tradition, on which it was founded, authorizes those Parts in it which appear the most exceptionable; I hope the Length of this Reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious Part of my Readers.

The History, which was the Basis of *Milton's Poem*, is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*. The Poet has likewise taken Care to insert every Circumstance of it in the Body of his Fable. The Ninth Book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief Account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the Serpent was more subtle than any Beast of the Field, that he tempted the Woman to eat of the forbidden Fruit, that she was overcome by this Temptation, and that *Adam* followed her Example. From these Few Particulars *Milton* has formed one of the most entertaining Fables that Invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several Circumstances among so many beautiful and natural Fictions of his own, that his whole Story looks only like a comment upon sacred Writ, or rather seems to be a full and compleat Relation of what the other is only an Epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the Disposition and Contrivance of the Fable to be the principal Beauty of the Ninth Book, which has more *Story* in it, and is fuller of Incidents, than any other in the whole Poem. *Satan's* traversing the Globe, and still keeping within the Shadow of the Night, as fearing to be discovered by the Angel of the Sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful Imaginations with which he introduces this his second Series of Adventures. Having examined the Nature of every Creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his Purpose, he again

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again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid Discovery, sinks by Night with a River that ran under the Garden, and rises up again through a Fountain that issued from it by the Tree of Life. The Poet, who, as we have before taken Notice, speaks as little as possible in his own Person, and, after the Example of Homer, fills every Part of his Work with Manners and Characters, introduces a Soliloquy of this infernal Agent, who was thus restless in the Destruction of Man. He is then describ'd as gliding through the Garden under the Resemblance of a Mist, in order to find out that Creature in which he design'd to tempt our first Parents. This Description has something in it very poetical and surprizing.

*So saying, through each Thicket dank or dry  
Like a black Mist, low creeping, he held on  
His midnight Search, where soonest he might find  
The Serpent; him fast sleeping soon he found  
In Labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,  
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles.*

The Author afterwards gives us a Description of the Morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a Divine Poem, and peculiar to that first Season of Nature; He represents the Earth before it was curst as a great Altar breathing out its Incense from all Parts, and sending up a pleasant Savour to the Nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble Idea of *Adam* and *Eve*, as offering their Morning Worship, and filling up the Universal Consort of Praise and Adoration.

*Now when as sacred Light began to dawn  
In Eden on the humid Flowers, that breathed  
Their Morning Incense, when all things that breathe  
From th' Earth's great Altar send up silent Praise  
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill  
With grateful Smell; forth came the human Pair,  
And joyn'd their vocal Worship to the Choir  
Of Creatures wanting Voice——*

The Dispute which follows between our two first Parents is represented with great Art: It proceeds from a Difference of Judgment, not of Passion, and is managed with Reason, not with Heat: It is such a Dispute as we may suppose might have happened in *Paradise*, had Man

Man continued happy and innocent. There is a great No. 351. Delicacy in the Moralities which are interspersed in *Saturday, Adam's Discourse*, and which the most ordinary Reader <sup>April 12,</sup> 1712, cannot but take Notice of. That Force of Love which the Father of Mankind so finely describes in the Eighth Book, and which I inserted in my last *Saturday's Paper*, shews it self here in many beautiful Instances: As in those fond Regards he casts towards *Eve* at her parting from him.

*Her long with ardent look his Eye pursued  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay,  
Oft he to her his Charge of quick Return  
Repeated; she to him as oft engaged  
To be return'd by Noon amid the Bowre.*

In his Impatience and Amusement during her Absence.

*Adam the while  
Waiting desirous her Return, had wove  
Of choicest Flowers a Garland to adorn  
Her Tresses, and her Rural Labours crown,  
As Reapers oft are wont their Harvest Queen,  
Great Joy he promised to his Thoughts, and new  
Solace in her Return, so long delay'd.*

But particularly in that passionate Speech, where seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her.

*Some cursed Fraud  
Or Enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee  
Certain my Resolution is to die,  
How can I live without thee, how forego  
Thy sweet Converse, and Love so dearly joyn'd,  
To live again in these wild Woods forlorn?  
Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my Heart, no, no, I feel  
The link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,  
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State  
Mine never shall be parted, Bliss or Woe.*

The Beginning of this Speech, and the Preparation to it are animated with the same Spirit as the Conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several Wiles which are put in Practice by the Tempter

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Tempter, when he found *Eve* separated from her Husband, the many pleasing Images of Nature which are intermixt in this Part of the Story, with its gradual and regular Progress to the fatal Catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective Beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular Similitudes in my Remarks on this great Work, because I have given a general Account of them in my Paper on the First Book. There is one, however, in this Part of the Poem which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole Poem; I mean that where the Serpent is describ'd as rolling forward in all his Pride, animated by the evil Spirit, and conducting *Eve* to her Destruction, while *Adam* was at too great a Distance from her to give her his Assistance. These several Particulars are all of them wrought into the following Similitude,

——— *Hope elevates, and Joy*  
*Brightens his Crest; as when a wand'ring Fire*  
*Compact of unctuous Vapour, which the Night*  
*Condenses, and the Cold invirons round,*  
*Kindled through agitation to a Flame,*  
*(Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends)*  
*Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,*  
*Misleads the amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way*  
*To Bogs and Mires, and oft thro' Pond or Pool,*  
*There swallow'd up and lost, from Succour far.*

That secret Intoxication of Pleasure, with all those transient Flushings of Guilt and Joy which the Poet represents in our first Parents upon their eating the forbidden Fruit, to those Flaggings of Spirit, Damps of Sorrow, and mutual Accusations which succeed it, are conceiv'd with a wonderful Imagination, and described in very natural Sentiments.

When *Dido* in the Fourth *Aeneid* yielded to that fatal Temptation which ruin'd her, *Virgil* tells us the Earth trembled, the Heavens were filled with Flashes of Lightning, and the Nymphs howled upon the Mountain Tops. *Milton*, in the same poetical Spirit, has described all Nature as disturbed upon *Eve's* eating the forbidden Fruit.

*So saying, her rash Hand in evil Hour  
 Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluckt, she eat;  
 Earth felt the Wound, and Nature from her Seat  
 Sighing thro' all her Works gave Signs of Woe  
 That all was lost—*

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Upon Adam's falling into the same Guilt, the whole Creation appears a second time in Convulsions.

*—He scrupled not to eat  
 Against his better Knowledge, not deceiv'd,  
 But fondly overcome with Female Charm,  
 Earth trembled from her Entrails, as again  
 In Pangs, and Nature gave a second Groan,  
 Sky lowred, and muttering Thunder, some sad Drops  
 Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin—*

As all Nature suffer'd by the Guilt of our first Parents, these Symptoms of Trouble and Consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as Prodigies, but as Marks of her sympathizing in the Fall of Man.

Adam's Converse with Eve, after having eaten the forbidden Fruit, is an exact Copy of that between Jupiter and Juno in the Fourteenth *Iliad*. Juno there approaches Jupiter with the Girdle which she had received from Venus; upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable then she had ever done before, even when their Loves were at the highest. The Poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a Summet of Mount *Ida*, which produced under them a Bed of Flowers, the *Lotos*, the *Crocus*, and the *Hyacinth*; and concludes his Description with their falling asleep.

Let the Reader compare this with the following Passage in *Milton*, which begins with Adam's Speech to Eve.

*For never did thy Beauty since the Day  
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
 With all Perfections, so inflame my Sense  
 With Ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous Tree.  
 So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous Intent, well understood  
 Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious fire,  
 Her hand he seised, and to a shady bank  
 Thick over-head with verdant roof embowr'd,  
 He led her nothing loath; Flow'rs were the Couch,  
 Pansies*

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*Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,  
And Hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest Lap,  
There they their fill of Love and Love's disport  
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the Seal,  
The Solace of their Sin, till dewy Sleep  
Oppress'd them.*

As no Poet seems ever to have studied *Homer* more, or to have more resembled him in the Greatness of Genius than *Milton*, I think I should have given but a very imperfect Account of his Beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable Passages which look like Parallels in these two great Authors. I might, in the Course of these Criticisms, have taken Notice of many particular Lines and Expressions which are translated from the *Greek* Poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater Incidents, however, are not only set off by being shown in the same Light with several of the same Nature in *Homer*, but by that Means may be also guarded against the Cavils of the Tasteless or Ignorant.

L

No. 352.  
[STEELE.]

Monday, April 14.

—*Si ad honestatem nati sumus, eaque aut sola expetenda est, . . . aut certe omni pondere gravior habenda quam reliqua omnia.*—Tull.

WILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me Yesterday, that the Conversation of the Town is so altered of late Years, that a fine Gentleman is at a Loss for Matter to start Discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the Talk he generally meets with. WILL takes Notice, that there is now an Evil under the Sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any Satyrist or Moralist in any Age: Men, said he, grow Knaves sooner then they ever did since the Creation of the World before. If you read the Tragedies of the last Age, you find the artful Men, and Persons of Intrigue are advanced very far in Years, and beyond the Pleasures and Sallies of Youth; but now WILL observes

serves, that the Young have taken in the Vices of the No. 352. Monday,  
Aged; and you shall have a Man of five and twenty April 14,  
crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, 1712.  
cousen, and beguile. My Friend adds, that till about  
the latter End of King *Charles's* Reign, there was not  
a Rascal of any Eminence under forty: In the Places  
of Resort for Conversation, you now hear nothing but  
what relates to the improving Men's Fortunes, without  
regard to the Methods toward it. This is so fashion-  
able, that young Men form themselves upon a certain  
Neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy  
of true Esteem; and affect being yet worse than they  
are, by acknowledging in their general Turn of Mind  
and Discourse, that they have not any remaining Value  
for true Honour and Honesty; preferring the Capacity  
of being artful to gain their Ends, to the Merit of de-  
spising those Ends when they come in competition with  
their Honesty. All this is due to the very silly Pride  
that generally prevails, of being valued for the Ability  
of carrying their Point; In a Word, from the Opinion  
that shallow and unexperienced People entertain of the  
short-liv'd Force of Cunning. But I shall, before I enter  
upon the various Faces which Folly covered with Arti-  
fice puts on to impose upon the Unthinking, produce a  
great Authority for asserting, that nothing but Truth  
and Ingenuity has any lasting good Effect even upon a  
Man's Fortune and Interest.

' Truth and Reality have all the Advantages of Appear-  
ance, and many more. If the Shew of any thing be  
good for any thing, I am sure Sincerity is better: For  
why does any Man dissemble, or seem to be that which  
he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such  
a Quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and  
dissemble, is to put on the Appearance of some real  
Excellency. Now the best way in the World for a Man  
to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would  
seem to be. Besides that, it is many times as trouble-  
some to make good the Pretence of a good Quality, as  
to have it; and if a Man have it not, it is ten to one  
but he is discovered to want it, and then all his Pains  
and

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and Labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in Painting, which a skilful Eye will easily discern from native Beauty and Complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a Part long; for where Truth is not at the Bottom, Nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray her self one time or other. Therefore if any Man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his Goodness will appear to every Body's Satisfaction; so that upon all Accounts Sincerity is true Wisdom. Particularly as to the Affairs of this World, Integrity hath many Advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of Dissimulation and Deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the World; it has less of Trouble and Difficulty, of Entanglement and Perplexity, of Danger and Hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our End, carrying us thither in a streight Line, and will hold out and last longest. The Arts of Deceit and Cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas Integrity gains Strength by use, and the more and longer any Man practiseth it, the greater Service it does him, by confirming his Reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest Trust and Confidence in him, which is an unspeakable Advantage in the Business and Affairs of Life.

Truth is always consistent with it self, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at Hand, and sits upon our Lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a Lie is troublesome, and sets a Man's Invention upon the Rack, and one Trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false Foundation, which continually stands in need of Props to shoar it up, and proves at last more chargeable, than to have raised a substantial Building at first upon a true and solid Foundation; for Sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no Discovery; of which the crafty Man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the Dark, all his

his Pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may No. 352. read them; he is the last Man that finds himself to be Monday, found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he April 14, 1712. makes Fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that Sincerity is the most compendious Wisdom, and an excellent Instrument for the speedy Dispatch of Business; it creates Confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the Labour of many Enquiries, and brings things to an Issue in few Words: It is like travelling in a plain beaten Road, which commonly brings a Man sooner to his Journey's End than By-ways, in which Men often lose themselves. In a Word, whatsoever Conveniences may be thought to be in Falsehood and Dissimulation, it is soon over; but the Inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousie and Suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks Truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly; When a Man has once forfeited the Reputation of his Integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his Turn, neither Truth nor Falsehood.

And I have often thought, that God hath in his great Wisdom hid from Men of false and dishonest Minds the wonderful Advantages of Truth and Integrity to the Prosperity even of our worldly Affairs; these Men are so blinded by their Covetousness and Ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present Advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far, as to the remote Consequences of a steady Integrity, and the vast Benefit and Advantages which it will bring a Man at last. Were but this sort of Men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very Knavery, not out of any Love to Honesty and Virtue, but with a crafty Design to promote and advance more effectually their own Interests; and therefore the Justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest Point of Wisdom from their Eyes, that bad Men might not be upon equal Terms with the Just and Upright, and serve their own wicked Designs by honest and lawful Means.

Indeed, if a Man were only to deal in the World for a Day

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Day, and should never have Occasion to converse more with Mankind, never more need their good Opinion or good Word, it were then no great Matter (speaking as to the Concernments of this World) if a Man spent his Reputation all at once, and ventured it at one Throw: But if he be to continue in the World, and would have the Advantage of Conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of Truth and Sincerity in all his Words and Actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the End; all other Arts will fail, but Truth and Integrity will carry a Man through, and bear him out to the last.'

T

No. 353.  
[BUDGELL.]

Tuesday, April 15.

*In tenui labor*—Virg.

THE Gentleman who obliges the World in general, and me in particular, with his Thoughts upon Education, has just sent me the following Letter.

'Sir,

I take the Liberty to send you a Fourth Letter upon the Education of Youth: In my last I gave you my Thoughts about some particular Tasks which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix with their usual Exercises, in order to give them an early Seasoning of Virtue; I shall in this propose some others which I fancy might contribute to give them a right Turn for the World, and enable them to make their Way in it.

The Design of Learning is, as I take it, either to render a Man an agreeable Companion to himself, and teach him to support Solitude with Pleasure; or, if he is not born to an Estate, to supply that Defect, and furnish him with the Means of acquiring one. A Person who applies himself to Learning with the first of these Views, may be said to study for Ornament, as he who proposes to himself the second properly studies for Use. The one does it to raise himself a Fortune, the other to set off that which he is already possessed of: But as far the greater part of Mankind are included in the latter Class, I shall only propose

propose some Methods at present for the Service of such No. 353, who expect to advance themselves in the World by their Learning: In order to which, I shall premise, that many more Estates have been acquired by little Accomplish-  
ments than by extraordinary ones; those Qualities which make the greatest Figure in the Eye of the World, not being always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to their Owners.

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The Posts which require Men of shining and uncommon Parts to discharge them, are so very few, that many a great Genius goes out of the World without ever having an opportunity to exert it self; whereas Persons of ordinary Endowments meet with Occasions fitted to their Parts and Capacities every Day in the common Occurrences of Life.

I am acquainted with two Persons who were formerly School-fellows, and have been good Friends ever since: One of them was not only thought an impenetrable Block-head at School, but still maintained his Reputation at the University; the other was the Pride of his Master, and the most celebrated Person in the College of which he was a Member. The Man of Genius is at present buried in a Country Parsonage of Eight-score Pounds a Year; while the other, with the bare Abilities of a common Scrivener, has got an Estate of above an hundred thousand Pounds.

I fancy from what I have said it will almost appear a doubtful Case to many a wealthy Citizen, whether or no he ought to wish his Son should be a great Genius; but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a Lad the Education of one, whom Nature has not favoured with any particular Marks of Distinction.

The Fault therefore of our Grammar-Schools is, that every Boy is pushed on to Works of Genius; whereas it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical Arts and Sciences as do not require any great Share of Parts to be Master of them, and yet may come often into Play during the Course of a Man's Life.

Such are all the Parts of Practical Geometry. I have  
v. I known

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known a Man contract a Friendship with a Minister of State, upon cutting a Dial in his Window; and remember a Clergy-man who got one of the best Benefices in the West of *England*, by setting a Country Gentleman's Affairs in some Method, and giving him an exact Survey of his Estate.

While I am upon this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a Particular which is of use in every Station of Life, and which methinks every Master should teach his Scholars, I mean the writing of *English* Letters. To this End, instead of perplexing them with *Latin* Epistles, Themes and Verses, there might be a punctual Correspondence established between two Boys, who might act in any imaginary Parts of Business, or be allowed sometimes to give a Range to their own Fancies, and communicate to each other whatever Trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed at the appointed Time to answer his Correspondent's Letter.

I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of Boys would find themselves more advantaged by this Custom, when they come to be Men, than by all the *Greek* and *Latin* their Masters can teach them in seven or eight Years.

The Want of it is very visible in many Learned Persons, who while they are admiring the Stiles of *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*, want Phrases to express themselves on the most common Occasions. I have seen a Letter from one of these *Latin* Orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common Attorney.

Under this Head of Writing I cannot omit Accounts and Short-hand, which are learned with little Pains, and very properly come into the Number of such Arts as I have been here recommending.

You must, doubtless, Sir, observe, that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such Boys as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural Talents, and consequently are not qualified for the finer Parts of Learning; yet I believe I might carry this Matter still further, and venture to assert that a Lad of Genius has sometimes Occasion for these little Acquisitions

ments, to be as it were the Fore-runners of his Parts, No. 353, and to introduce him into the World.

History is full of Examples of Persons, who though they have had the largest Abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the Favour of great Men by these trivial Accomplishments; as the compleat Gentleman, in some of our Modern Comedies, makes his first Advances to his Mistress under the Disguise of a Painter or a Dancing-Master.

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The Difference is, that in a Lad of Genius these are only so many Accomplishments, which in another are Essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great Genius, with these little Additions, in the same Light as I regard the Grand Signior, who is obliged by an Express Command in the Alcoran, to learn and practice some Handycraft Trade: Tho' I need not to have gone for my Instance further than Germany, where several Emperors have voluntarily done the same Thing. *Leopold* the last worked in Wood, and I have heard there are several Handycraft Works of his Making to be seen at Vienna so neatly turned, that the best Joyner in Europe might safely own them, without any Disgrace to his Profession.

I would not be thought, by any thing I have said, to be against improving a Boy's Genius to the utmost Pitch it can be carried. What I would endeavour to shew in this Essay is, that there may be Methods taken to make Learning advantageous even to the meanest Capacities.

*I am, Sir,*

X

*Yours, &c.'*

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[STEELE.]

Wednesday, April 16.

—*Cum magnis virtutibus affers  
Grande supercilium.*—Juv.

*'Mr. SPECTATOR,*

YOU have in some of your Discourses Described most sort of Women in their distinct and proper Classes, as the *Ape*, the *Coquet*, and many others; but I think you have never yet said any thing of a *Devotée*.

A

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A *Devotée* is one of those who disparage Religion by their indiscreet and unseasonable Introduction of the Mention of Virtue on all Occasions: She professes she is what no Body ought to doubt she is; and betrays the Labour she is put to, to be what she ought to be with Cheapfulness and Alacrity. She lives in the World, and denies herself none of the Diversions of it, with a constant Declaration how insipid all things in it are to her. She is never herself but at Church; there she displays her Virtue, and is so fervent in her Devotions, that I have frequently seen her pray herself out of Breath. While other young Ladies in the House are Dancing, or playing at Questions and Commands, she reads aloud in her Closet. She says all Love is ridiculous, except it be Celestial; but she speaks of the Passion of one Mortal to another with too much Bitterness, for one that had no jealousy mixed with her Contempt of it. If at any time she sees a Man warm in his Addresses to his Mistress, she will lift up her Eyes to Heaven and cry, What Nonsense is that Fool talking? Will the Bell never ring for Prayers? We have an eminent Lady of this Stamp in our Country, who pretends to Amusements very much above the rest of her Sex. She never carries a white Shock Dog with Bells under her Arm, nor a Squirrel or Dormouse in her Pocket, but always an abridg'd Piece of Morality to steal out when she is sure of being observed. When she went to the famous Ass-Race (which I must confess was but an odd Diversion to be encouraged by People of Rank and Figure) it was not, like other Ladies, to hear those poor Animals Bray, nor to see Fellows run naked, or to hear Country Squires in Bob Wigs and white Girdles make Love at the side of a Coach, and cry, Madam this is dainty Weather. Thus she described the Diversion; for she went only to pray heartily that no body might be hurt in the Crowd, and to see if the poor Fellow's Face, which was distorted with Grinning, might any way be brought to it self again. She never chats over her Tea, but covers her Face, and is supposed in an Ejaculation before she taste a Sup. This ostentatious Behaviour is such an Offence to true Sanctity, that it disparages

disparages it, and makes Virtue not only unamiable, but No. 354, also ridiculous. The Sacred Writings are full of Reflections which abhor this kind of Conduct; and a *Devotée* is so far from promoting Goodness, that she deters others by her Example. Folly and Vanity in one of these Ladies, is like Vice in a Clergyman; it does not only debase him, but makes the inconsiderate part of the World think the worse of Religion.

*I am, Sir,  
Your humble Servant,  
Hotspur.'*

*'Mr. SPECTATOR,*

*Xenophon* in his short Account of the *Spartan Commonwealth*, speaking of the Behaviour of their young Men in the Streets, says, There was so much Modesty in their Looks, that you might as soon have turned the Eyes of a Marble Statue upon you as theirs; and that in all their Behaviour they were more modest than a Bride when put to Bed upon her Wedding-Night: This Virtue, which is always joyn'd to Magnanimity, had such an Influence upon their Courage, that in Battel an Enemy could not look them in the Face; and they durst not but Die for their Country.

Whenever I walk into the Streets of *London* and *Westminster*, the Countenances of all the young Fellows that pass by me, make me wish my self in *Sparta*: I meet with such blustering Airs, big Looks, and bold Fronts, that to a superficial Observer would bespeak a Courage above those *Grecians*. I am arrived to that Perfection in Speculation, that I understand the Language of the Eyes, which would be a great Misfortune to me, had I not corrected the Testiness of old Age by Philosophy. There is scarce a Man in a red Coat who does not tell me, with a full Stare, he's a bold Man: I see several Swear inwardly at me, without any Offence of mine, but the Oddness of my Person: I meet Contempt in every Street, express'd in different Manners, by the scornful Look, the elevated Eye-brow, and the swelling Nostrils of the Proud and Prosperous. The Prentice speaks his Disrespect by an extended Finger

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Finger, and the Porter by stealing out his Tongue. If a Country Gentleman appears a little curious in observing the Edifices, Signs, Clocks, Coaches and Dials, it is not to be imagined how the polite Rabble of this Town, who are acquainted with these Objects, ridicule his Rusticity. I have known a Fellow with a Burden on his Head steal a Hand down from his Load, and slyly twirl the Cock of a Squire's Hat behind him; while the offended Person is swearing, or out of Countenance, all the Wagg-Wits in the High-way are grinning in Applause of the ingenious Rogue that gave him the Tip; and the Folly of him who had not Eyes all round his Head to prevent receiving it. These Things arise from a general Affectation of Smartness, Wit, and Courage: *Wicherly* somewhere rallies the Pretensions this way, by making a Fellow say, Red Breeches are a certain Sign of Valour; and *Otway* makes a Man, to boast his Agility, trip up a Beggar on Crutches. From such Hints I beg a Speculation on this Subject; in the mean time I shall do all in the Power of a weak old Fellow in my own Defence; for as *Diogenes*, being in quest of an honest Man, sought for him when it was broad Day-light with a Lanthorn and Candle, so I intend for the future to walk the Streets with a dark Lanthorn, which has a convex Chrystal in it; and if any Man stares at me, I give fair Warning that I'll direct the Light full into his Eyes; thus despairing to find Men modest, I hope by this Means to evade their Impudence.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,  
Sophrosunius.'

T

No. 355.  
[ADDISON.]

Thursday, April 17.

*Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quenquam.*—Ovid.

I HAVE been very often tempted to write Invectives upon those who have detracted from my Works, or spoken in Derogation of my Person; but I look upon it

it as a particular Happiness that I have always hinder'd No. 355, my Resentments from proceeding to this Extremity. I Thursday, April 17,  
once had gone through half a Satyr, but found so many 1712,  
Motions of Humanity rising in me towards the Persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the Fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little Epigrams and Lampoons, and after having admired them a Day or two, have likewise committed them to the Flames. These I look upon as so many Sacrifices to Humanity, and have received much greater Satisfaction from the suppressing such Performances, than I could have done from any Reputation they might have procured me, or from any Mortification they might have given my Enemies, in case I had made them publick. If a Man has any Talent in Writing, it shews a good Mind to forbear answering Calumnies and Reproaches in the same Spirit of Bitterness with which they are offered: But when a Man has been at some Pains in making suitable Returns to an Enemy, and has the Instruments of Revenge in his Hands, to let drop his Wrath, and stifle his Resentments, seems to have something in it Great and Heroical. There is a particular Merit in such a way of forgiving an Enemy, and the more violent and unprovok'd the Offence has been, the greater still is the Merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a Consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in *Epictetus*, which places an Enemy in a new Light, and gives us a View of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The Sense of it is as follows: Does a Man reproach thee for being Proud or Ill-natured, Envious or Conceited, Ignorant or Detracting? Consider with thy self whether his Reproaches are true, if they are not, consider that thou art not the Person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary Being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appearest to be. If his Reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natur'd Man he takes thee for, give thy self another Turn, become mild, affable and obliging, and his Reproaches of thee naturally cease: His Reproaches

No. 355. Reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer Thursday, the Person whom he reproaches.

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I often apply this Rule to my self, and, when I hear of a Satirical Speech or Writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own Heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a Verdict against my self, I endeavour to rectify my Conduct for the future in those Particulars which have drawn the Censure upon me; but if the whole Invective be grounded upon a Falshood, I trouble my self no further about it, and look upon my Name at the Head of it to signifie no more than one of those fictitious Names made use of by an Author to introduce an imaginary Character. Why should a Man be sensible of the Sting of a Reproach who is a Stranger to the Guilt that is implied in it? or subject himself to the Penalty when he knows he has never committed the Crime? This is a Piece of Fortitude which every one owes to his own Innocence, and without which it is impossible for a Man of any Merit or Figure to live at Peace with himself in a Country that abounds with Wit and Liberty.

The famous Monsieur *Balzac*, in a Letter to the Chancellor of *France*, who had prevented the Publication of a Book against him, has the following Words, which are a lively Picture of the Greatness of Mind so visible in the Works of that Author. *If it was a new Thing, it may be I should not be displeased with the Suppression of the first Libel that should abuse me; but since there are enough of 'em to make a small Library, I am secretly pleased to see the Number encreased, and take Delight in raising a Heap of Stones that Envy has cast at me without doing me any Harm.*

The Author here alludes to those Monuments of the Eastern Nations, which were Mountains of Stones raised upon the dead Body by Travellers, that used to cast every one his Stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no Monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the Hands of Envy. For my Part, I admire an Author for such a Temper of Mind, as enables him to bear an undeserved Reproach without Resentment, more than for all the Wit of any the finest Satirical Reply.

Thus far I thought necessary to explain my self in relation

relation to those who have animadverted on this Paper, No. 355, and to shew the Reasons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal Answer. I must further add, April 17, 1712. that the Work would have been of very little use to the Publick, had it been filled with personal Reflections and Debates; for which Reason I have never once turned out of my Way to observe those little Cavils which have been made against it by Envy or Ignorance. The common Fry of Scribblers, who have no other Way of being taken Notice of but by attacking what has gain'd some reputation in the World, would have furnished me with Business enough, had they found me disposed to enter the Lists with 'em.

I shall conclude with the Fable of *Boccalini's Traveller*, who was so pestered with the Noise of Grashoppers in his Ears, that he alighted from his Horse in great Wrath to kill them all. This, says the Author, was troubling himself to no manner of Purpose; Had he pursued his Journey without taking Notice of them, the troublesome Insects would have died of themselves in a very few Weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them.

L

No. 356.

[STEELE.]

Friday, April 18.

—*Aptissima quaeque dabunt di,  
Carior est illis homo quam sibi*—Juv.

IT is owing to Pride, and a secret Affectation of a certain Self-Existence, that the noblest Motive for Action that ever was proposed to Man, is not acknowledged the Glory and Happiness of their Being. The Heart is treacherous to it self, and we do not let our Reflections go deep enough to receive Religion as the most honourable Incentive to good and worthy Actions. It is our natural Weakness to flatter our selves into a Belief, that if we search into our inmost Thoughts, we find our selves wholly disinterested, and divested of any Views arising from Self-Love and Vain-Glory. But however Spirits of superficial Greatness may disdain at first Sight to do any thing, but from a noble Impulse in themselves, without any future Regards in

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this or another Being; upon stricter Enquiry they will find, to act worthily and expect to be rewarded only in another World, is as heroick a Pitch of Virtue as humane Nature can arrive at. If the Tenour of our Actions have any other Motive than the Desire to be pleasing in the Eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than Men, if we are not too much exalted in Prosperity and depressed in Adversity: But the Christian World has a Leader, the Contemplation of whose Life and Sufferings must administer Comfort in Affliction, while the Sense of his Power and Omnipotence must give them Humiliation in Prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidding and unlovely Constraint with which Men of low Conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to Religion, as well as to the more odious Conduct of Hypocrites, that the Word *Christian* does not carry with it at first View all that is Great, Worthy, Friendly, Generous, and Heroick. The Man who suspends his Hopes of the Reward of worthy Actions till after Death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook Hatred, do Good to his Slanderer, who can never be angry at his Friend, never revengeful to his Enemy, is certainly formed for the Benefit of Society: Yet these are so far from heroick Virtues, that they are but the ordinary Duties of a Christian.

When a Man with a steddy Faith looks back on the great Catastrophe of this Day, with what bleeding Emotions of Heart must he contemplate the Life and Sufferings of his Deliverer? When his Agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the Glance of a Wanton, for the Applause of a vain World, for an Heap of fleeting past Pleasures, which are at present aking Sorrows?

How pleasing is the Contemplation of the lowly Steps our Almighty Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly Mansions! In plain and apt Parable, Similitude, and Allegory, our great Master enforced the Doctrine of our Salvation; but they of his Acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were

were offended at the Presumption of being wiser than No. 356. they: They could not raise their little Ideas above the Friday, Consideration of him, in those Circumstances familiar April 18, 1712, to them, or conceive that he who appeared not more terrible or pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves; he in that Place therefore would not longer ineffectually exert a Power which was incapable of conquering the Prepossession of their narrow and mean Conceptions.

Multitudes follow'd him, and brought him the Dumb, the Blind, the Sick, and Maim'd; whom when their Creator had touch'd, with a second Life they saw, spoke, leap'd, and ran. In Affection to him, and Admiration of his Actions, the Crowd could not leave him, but waited near him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for Succour. He had Compassion on them, and by a Miracle supplied their Necessities. Oh, the Extatrick Entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately encrease to the Distributer's Hand, and see their God in Person feeding and refreshing his Creatures! Oh envied Happiness! But why do I say envied, as if our God did not still preside over our temperate Meals, cheerful Hours, and innocent Conversations.

But tho' the sacred Story is every where full of Miracles not inferior to this, and tho' in the Midst of those Acts of Divinity he never gave the least Hint of a Design to become a secular Prince; yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves any other than Hopes of worldly Power, Preferment, Riches and Pomp; for Peter, upon an Accident of Ambition among the Apostles, hearing his Master explain that his Kingdom was not of this World, was so scandaliz'd that he whom he had so long follow'd should suffer the Ignominy, Shame, and Death which he foretold, that he took him aside and said, *Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee;* For which he suffer'd a severe Reprehension from his Master, as having in his View the Glory of Man rather than that of God.

The great Change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of Nature thought fit as a Saviour and Deliverer to

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to make his publick entry into *Jerusalem* with more than the Power and Joy, but none of the Ostentation and Pomp of a Triumph: He came humble, meek, and lowly; with an unfelt new Extasie Multitudes strow'd his Way with Garments and Olive-branches, crying with loud Gladness and Acclamation, *Hosannah to the Son of David, blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord!* At this great King's Accession to his Throne Men were not ennobled but sav'd; Crimes were not remitted, but Sins forgiven; he did not bestow Medals, Honours, Favours, but Health, Joy, Sight, Speech. The first Object the Blind ever saw, was the Author of Sight; while the Lame ran before, and the Dumb repeated the *Hosannah*. Thus attended, he entered into his own House, the sacred Temple, and by his Divine Authority expelled Traders and Worldlings that profaned it; and thus did he, for a Time, use a great and despotic Power, to let Unbelievers understand, that 'twas not want of, but Superiority to all worldly Dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? is this the Deliverer? Shall this obscure *Nazarene* command *Israel*, and sit in the Throne of *David*? Their proud and disdainful Hearts, which were petrified with the Love and Pride of this World, were impregnable to the Reception of so mean a Benefactor, and were now enough exasperated with Benefits to conspire his Death. Our Lord was sensible of their Design, and prepar'd his Disciples for it, by recounting to 'em now more distinctly what should befall him; but *Peter* with an ungrounded Resolution, and in a Flush of Temper, made a sanguine Protestation, that tho' all Men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great Article of our Saviour's Business in the World, to bring us to a Sense of our Inability, without God's Assistance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told *Peter*, who thought so well of his Courage and Fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him thrice that very Night.

*But what Heart can conceive, what Tongue utter the Sequel? Who is that yonder buffeted, mock'd, and spurn'd? Whom do they drag like a Felon? Whither do*

*do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God ? And will he die to expiate those very Injuries ? See where they have nail'd the Lord and Giver of Life ! How his Wounds blacken, his Body writhes, and Heart heaves with Pity and with Agony ! Oh Almighty Sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant Infamy : Lo he inclines his Head to his sacred Bosom ! Hark, he groans ; see, he expires ! The Earth trembles, the Temple rends, the Rocks burst, the Dead arise : Which are the Quick ? which are the Dead ? Sure Nature, all Nature is departing with her Creator.*

T

No. 357,  
[ADDISON.]

Saturday, April 19.

—*Quis talia fando  
Temperet a lacrimis ?* —*Virg.*

THE tenth Book of *Paradise Lost* has a greater Variety of Persons in it than any other in the whole Poem. The Author upon the winding up of his Action introduces all those who had any Concern in it, and shews with great Beauty the Influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last Act of a well written Tragedy, in which all who had a Part in it are generally drawn up before the Audience, and represented under those Circumstances in which the Determination of the Action places them.

I shall therefore consider this Book under four Heads, in relation to the Celestial, the Infernal, the Human, and the Imaginary Persons, who have their respective Parts allotted in it.

To begin with the Celestial Persons : The Guardian Angels of *Paradise* are described as returning to Heaven upon the Fall of Man, in order to approve their Vigilance ; their Arrival, their Manner of Reception, with the Sorrow which appeared in themselves, and in those Spirits who are said to Rejoice at the Conversion of a Sinner, are very finely laid together in the following Lines.

*Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste  
Th' angelick guards ascended, mute and sad*

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*For Man, for of his state by this they knew,  
 Much wond'ring how the subtle Fiend had stoln  
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
 From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate displeas'd  
 All were who heard, dim Sadness did not spare  
 That time Celestial visages, yet mixt  
 With pity, violated not their Bliss.  
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
 Th' AEthereal People ran, to hear and know  
 How all befell: They tow'rs the Throne supreame  
 Accountable made haste to make appear  
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,  
 And easily approv'd, when the most High  
 Eternal Father from his secret Cloud  
 Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his Voice.*

The same Divine Person, who in the foregoing Parts of this Poem interceded for our first Parents before their Fall, overthrew the Rebel Angels, and created the World, is now represented as descending to *Paradise*, and pronouncing Sentence upon the three Offenders. The cool of the Evening, being a Circumstance with which Holy Writ introduces this great Scene, it is Poetically described by our Author, who has also kept religiously to the Form of Words, in which the three several Sentences were passed upon *Adam*, *Eve*, and the Serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the Numerousness of his Verse, than to deviate from those Speeches which are recorded on this great Occasion. The Guilt and Confusion of our first Parents standing naked before their Judge, is touched with great Beauty. Upon the Arrival of *Sin* and *Death* into the Works of the Creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his Angels that surrounded him.

*See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance  
 To waste and havock yonder World, which I  
 So fair and good created, &c.*

The following Passage is formed upon that glorious Image in Holy Writ, which compares the Voice of an innumerable Host of Angels, uttering Hallelujahs, to the Voice of mighty Thunderings, or of many Waters.

*He ended, and the Heav'ly Audience loud  
 Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of Seas,  
 Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,  
 Righteous are thy Decrees in all thy Works,  
 Who can extenuate thee—*

Though

Though the Author in the whole Course of his Poem, No. 357, and particularly in the Book we are now examining, has infinite Allusions to Places of Scripture, I have only taken Notice in my Remarks of such as are of a Poetical Nature, and which are woven with great Beauty into the Body of the Fable. Of this kind is that Passage in the present Book, where describing *Sin* and *Death* as marching through the Works of Nature, he adds,

—*Behind her Death  
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
On his pale Horse:*—

Which alludes to that Passage in Scripture so wonderfully Poetical, and terrifying to the Imagination. *And I looked, and behold a pale Horse, and his Name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him: and Power was given unto them over the fourth Part of the Earth, to kill with sword, and with Hunger, and with Sickness, and with the Beasts of the Earth.* Under this first Head of Celestial Persons we must likewise take Notice of the Command which the Angels received, to produce the several Changes in Nature, and sully the Beauty of the Creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the Stars and Planets with malignant Influences, weakning the Light of the Sun, bringing down the Winter into the milder Regions of Nature, planting Winds and Storms in several Quarters of the Sky, storing the Clouds with Thunder, and in short, perverting the whole Frame of the Universe to the Condition of its Criminal Inhabitants. As this is a noble Incident in the Poem, the Following Lines, in which we see the Angels heaving up the Earth, and placing it in a different Posture to the Sun from what it had before the Fall of Man, is conceived with that sublime Imagination which was so peculiar to this great Author.

*Some say he bid his Angels turn ascance  
The Poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
From the Sun's Axe; they with labour push'd  
Oblique the Centrick Globe:*—

We are in the second Place, to consider the Infernal Agents

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Agents under the View which *Milton* has given us of them in this Book. It is observed by those who would set forth the Greatness of *Virgil's* Plan, that he conducts his Reader thro' all the Parts of the Earth which were discovered in his Time. *Asia*, *Africk*, and *Europe* are the several Scenes of his Fable. The Plan of *Milton's* Poem is of an infinitely greater Extent, and fills the Mind with many more astonishing Circumstances. *Satan*, having surrounded the Earth seven times, departs at length from *Paradise*. We then see him steering his Course among the Constellations, and after having traversed the whole Creation, pursuing his Voyage thro' the *Chaos*, and entering into his own infernal Dominions.

His first Appearance in the Assembly of Fallen Angels, is work'd up with Circumstances which give a delightful Surprize to the Reader; but there is no Incident in the whole Poem which does this more than the Transformation of the whole Audience, that follows the Account their Leader gives them of his Expedition. The gradual Change of *Satan* himself is described after *Ovid's* Manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated Transformations which are looked upon as the most Beautiful Parts in that Poet's Works. *Milton* never fails of improving his own Hints, and bestowing the last finishing Touches to every Incident which is admitted into his Poem. The unexpected Hiss which rises in this Episode, the Dimensions and Bulk of *Satan* so much superior to those of the Infernal Spirits who lay under the same Transformation, with the annual Change which they are supposed to suffer, are Instances of this Kind. The Beauty of the Diction is very remarkable in this whole Episode, as I have observed in the Sixth Paper of these my Remarks the great Judgment with which it was contrived.

The Parts of *Adam* and *Eve*, or the Humane Persons, come next under our Consideration. *Milton's* Art is no where more shewn than in his conducting the Parts of these our first Parents. The Representation he gives of them, without falsifying the Story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the Reader with Pity

Pity and Compassion towards them. Though *Adam* No. 357, involves the whole Species in Misery, his Crime proceeds from a Weakness which every Man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the Frailty of Humane Nature, than of the Person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a Fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the Excess of Love for *Eve* that ruin'd *Adam* and his Posterity. I need not add, that the Author is Justify'd in this Particular by many of the Fathers, and the most Orthodox Writers. *Milton* has by this means filled a great part of his Poem with that kind of Writing which the French Criticks call the *Tender*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of Readers.

*Adam* and *Eve*, in the Book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such Sentiments as do not only interest the Reader in their Afflictions, but raise in him the most melting Passions of Humanity and Commiseration. When *Adam* sees the several Changes in Nature produced about him, he appears in a Disorder of Mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his Innocence and his Happiness; he is filled with Horror, Remorse, Despair; in the Anguish of his Heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unask'd Existence.

*Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay  
To mould me Man, did I solicit thee  
From darkness to promote me, or here place  
In this delicious Garden? as my will  
Concurred not to my being, 'twere but right  
And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desirous to resign, and render back  
All I receiv'd*

He immediately after recovers from his Presumption, owns his Doom to be just, and begs that the Death which is threatned him may be inflicted on him.

*—Why delays  
His Hand to execute what his decree  
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive,  
Why am I mock'd with Death, and lengthen'd out*

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*To Deathless pain? how gladly would I meet Mortality, my Sentence, and be Earth Insensible, how glad would lay me down As in my Mother's lap? there should I rest And sleep secure; his dreadful Voice no more Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse To me and to my Offspring, would torment me With cruel expectation.*

This whole Speech is full of the like Emotion, and varied with all those Sentiments which we may suppose natural to a Mind so broken and disturb'd. I must not omit that generous Concern which our first Father shews in it for his Posterity, and which is so proper to affect the Reader.

*Hide me from the Face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
 Of Happiness; yet well if here would end  
 The Misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear  
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;  
 All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated Curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightfully, encrease and multiply;  
 Now Death to hear!*

*In me all  
 Posterity stands curst; Fair Patrimony  
 That I must leave you, Sons; O were I able  
 To waste it all my self, and leave you none!  
 So disinherited how would you bless  
 Me now your curse! Ah, why should all Mankind  
 For one Man's fault thus guiltless be condemned  
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed  
 But all corrupt*

Who can afterwards behold the Father of Mankind extended upon the Earth, uttering his Midnight Complaints, bewailing his Existence, and wishing for Death, without sympathizing with him in his Distress?

*Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
 Through the still night, not now, as e'er Man fell,  
 Wholesome and cool and mild, but with black Air  
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom;  
 Which to his evil Conscience represented  
 All things with double terror; on the Ground  
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold Ground, and oft  
 Curs'd his Creation; Death as oft accus'd  
 Of tardy execution.*

The

The Part of *Eve* in this Book is no less passionate, and No. 357. apt to sway the Reader in her Favour. She is represented Saturday, with great Tenderness as approaching *Adam*, but is April 19, spurn'd from him with a Spirit of Upbraiding and 1712. Indignation conformable to the Nature of Man, whose Passions had now gained the Dominion over him. The following Passage wherein she is described as renewing her Addresses to him, with the whole Speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetick.

*He added not, and from her turn'd: but Eve  
Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
And Tresses all disorder'd, at his Feet  
Fell humble, and embracing them besought  
His peace, and thus proceeding in her plaint.  
Forsake me not thus Adam: witness Heav'n  
What love sincere and reverence in my heart  
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy Suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy Counsel in this uttermost distress,  
My only strength and stay: Forlorn of thee  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace, &c.*

*Adam's* Reconcilement to her is work'd up in the same Spirit of Tenderness. *Eve* afterwards proposes to her Husband, in the Blindness of her despair, that to prevent their Guilt from descending upon Posterity they should resolve to live Childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own Deaths by violent Methods. As those Sentiments naturally engage the Reader to regard the Mother of Mankind with more than ordinary Commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine Moral. The Resolution of dying to end our Miseries, does not shew such a degree of Magnanimity as a Resolution to bear them, and submit to the Dispensations of Providence. Our Author has therefore, with great Delicacy, represented *Eve* as entertaining this Thought, and *Adam* as disapproving it.

We are, in the last Place, to consider the Imaginary Persons, or *Death* and *Sin*, who act a large Part in this Book

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Book. Such beautiful extended Allegories are certainly some of the finest Compositions of Genius; but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the Nature of an Heroic Poem. This of *Sin and Death* is very exquisite in its Kind, if not considered as a Part of such a Work. The Truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose Time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a Reader who knows the Strength of the *English Tongue*, will be amazed to think how the Poet could find such apt Words and Phrases to describe the Actions of those two imaginary Persons, and particularly in that Part where *Death* is exhibited as forming a Bridge over the *Chaos*; a Work suitable to the Genius of *Milton*.

Since the Subject I am upon gives me an Opportunity of speaking more at large of such Shadowy and Imaginary Persons as may be introduced into Heroic Poems, I shall beg Leave to explain my self in a Matter which is curious in its Kind, and which none of the Criticks have treated of. It is certain *Homer* and *Virgil* are full of imaginary Persons, who are very beautiful in Poetry when they are just shewn without being engaged in any Series of Action. *Homer* indeed represents *Sleep* as a Person, and ascribes a short Part to him in his *Iliad*; but we must consider that tho' we now regard such a Person as entirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the Heathens made Statues of him, placed him in their Temples, and looked upon him as a real Deity. When *Homer* makes use of other such Allegorical Persons, it is only in short Expressions, which convey an ordinary Thought to the Mind in the most pleasing Manner, and may rather be looked upon as Poetical Phrases than Allegorical Descriptions. Instead of telling us that Men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the Persons of *Flight* and *Fear*, who, he tells us, are inseparable Companions. Instead of saying that the Time was come when *Apollo* ought to have received his Recompence, he tells us that the *Hours* brought him his Reward. Instead of describing the Effects which *Minerva's Aegis* produced in Battel, he tells us that the Brims of it were encompassed by *Terrour, Rout, Discord, Fury, Pursuit, Massacre, and Death*. In the same Figure of speaking, he represents

*Victory*

*Victory* as following *Diomedes*; *Discord* as the Mother No. 357. of Funerals and Mourning; *Venus* as dressed by the *Saturday*, *Graces*; *Bellona* as wearing Terrour and Consternation April 19, like a Garment. I might give several other Instances 1712, out of *Homer*, as well as a great many out of *Virgil*. *Milton* has likewise very often made use of the same way of Speaking, as where he tells us, that *Victory* sat on the Right Hand of the Messiah when he marched forth against the Rebel Angels; that at the rising of the Sun the *Hours* unbarr'd the Gates of Light; that *Discord* was the Daughter of *Sin*. Of the same Nature are those Expressions, where describing the Singing of the Nightingale, he adds, *Silence was pleased*; and upon the Messiah's bidding Peace to the *Chaos*, *Confusion heard his Voice*. I might add innumerable Instances of our Poet's writing in this beautiful Figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which Persons of an imaginary Nature are introduced, are such short Allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal Sense, but only to convey particular Circumstances to the Reader after an unusual and entertaining Manner. But when such Persons are introduced as principal Actors, and engaged in a Series of Adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an Heroic Poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal Parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking that *Sin* and *Death* are as improper Agents in a Work of this Nature, as *Strength* and *Necessity* in one of the Tragedies of *Eschylus*, who represented those two Persons nailing down *Prometheus* to a Rock, for which he has been justly censured by the greatest Criticks. I do not know any imaginary Person made use of in a more sublime manner of Thinking than that in one of the Prophets, who describing God as descending from Heaven, and visiting the Sins of Mankind, adds that dreadful Circumstance, *Before him went the Pestilence*. It is certain this imaginary Person might have been described in all her purple Spots. The *Fever* might have marched before her, *Pain* might have stood at her Right Hand, *Phrenzy* on her Left, and *Death* in her Rear. She might have been introduced

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introduced as gliding down from the Tail of a Comet, or darted upon the Earth in a Flash of Lightning: She might have tainted the Atmosphere with her Breath; the very Glaring of her Eyes might have scattered Infection. But I believe every Reader will think, that in such sublime Writings the mentioning of her as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful Poet could have bestowed upon her in the Richness of his Imagination.

L

No. 358.  
[STEELE.]

Monday, April 21.

*Desipere in loco.—Hor.*

CHARLES LILLIE attended me the other Day, and made me a Present of a large Sheet of Paper, on which is delineated a Pavement in Mosaick Work, lately discovered at *Stunsfield* near *Woodstock*. A Person who has so much the Gift of Speech as Mr. *Lillie*, and can carry on a Discourse without Reply, had great Opportunity on that Occasion to expatiate upon so fine a Piece of Antiquity. Among other things, I remember he gave me his Opinion, which he drew from the Ornaments of the Work, That this was the Floor of a Room dedicated to Mirth and Concord. Viewing this Work, made my Fancy run over the many gay Expressions I had read in ancient Authors, which contained Invitations to lay aside Care and Anxiety, and give a Loose to that pleasing Forgetfulness wherein Men put off their Characters of Business, and enjoy their very Selves. These Hours were usually passed in Rooms adorned for that Purpose, and set out in such a Manner, as the Objects all around the Company gladdened their Hearts; which joined to the cheerful Looks of well-chosen and agreeable Friends, gave new Vigour to the Airy, produced the latent Fire of the Modest, and gave Grace to the slow Humour of the Reserved. A judicious Mixture of such Company, crowned with Chaplets of Flowers, and the whole Apartment glittering with gay Lights, cheared with a Profusion

Profusion of Roses, artificial Falls of Water, and Intervals No. 358, of soft Notes to Songs of Love and Wine, suspended the Monday, Cares of humane Life, and made a Festival of mutual <sup>April 21,</sup> <sub>1712.</sub> Kindness. Such Parties of Pleasure as these, and the Reports of the agreeable Passages in their Jollities, have in all Ages awakened the dull Part of Mankind to pretend to Mirth and good Humour without Capacity for such Entertainments; for if I may be allowed to say so, there are an hundred Men fit for any Employment, to one who is capable of passing a Night in the Company of the first Taste, without shocking any Member of the Society, over-rating his own Part of the Conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the Pleasure of the whole Company. When one considers such Collections of Companions in past Times, and such as one might name in the present Age, with how much Spleen must a Man needs reflect upon the awkward Gayety of those who affect the Frolick with an ill Grace? I have a Letter from a Correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull Companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a Frolick. Irregularity in it self is not what creates Pleasure and Mirth; but to see a Man who knows what Rule and Decency are, descend from them agreeably in our Company, is what denominates him a pleasant Companion. Instead of that, you find many whose Mirth consists only in doing things which do not become them, with a secret Consciousness that all the World know they know better: To this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry Fellows, among whom the Frolick was started, and passed by a great Majority, that every Man should immediately draw a Tooth; after which they have gone in a Body and smoked a Cobler. The same Company, at another Night, has each Man burned his Cravat; and one perhaps, whose Estate would bear it, has thrown a long Wigg and laced Hat into the same Fire. Thus they have jested themselves stark naked, and ran into the Streets, and frightened Women very successfully. There is no Inhabitant of any standing

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standing in *Covent-Garden*, but can tell you a hundred good Humours, where People have come off with little Blood-shed, and yet scoured all the witty Hours of the Night. I know a Gentleman that has several Wounds in the Head by Watch-Poles, and has been thrice run through the Body to carry on a good Jest: He is very old for a Man of so much good Humour; but to this Day he is seldom merry, but he has Occasion to be valiant at the same time. But by the Favour of these Gentlemen, I am humbly of Opinion, that a Man may be a very witty Man, and never offend one Statute of this Kingdom, not excepting even that of Stabbing,

The Writers of Plays have what they call Unity of Time and Place to give a Justness to their Representation; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be Companions, would confine their Action to the Place of Meeting: For a Frolick carried further may be better performed by other Animals than Men. It is not to rid much Ground, or do much Mischief, that should denominate a pleasant Fellow; but that is truly Frolick which is the Play of the Mind, and consists of various and unforced Sallies of Imagination. Festivity of Spirit is a very uncommon Talent, and must proceed from an Assemblage of agreeable Qualities in the same Person: There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a Talent one cannot name in a Man, especially when one considers that it is never very graceful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second Place. The best Man that I know of for heightning the Revel-Gayety of a Company, is *Estcourt*, whose jovial Humour diffuses it self from the highest Person at an Entertainment to the meanest Waiter. Merry Tales, accompanied with apt Gestures and lively Representations of Circumstances and Persons, beguile the gravest Mind into a Consent to be as humourous as himself. Add to this, that when a Man is in his good Graces, he has a Mimickry that does not debase the Person he represents; but which, taking from the Gravity of the Character, adds to the Agreeableness of it. This pleasant Fellow gives one some Idea of the ancient *Pantomime*, who

who is said to have given the Audience, in Dumb<sup>ly</sup> No. 358, show, an exact Idea of any Character or Passion, or <sup>Monday, April 21,</sup> an intelligible Relation of any publick Occurrence, with <sup>1712,</sup> no other Expression than that of his Looks and Gestures. If all who have been obliged to these Talents in *Estcourt*, will be at *Love for Love* to Morrow Night, they will but pay him what they owe him; at so easie a Rate as being present at a Play which no Body would omit seeing that had, or had not ever seen it before.

No. 359.

[BUDGELL.]

Tuesday, April 22.

*Torva leaena lupum sequitur; lupus ipse capellam; Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.*—Virg.

AS we were at the Club last Night, I observ'd that my Friend Sir ROGER, contrary to his usual Custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the Company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful Mood, and playing with a Cork. I jogg'd Sir ANDREW FREEPORT who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his Head, and heard him say to himself, *A foolish Woman! I can't believe it.* Sir ANDREW gave him a gentle Pat upon the Shoulder, and offer'd to lay him a Bottle of Wine that he was thinking of the Widow. My old Friend started, and recovering out of his brown Study, told Sir ANDREW that once in his Life he had been in the Right. In short, after some little Hesitation, Sir ROGER told us in the Fulness of his Heart that he had just receiv'd a Letter from his Steward, which acquainted him that his old Rival and Antagonist in the Country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a Visit to the Widow. However, says Sir ROGER, I can never think that she'll have a Man that's half a Year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the Bargain.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who looks upon Love as his particular Province, interrupting our Friend with a jaity Laugh, I thought, Knight, says he, thou hadst lived

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lived long enough in the World, not to pin thy Happiness upon one that is a Woman and a Widow. I think that without Vanity I may pretend to know as much of the Female World, as any Man in *Great Britain*, though the chief of my Knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known. WILL, immedately, with his usual Fluency, rambled into an Account of his own Amours. I am now, says he, upon the Verge of Fifty, though by the way we all knew he was turn'd of Threescore. You may easily guess, continued WILL, that I have not lived so long in the World without having had some Thoughts of settling in it, as the Phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my Fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my Success.

I made my first Addresses to a young Lady in the Country, but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a Conclusion, her Father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a Surgeon, the old Put forbid me his House, and within a Fortnight after married his Daughter to a Fox-hunter in the Neighbourhood.

I made my next Applications to a Widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought my self within a Fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one Morning, she told me that she intended to keep her Ready-Money and Jointure in her own Hand, and desired me to call upon her Attorney in *Lyons Inn*, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this Overture, that I never enquired either for her or her Attorney afterwards.

A few Months after I addressed my self to a young Lady, who was an only Daughter, and of a good Family. I danced with her at several Balls, squeezed her by the Hand, said soft things, and, in short, made no doubt of her Heart; and though my Fortune was not equal to hers, I was in Hopes that her fond Father would not deny her the Man she had fixed her Affections upon. But as I went one Day to the House in order to break the Matter to him, I found the whole Family in Confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable Surprize

Surprise, that Miss *Jenny* was that very Morning run No. 359, away with the Butler.

I then courted a second Widow, and am at a Loss to this Day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my Person and Behaviour. Her Maid indeed told me one Day, that her Mistress had said she never saw a Gentleman with such a Spindle Pair of Legs as Mr. HONEYCOMB.

After this I laid Siege to four Heiresses successively, and being a handsome young Dog in those Days, quickly made a Breach in their Hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the Daughter's Consent, I could never in my Life get the old People on my Side.

I could give you an Account of a thousand other unsuccessful Attempts, particularly of one which I made some Years since upon an old Woman, whom I had certainly born away with flying Colours, if her Relations had not come pouring in to her Assistance from all Parts of *England*; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by an hard Frost.

As WILL'S Transitions are extreamly quick, he turned from Sir ROGER, and applying himself to me, told me there was a Passage in the Book I had considered last Saturday which deserved to be writ in Letters of Gold; and taking out a Pocket *Milton* read the following Lines, which are Part of one of Adam's Speeches to Eve after the Fall.

—*O why did our Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven With Spirits masculine, create at last This Novelty on Earth, this fair Defect Of nature, and not fill the world at once With Men as Angels, without feminine? Or find some other way to generate Mankind? This Mischief had not then befall'n, And more that shall befall, innumerable Disturbances on earth through female Snares, And strait conjunction with this Sex; for either He never shall find out fit mate, but such As some misfortune brings him, or mistake; Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain Through*

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*Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd  
 By a far worse, or if she love, withheld  
 By parents; or his happiest Choice too late.  
 Shall meet already link'd and Wedlock-bound  
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame,  
 Which infinite calamity shall cause  
 To humane Life, and houshold peace confound.*

Sir ROGER listned to this Passage with great Attention, and desiring Mr. HONEYCOMB to fold down a Leaf at the Place, and lend him his Book, the Knight put it up in his Pocket, and told us that he would read over those Verses again before he went to Bed.

X

No. 360.  
 [STEELE.]

Wednesday, April 23.

—*De paupertate tacentes  
 Plus poscente ferent.*—Hor.

I HAVE nothing to do with the Business of this Day, any further than affixing the Piece of Latin on the Head of my Paper; which I think a Motto not unsuitable, since if Silence of our Poverty is a Recommendation, still more commendable is his Modesty who conceals it by a decent Dress.

' *Mr. SPECTATOR,*

There is an Evil under the Sun which has not yet come within your Speculation, and is, the Censure, Disesteem, and Contempt which some young Fellows meet with from particular Persons, for the reasonable Methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better Dress, than may seem to a Relation regularly consistent with a small Fortune; and therefore may occasion a Judgment of a suitable Extravagance in other Particulars: But the Disadvantage with which the Man of narrow Circumstances acts and speaks, is so feelingly set forth in a little Book called the *Christian Hero*, that the appearing to be otherwise is not only pardonable but necessary. Every one knows the Hurry of Conclusions that are made in Contempt of a Person that appears to be Calamitous, which

which makes it very excusable to prepare one's self No. 360. for the Company of those that are of a Superior Quality Wednesday, and Fortune, by appearing to be in a better Condition <sup>day,</sup> than one is, so far as such Appearance shall not make <sup>April 23,</sup> 1712, us really of worse.

It is a Justice due to the Character of one who suffers hard Reflections from any particular Person upon this Account, that such Persons would enquire into his Manner of spending his Time; of which, tho' no further Information can be had than that he remains so many Hours in his Chamber, yet if this is clear'd, to Imagine that a reasonable Creature wrung with a narrow Fortune does not make the best use of this Retirement, would be a Conclusion extreamly uncharitable. From what has, or will be said, I hope no Consequence can be extorted, implying, that I would have any young Fellow spend more Time than the common Leisure which his Studies require, or more Money than his Fortune or Allowance may admit of, in the Pursuit of an Acquaintance with his Betters: For as to his Time, the Gross of that ought to be sacred to more substantial Acquisitions; for each irrevocable Moment of which he ought to believe he stands religiously accountable. And as to his Dress, I shall engage my self no further than in the modest defence of two plain Suits a Year: For being perfectly satisfied in *Eutrapelus*'s Contrivance of making a *Mohock* of a Man by presenting him with lac'd and embroider'd Suits, I would by no Means be thought to controvert that Conceit by insinuating the Advantages of Foppery. It is an Assertion which admits of much Proof, that a Stranger of tolerable Sense dress'd like a Gentleman, will be better received by those of Quality above him, than one of much better Parts, whose Dress is regulated by the rigid Notions of Frugality. A Man's Appearance falls within the Censure of every one that sees him; his Parts and Learning very few are Judges of; and even upon these few, they can't at first be well intruded; for Policy and good Breeding will counsel him to be reserv'd among Strangers, and to support himself only by the common Spirit of Conversation. Indeed, among the Injudicious, the Words Delicacy, Idiom, fine Images, Structure of Periods, Genius,

Fire

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Fire, and the rest, made use of with a frugal and comely Gravity, will maintain the Figure of immense Reading and the Depth of Criticism.

All Gentlemen of Fortune, at least the young and middle aged, are apt to Pride themselves a little too much upon their Dress, and consequently to value others in some Measure upon the same Consideration. With what Confusion is a Man of Figure obliged to return the Civilities of a Hat to a Person whose Air and Attire hardly entitle him to it? For whom nevertheless the other has particular Esteem, tho' he is ashamed to have it challenged in so publick a Manner. It must be allowed, that any young Fellow that affects to dress and appear genteely, might by artificial Management save ten Pound a Year; as instead of fine Holland he might mourn in Sack-cloath, and in other particulars be proportionably shabby: But of what great Service would this Sum be to avert any Misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good Acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any other? As the appearance of an easy Fortune is necessary towards making one, I don't know but it might be of Advantage sometimes to throw into one's Discourse certain Exclamations upon Bank-stock; and to shew a marvellous Surprize upon its Fall, as well as the most affected Triumph upon its Rise. The Veneration and Respect which the Practice of all Ages has preserved to Appearances, without Doubt suggested to our Tradesmen that wise and politick Custom, to apply and recommend themselves to the Publick by all those Decorations upon their Sign-posts and Houses, which the most eminent Hands in the Neighbourhood can furnish them with. What can be more attractive to a Man of Letters, than that immense Erudition of all Ages and Languages, which a skillful Bookseller, in Conjunction with a Painter, shall image upon his Column and the Extremities of his Shop? The same Spirit of maintaining a handsome Appearance reigns among the grave and solid Apprentices of the Law (here I could be particularly dull in proving the Word Apprentice to be significant of a Barrister) and you may easily distinguish who has most lately made his Pretensions to Business, by the whitest and most ornamental Frame

Frame of his Window: If indeed the Chamber is a No. 360. Ground-Room, and has Rails before it, the Finery is of Wednes-  
necessity more extended, and the Pomp of Business better <sup>day,</sup> maintained. And what can be a greater Indication of the <sup>April 23,</sup> 1712. Dignity of Dress, than that burthensome Finery which is the regular Habit of our Judges, Nobles, and Bishops, with which upon certain Days we see them incumbered? And though it may be said this is awful and necessary for the Dignity of the State, yet the wisest of them have been remarkable before they arrived at their present Stations, for being *very well dressed Persons.* As to my own part, I am near Thirty; and since I left School have not been idle, which is a modern Phrase for having studied hard. I brought off a clean System of Moral Philosophy, and a tolerable Jargon of Metaphysicks from the University; since that, I have been engaged in the clearing part of the perplex'd Style and Matter of the Law, which so hereditarily descends to all its Professors: To all which severe Studies I have thrown in, at proper Interims, the pretty Learning of the Classicks. Notwithstanding which I am what Shakespear calls *A Fellow of no Mark or Likelihood;* which makes me understand the more fully, that since the regular Methods of making Friends and a Fortune by the meer Force of a Profession is so very slow and uncertain, a Man should take all reasonable Opportunities by enlarging a good Acquaintance, to court that Time and Chance which is said to happen to every Man.' T

No. 361.

[ADDISON.]

Thursday, April 24.

*Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omne  
Contremuit nemus.* — Virg.

I HAVE lately received the following Letter from a Country Gentleman.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

The Night before I left London I went to see a Play, called *The Humourous Lieutenant.* Upon the Rising of the Curtain I was very much surprized with the great Consort

No. 361. Consort of Cat-calls which was exhibited that Evening, Thursday, April 24, 1712, and began to think with my self that I had made a Mistake, and gone to a Musick Meeting instead of the Play house. It appeared indeed a little odd to me to see so many Persons of Quality of both Sexes assembled together at a kind of Catterwawling; for I cannot look upon that Performance to have been any thing better, whatever the Musicians themselves might think of it. As I had no Acquaintance in the House to ask Questions of, and was forced to go out of Town early the next Morning, I could not learn the Secret of this Matter. What I would therefore desire of you is, to give some Account of this strange Instrument, which I found the Company called a Cat-call; and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of Musick lately come from *Italy*. For my own part, to be free with you, I would rather hear an *English* Fiddle; though I durst not shew my Dislike whilst I was in the Play-house, it being my Chance to sit the very next Man to one of the Performers.

*I am, Sir,  
Your most affectionate Friend and Servant,  
John Shallow, Esq;*

In Compliance with Squire *Shallow*'s Requests, I design this Paper as a Dissertation upon the Cat-call. In order to make my self a Master of the Subject, I purchased one the Beginning of last Week, though not without great Difficulty, being informed at two or three Toy-shops that the Players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned Antiquaries in relation to its Original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that Particular. A Fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good Friend, and a great Proficient in the Mathematical Part of Musick, concludes from the Simplicity of its Make, and the Uniformity of its Sound, that the Cat-call is older than any of the Inventions of *Jubal*. He observes very well, that Musical Instruments took their first Rise from the Notes of Birds, and other Melodious Animals; and what, says he, was more natural than for the first Ages of Mankind

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to imitate the Voice of a Cat that lived under the same No. 361. Roof with them? He added, that the Cat had contributed more to Harmony than any other Animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this Wind Instrument, but for our String-Musick in general.

Another Virtuoso of my Acquaintance will not allow the Cat-call to be older than *Thespis*, and is apt to think it appeared in the World soon after the Ancient Comedy; for which Reason it has still a Place in our Dramatick Entertainments: Nor must I here omit what a very curious Gentleman, who is lately return'd from his Travels, has more than once assured me, namely, that there was lately dug up at *Rome* the Statue of a *Momus*, who holds an Instrument in his Right-Hand very much resembling our modern Cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this Invention to *Orpheus*, and look upon the Cat-call to be one of those Instruments which that famous Musician made use of to draw the Beasts about him. It is certain, that the Roasting of a Cat does not call together a greater Audience of that Species, than this Instrument, if dexterously play'd upon in proper Time and Place.

But notwithstanding these various and learned Conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the Cat-call is originally a Piece of *English* Musick. Its Resemblance to the Voice of some of our *British* Songsters, as well as the Use of it, which is peculiar to our Nation, confirms me in this Opinion. It has at least received great Improvements among us, whether we consider the Instrument it self, or those several Quavers and Graces which are thrown into the Playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this, who heard that remarkable over-grown Cat-call which was placed in the Center of the Pit, and presided over all the rest at the celebrated Performance lately exhibited in *Drury-Lane*.

Having said thus much concerning the Original of the Cat-call, we are in the next Place to consider the Use of it. The Cat-call exerts it self to most Advantage in the *British* Theatre: It very much improves the Sound of Nonsense, and often goes along with the Voice of the

No. 361. Actor who pronounces it, as the Violin or Harpsicord  
 Thursday, accompanies the *Italian Recitativo*,  
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It has often supplied the Place of the ancient *Chorus*, in the Words of Mr. \*\*\*, In short, a bad Poet has as great an Antipathy to a Cat-call as many People have to a real Cat.

Mr. Collier, in his ingenious Essay upon Musick, has the following Passage;

*I believe 'tis possible to invent an Instrument that shall have a quite contrary Effect to those Martial ones now in Use. An Instrument that shall sink the Spirits, and shake the Nerves, and curdle the Blood, and inspire Despair, and Cowardize and Consternation, at a surprizing rate. 'Tis probable the Roaring of Lions, the Warbling of Cats and Scritch-Owls, together with a Mixture of the Howling of Dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this Invention. Whether such Anti-Musick as this might not be of Service in a Camp, I shall leave to the Military Men to consider.*

What this learned Gentleman supposes in Speculation, I have known actually verified in Practice. The Cat-call has struck a Damp into Generals, and frightened Heroes off the Stage. At the first Sound of it I have seen a Crowned Head Tremble, and a Princess fall into Fits. The *Humourous Lieutenant* himself could not stand it; nay, I am told that even *Almanzor* looked like a Mouse, and trembled at the Voice of this terrifying Instrument.

As it is of a Drammatick Nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the Stage, I can by no means approve the Thought of that angry Lover, who, after an unsuccessful Pursuit of some Years, took Leave of his Mistress in a Serenade of Cat-calls.

I must conclude this Paper with the Account I have lately received of an ingenious Artist, who has long studied this Instrument, and is very well versed in all the Rules of the Drama. He teaches to play on it by Book, and to express by it the whole Art of Criticism. He has his Base and his Treble Cat-call; the former for Tragedy, the latter for Comedy; only in Tragy-Comedies they may both play together in Consort. He has a particular

particular Squeak to denote the Violation of each of the No. 361 Unities, and has different Sounds to shew whether he aims at the Poet or the Player. In short, he teaches the Smut-note, the Fustian-note, the Stupid-note, and has composed a kind of Air that may serve as an Act-tune to an incorrigible Play, and which takes in the whole Compass of the Cat-call.

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[STEELE.]

Friday, April 25.

*Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus.—Hor.*

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

Temple, Apr. 24.

SEVERAL of my Friends were this Morning got together over a Dish of Tea in very good Health, though we had celebrated Yesterday with more Glasses than we could have dispensed with, had we not been beholden to *Brooke* and *Hellier*. In Gratitude therefore to those good Citizens, I am, in the Name of the Company, to accuse you of great Negligence in overlooking their Merit who have imported true and generous Wine, and taken Care that it should not be adulterated by the Retailers before it comes to the Tables of private Families or the Clubs of honest Fellows. I cannot imagine how a SPECTATOR can be supposed to do his Duty, without frequent Resumption of such Subjects as concern our Health, the first thing to be regarded if we have a Mind to relish any thing else. It would therefore very well become your spectatorial Vigilance to give it in Orders to your Officer for inspecting Signs, that in his Match he would look into the Itinerants who deal in Provisions, and enquire where they buy their several Wares. Ever since the Decease of *Cully Mully Puff* of agreeable and noisy Memory, I cannot say I have observed any thing sold in Carts, or carried by Horse or Ass, or in fine, in any moving Market, which is not perished or putrified; witness the Wheel-barrows of rotten Raisins, Almonds, Figs, and Currants, which you see vended by a Merchant dressed in a second-hand Suit of a Foot Soldier. You should consider that

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a Child may be poisoned for the Worth of a Farthing; but except his poor Parents send to one certain Doctor in Town, they can have no Advice for him under a Guinea. When Poisons are thus cheap and Medicines thus dear, how can you be negligent in inspecting what we eat and drink, or take no Notice of such as the above-mentioned Citizens who have been so serviceable to us of late in that Particular? It was a Custom among the old *Romans*, to do him particular Honours who had saved the Life of a Citizen; how much more does the World owe to those who prevent the Death of Multitudes? As these Men deserve well of your Office, so such as act to the Detriment of our Health, you ought to represent to themselves and their Fellow-Subjects in the Colours which they deserve to wear. I think it would be for the publick Good, that all who vend Wines should be under Oaths in that Behalf. The Chairman at a Quarter Sessions should inform the Country, that the Vintner who mixes Wine to his Customers, shall (upon Proof that the Drinker thereof died within a Year and a Day after taking it) be deemed guilty of wilful Murder; and the Jury shall be instructed to enquire and prevent such Delinquents accordingly. It is no Mitigation of the Crime, nor will it be conceived that it can be brought in *Chancery* or *Medley* or *Man Slaughter*, upon Proof that it shall appear Wine joined to Wine, or right *Herefordshire* poured into *Port O Port*; but his selling it for one thing knowing it to be another, must justly bear the foresaid Guilt of wilful Murder: For that he, the said Vintner, did an unlawful Act willingly in the false Mixture; and is therefore with Equity liable to all the Pains to which a Man would be, if it were proved he designed only to run a Man through the Arm whom he whipped through the Lungs. This is my third Year at the *Temple*, and this is or should be Law. An ill Intention well proved should meet with no Alleviation, because it out-ran it self. There cannot be too great Severity used against the Injustice as well as Cruelty of those who play with Men's Lives, by preparing Liquors whose Nature, for ought they know, may be noxious when

when mixed, tho' innocent when apart: And *Brooke* No. 362, and *Hellier*, who have ensured our Safety at our Meals, Friday, and driven Jealousy from our Cups in Conversation, April 25, deserve the Custom and Thanks of the whole Town; and it is your Duty to remind them of the Obligation.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your humble Servant,  
Tom Pottle.'*

*'Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I am a Person who was long immured in a College, read much, saw little; so that I knew no more of the World than what a Lecture or a View of the Map taught me. By this Means I improved in my Study, but became unpleasant in Conversation. By conversing generally with the Dead, I grew almost unfit for the Society of the Living; so by a long Confinement I contracted an ungainly Aversion to Conversation, and ever discoursed with Pain to my self, and little Entertainment to others. At last I was in some Measure made sensible of my Failing, and the Mortification of never being spoke to, or speaking, unless the Discourse ran upon Books, put me upon forcing my self amongst Men. I immediately affected the politest Company, by the frequent use of which I hoped to wear off the Rust I had contracted; but by an uncouth Imitation of Men used to act in Publick, I got no further than to discover I had a Mind to appear a finer thing than I really was.

Such I was, and such was my Condition, when I became an ardent Lover, and passionate Admirer of the beauteous *Belinda*; Then it was that I really began to improve. This Passion changed all my Fears and Diffidences in my general Behaviour, to the sole Concern of pleasing her. I had now to study the Action of a Gentleman, but Love possessing all my Thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a Mind to appear. My Thoughts grew free and generous, and the Ambition to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in my Carriage a feint Similitude of that disengaged Manner of my *Belinda*. The Way we

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we are in at present is, that she sees my Passion, and sees I at present forbear speaking of it through prudential Regards. This Respect to her she returns with much Civility, and makes my Value for her as little a Misfortune to me as is consistent with Discretion. She sings very charmingly, and is readier to do so at my Request, because she knows I love her; She will dance with me rather than another for the same Reason. My Fortune must alter from what it is before I can speak my Heart to her, and her Circumstances are not considerable enough to make up for the Narrowness of mine. But I write to you now only to give you the Character of *Belinda*, as a Woman that has Address enough to demonstrate a Gratitude to her Lover, without giving him Hopes of Success in his Passion. *Belinda* has from a great Wit, governed by as great Prudence, and both adorned with Innocence, the Happiness of always being ready to discover her real Thoughts. She has many of us, who now are her Admirers; but her Treatment of us is so just and proportioned to our Merit towards her, and what we are in our selves, that I protest to you I have neither Jealousie nor Hatred towards my Rivals. Such is her Goodness, and the Acknowledgement of every Man who admires her, that he thinks he ought to believe she will take him who best deserves her. I will not say that this Peace among us is not owing to Self-Love, which prompts each to think himself the best Deserver; I think there is something uncommon and worthy of Imitation in this Lady's Character. If you will please to print my Letter, you will oblige the little Fraternity of happy Rivals, and in a more particular Manner,

*Sir,*

*Your most humble Servant,*

T

*Will. Cymon.'*

Saturday

No. 363.  
[ADDISON.]

Saturday, April 26.

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*Crudelis ubique  
Luctus, ubique pavor, & plurima mortis imago.*—Virg.

MILTON has shewn a wonderful Art in describing that Variety of Passions which arise in our first Parents upon the Breach of the Commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the Triumph of their Guilt thro' Remorse, Shame, Despair, Contrition, Prayer, and Hope, to a perfect and compleat Repentance. At the End of the Tenth Book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the Ground, and watering the Earth with their Tears: To which the Poet joins this beautiful Circumstance, that they offer'd up their penitential Prayers on the very Place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their Sentence.

*They forthwith to the place  
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
Before him reverent, and both confess'd  
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears  
Watering the Ground*

There is a Beauty of the same kind in a Tragedy of Sophocles, where *Oedipus*, after having put out his own Eyes, instead of breaking his Neck from the Palace Battlements (which furnishes so elegant an Entertainment for our English Audience) desires that he may be conducted to Mount *Cithaeron*, in order to end his Life in that very Place where he was exposed in his Infancy, and where he should then have died, had the Will of his Parents been executed.

As the Author never fails to give a poetical Turn to his Sentiments, he describes in the Beginning of this Book the Acceptance which these their Prayers met with, in a short Allegory form'd upon that beautiful Passage in Holy Writ; *And another Angel came and stood at the Altar, having a golden Censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the Prayers of all Saints upon the Golden Altar, which was before the Throne: And the smoak of the incense which*

No. 363. *which came with the Prayers of the Saints ascended up before God,*  
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—*To Heav'n their prayers*  
*Flew up nor miss'd the way, by envious winds*  
*Blown vagabond or frustrate; in they pass'd*  
*Dimensionless thro' heav'nly Doors; then clad*  
*With incense, where the Golden Altar fumed,*  
*By their great intercessor, came in sight*  
*Before the Father's throne—*

We have the same Thought expressed a second Time in the Intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very emphatick Sentiments and Expressions.

Among the poetical Parts of Scripture which *Milton* has so finely wrought into this Part of his Narration, I must not omit that wherein *Ezekiel* speaking of the Angels who appeared to him in a Vision, adds, that *every one had four faces*, and that *their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings were full of eyes round about*.

—*The Cohort bright*  
*Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each*  
*Had, like a double Janus; all their Shape*  
*Spangled with Eyes—*

The assembling of all the Angels of Heaven to hear the solemn Decree passed upon Man, is represented in very lively Ideas. The Almighty is here describ'd as rememb'ring Mercy in the Midst of Judgment, and commanding *Michael* to deliver his Message in the mildest Terms, lest the Spirit of Man, which was already broken with the Sense of his Guilt and Misery, should fail before him.

—*Yet lest they faint*  
*At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,*  
*For I behold them softned and with tears*  
*Bewailing their excess, all terror hide,*

The Conference of *Adam* and *Eve* is full of moving Sentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy Night which they had passed together, they discover the Lion and the Eagle pursuing each of them their Prey towards the Eastern Gates of *Paradise*. There is a double Beauty

Beauty in this Incident, not only as it presents great and No. 363, just Omens, which are always agreeable in Poetry, but as Saturday, April 26,  
it expresses that Enmity which was now produced in the 1712.  
Animal Creation. The Poet, to shew the like Changes in Nature, as well as to grace his Fable with a noble Prodigy, represents the Sun in an Eclipse. This particular Incident has likewise a fine Effect upon the Imagination of the Reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same Time that the Sun is under an Eclipse, a bright Cloud descends in the western Quarter of the Heavens, filled with an Host of Angels, and more luminous than the Sun it self. The whole Theatre of Nature is darkned, that this glorious Machine may appear in all its Lustre and Magnificence.

— *Why in the East*  
*Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning light*  
*More orient in that western Cloud that draws*  
*O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,*  
*And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught?*  
*He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands*  
*Down from a Sky of Jasper lighted now*  
*In Paradise, and on a Hill made halt;*  
*A glorious apparition—*

I need not observe how properly this Author, who always suits his Parts to the Actors whom he introduces, has employed *Michael* in the Expulsion of our first Parents from *Paradise*. The Archangel on this Occasion neither appears in his proper Shape, nor in that familiar Manner with which *Raphael* the sociable Spirit entertained the Father of Mankind before the Fall. His Person, his Port, and Behaviour are suitable to a Spirit of the highest Rank, and exquisitely describ'd in the following Passage.

— *Th' Archangel soon drew nigh,*  
*Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man*  
*Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Arms*  
*A military Vest of Purple flow'd*  
*Livelier than Meliboean, or the grain*  
*Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Heroes old*  
*In time of truce; Iris had dipt the Wooff;*  
*His starry Helm, unbuckled, shew'd him prime*  
*In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side*  
*As in a glistening Zodiac hung the Sword,*

Satan's

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*Satan's dire dread, and in his Hand the Spear,  
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his State  
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared.*

Eve's Complaint upon hearing that she was to be removed from the Garden of Paradise is wonderfully Beautiful: The Sentiments are not only proper to the Subject, but have something in them particularly soft and Womanish.

*Must I then leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native Soil, these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunt of Gods? Where I had hope to spend  
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs  
That never will in other Climate grow,  
My early visitation and my last  
At Even, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and gave you names;  
Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rank  
Your Tribes, and Water from th' ambrosial Fount?  
Thee, lastly, nuptial Bowre, by me adorn'd  
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower World, to this obscure  
And wild? how shall we breath in other Air  
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal Fruits?*

Adam's Speech abounds with Thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated Turn. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following Passage in it.

*This most afflicts me, that departing hence  
As from his Face I shall be hid, deprived  
His blessed Count'nce; here I could frequent,  
With worship, place by place where he vouchsafed  
Presence divine, and to my Sons relate,  
On this Mount he appear'd, under this Tree  
Stood visible; among these Pines his Voice  
I heard; here with him at this Fountain talk'd;  
So many grateful Altars I would rear  
Of grassy Turf, and pile up every Stone  
Of lustre from the Brook, in memory  
Or Monument to Ages, and thereon  
Offer sweet smelling Gums and Fruits and Flowers.  
In yonder nether World where shall I seek  
His bright Appearances, or Footsteps trace?  
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd  
To life prolong'd and promised race I now*

*Gladly*

*Gladly behold though but his utmost Skirts  
Of Glory, and far off his Steps adore.*

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The Angel afterwards leads *Adam* to the highest Mount of *Paradise*, and lays before him a whole Hemisphere, as a proper Stage for those Visions which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the Plan of *Milton's Poem* is in many particulars greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*. *Virgil's Hero*, in the last of these Poems, is entertained with a sight of all those who are to descend from him; but tho' that Episode is justly admired as one of the noblest Designs in the whole *Aeneid*, every one must allow that this of *Milton* is of a much higher Nature. *Adam's Vision* is not confined to any particular Tribe of Mankind, but extends to the whole Species.

In this great Review which *Adam* takes of all his Sons and Daughters, the first Objects he is presented with exhibit to him the Story of *Cain* and *Abel*, which is drawn together with much Closeness and Propriety of Expression. That Curiosity and natural Horror which arises in *Adam* at the Sight of the first dying Man, is touched with great Beauty.

*But have I now seen death, is this the way  
I must return to native dust? O Sight  
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!*

The second Vision sets before him the Image of Death in a great Variety of Appearances. The Angel, to give him a general Idea of those Effects which his Guilt had brought upon his Posterity, places before him a large Hospital or Lazer-House, fill'd with Persons lying under all kinds of mortal Diseases. How finely has the Poet told us that the sick Persons languished under lingring and incurable Distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such imaginary Beings as those I mentioned in my last Saturday's Paper.

*Dire was the tossing, deep the Groans; Despair  
Tended the Sick, busy from Couch to Couch;  
And over them triumphant Death his dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked  
With Vows as their chief good and final hope.*

The

No. 363. The Passion which likewise rises in *Adam* on this occasion is very natural.  
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*Sight so deform what Heart of rock could long  
 Dryeyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
 Tho' not of Woman born; Compassion quell'd  
 His best of Man, and gave him up to tears.*

The Discourse between the Angel and *Adam* which follows, abounds with noble Morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in Poetry than a Contrast and Opposition of Incidents, the Author, after this melancholy Prospect of Death and Sickness, raises up a Scene of Mirth, Love and Jollity. The secret Pleasure that steals into *Adam's* Heart as he is intent upon this Vision, is imagined with great Delicacy. I must not omit the Description of the loose female Troupe, who seduced the Sons of God as they are called in Scripture,

*For that fair female troupe thou saw'st, that seem'd  
 Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
 Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
 Woman's domestick honour and chief praise;  
 Bred only and compleated to the taste  
 Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,  
 To dress and troule the Tongue, and roul the Eye;  
 To these that sober race of Men, whose lives  
 Religious titled them the Sons of God,  
 Shall yield up all their Virtue, all their Fame,  
 Ignobly to the Trains and to the smiles  
 Of those fair Atheists——*

The next Vision is of a quite contrary Nature, and filled with the Horrors of War. *Adam* at the Sight of it melts into Tears, and breaks out in that passionate Speech,

———O what are these?  
*Death's ministers, not Men, who thus deal death  
 Inhumanly to Men, and multiply  
 Ten thousand fold the Sin of him who slew  
 His Brother, for of whom such Massacre  
 Make they but of their Brethren, Men of Men?*

*Milton*, to keep up an agreeable Variety in his Visions, after having raised in the Mind of his Reader the several Ideas

Ideas of Terror which are conformable to the Description No. 363. of War, passes on to those softer Images of Triumphs Saturday, and Festivals, in that Vision of Lewdness and Luxury <sup>April 26,</sup> 1712, which ushers in the Flood.

As it is Visible that the Poet had his Eye upon *Ovid*'s Account of the universal Deluge, the Reader may observe with how much Judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the *Latin* Poet. We do not here see the Wolf swimming among the Sheep, nor any of those wanton Imaginations which *Seneca* found fault with, as unbecoming the great Catastrophe of Nature. If our Poet has imitated that Verse in which *Ovid* tells us that there was nothing but Sea, and that this Sea had no Shoar to it, he has not set the Thought in such a Light as to incur the Censure which Criticks have passed upon it. The latter part of that Verse in *Ovid* is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in *Milton*.

*Janque mare & tellus nullum discrimin habebant.  
Nil nisi pontus erat; deerant quoque littera ponto.*  
—*Ovid.*

—————*Sea cover'd Sea,  
Sea without Shore*—————

—*Milton.*

In *Milton* the former part of the Description does not forestall the latter. How much more great and solemn on this Occasion is that which follows in our *English* Poet,

—————*And in their Palaces  
Where luxury late reign'd, Sea Monsters whelp'd  
And stabl'd*—————

than that in *Ovid*, where we are told that the Sea-Calfs lay in those Places where the Goats were used to browse? The Reader may find several other parallel Passages in the *Latin* and *English* Description of the Deluge, wherein our Poet has visibly the Advantage. The Sky's being over-charged with Clouds, the descending of the Rains, the rising of the Seas, and the appearance of the Rainbow, are such Descriptions as every one must take Notice of. The Circumstance relating to *Paradise* is so finely imagined and suitable to the Opinions of many learned Authors

No. 363. Authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a Place in this Saturday, Paper.  
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— *Then shall this mount  
Of Paradise by mght of waves be mov'd  
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,  
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift  
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,  
And there take root, an Island salt and bare,  
The haunt of Seals and Orcs and Sea-Mews' clang.*

The Transition which the Poet makes from the Vision of the Deluge, to the Concern it occasioned in *Adam*, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after *Virgil*, though the first Thought it introduces is rather in the Spirit of *Ovid*.

— *How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
The end of all thy Off-spring, end so sad,  
Depopulation, thee another flood,  
Of tears and sorrow, a flood thee also drown'd,  
And sunk thee as thy Sons, till gently rear'd  
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,  
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns  
His Children, all in view destroy'd at once.*

I have been the more particular in my Quotations out of the Eleventh Book of *Paradise Lost*, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining Books of this Poem; for which Reason the Reader might be apt to overlook those many Passages in it which deserve our Admiration. The Eleventh and Twelfth are indeed built upon that single Circumstance of the Removal of our first Parents from *Paradise*; but though this is not in it self so great a Subject as that in most of the foregoing Books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprizing Incidents and pleasing Episodes, that these two last Books can by no means be looked upon as unequal Parts of this Divine Poem. I must further add, that had not *Milton* represented our first Parents as driven out of *Paradise*, his Fall of Man would not have been compleat, and consequently his Action would have been imperfect.

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Monday

No. 364.  
[STEELE.]

Monday, April 28.

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—*Navibus atque*  
*Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.*—Hor.

'*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

A LADY of my Acquaintance, for whom I have too much Respect to be easie while she is doing an indiscreet Action, has given Occasion to this Trouble: She is a Widow, to whom the Indulgence of a tender Husband has entrusted the Management of a very great Fortune, and a Son about Sixteen, both which she is extreamly fond of. The Boy has Parts of the middle Size, neither shining nor despicable, and has passed the common Exercises of his Years with tolerable Advantage; but is withal what you would call a forward Youth: By the Help of this last Qualification, which serves as a Varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best Use of his Learning, and display it at full Length upon all Occasions. Last Summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably, by puzzling the Vicar before an Assembly of most of the Ladies in the Neighbourhood; and from such weighty Considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the Mother is become invincibly perswaded that her Son is a great Scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary Methods of Education with others of his Age, would be to cramp his Faculties, and do an irreparable Injury to his wonderful Capacity.

I happened to visit at the House last Week, and missing the young Gentleman at the Tea-Table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a Circumstance avoid enquiring after him. My Lady told me, He was gone out with her Woman, in order to make some Preparations for their Equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to travel. The Oddness of the Expression shock'd me a little; however, I soon recovered my self enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this Summer to shew her Son his Estate in a distant County, in which he has never yet been: But she soon took

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took Care to rob me of that agreeable Mistake, and let me into the whole Affair. She enlarged upon young Master's prodigious Improvements, and his comprehensive Knowledge of all Book-learning; concluding, that it was now high time he should be made acquainted with Men and Things; That she had resolved he should make the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, but could not bear to have him out of her Sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

I was going to rally her for so extravagant a Resolution, but found my self not in fit Humour to meddle with a Subject that demanded the most soft and delicate Touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the Son's Abilities, or the Mother's Discretion; being sensible that in both these Cases, though supported with all the Powers of Reason, I should, instead of gaining her Ladyship over to my Opinion, only expose my self to her Disesteem; I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole Matter to the *SPECTATOR*.

When I came to reflect at Night, as my Custom is, upon the Occurrences of the Day, I could not but believe that this Humour of carrying a Boy to travel in his Mother's Lap, and that upon Pretence of learning Men and Things, is a Case of an extraordinary Nature, and carries on it a particular Stamp of Folly. I did not remember to have met with its Parallel within the Compass of my Observation, though I could call to mind some not extreamly unlike it; From hence my Thoughts took Occasion to ramble into the general Notion of Travelling, as it is now made a Part of Education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a Lad from Grammar and Taw, and under the Tuition of some poor Scholar, who is willing to be banished for Thirty Pounds a Year and a little Victuals, send him crying and snivelling into Foreign Countries. Thus he spends his Time as Children do at Puppet-Shows, and with much the same Advantage, in staring and gaping at an amazing Variety of strange Things; strange indeed to one that is not prepared to comprehend the Reasons and Meaning of them; whilst he should be laying the solid Foundations

Foundations of Knowledge in his Mind, and furnish him with just Rules to direct his future Progress in Life under some skilful Master of the Art of Instruction.

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Can there be a more astonishing Thought in Nature, than to consider how Men should fall into so palpable a Mistake? It is a large Field, and may very well exercise a sprightly Genius; but I don't remember you have yet taken a Turn in it. I wish, Sir, you would make People understand, that *Travel* is really the last Step to be taken in the Institution of Youth; and that to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

Certainly the true End of visiting Foreign Parts, is to look into their Customs and Policies, and observe in what Particulars they excel or come short of our own; to unlearn some odd Peculiarities in our Manners, and wear off such awkward Stiffnesses and Affectations in our Behaviour, as may possibly have been contracted from constantly associating with one Nation of Men, by a more free, general, and mixed Conversation. But how can any of these Advantages be attained by one who is a meer Stranger to the Customs and Policies of his native Country, and has not yet fixed in his Mind the first Principles of Manners and Behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gawdy structure without any Foundation; or, if I may be allowed the Expression, to work a rich Embroidery upon a Cobweb.

Another End of Travelling, which deserves to be considered, is the Improving our Taste of the best Authors of Antiquity, by seeing the Places where they lived, and of which they wrote; to compare the natural Face of the Country with the Descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the Picture agrees with the Original. This must certainly be a most charming Exercise to the Mind that is rightly turn'd for it; besides, that it may in a good measure be made subservient to Morality, if the Person is capable of drawing just Conclusions concerning the Uncertainty of humane Things, from the ruinous Alterations Time and Barbarity have brought upon so many Palaces, Cities, and whole Countries, which make the most

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illustrious

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illustrious Figures in History. And this Hint may be not a little improved by examining every Spot of Ground that we find celebrated as the Scene of some famous Action, or retaining any Footsteps of a *Cato*, *Cicero*, or *Brutus*, or some such great virtuous Man. A nearer View of any such Particular, tho' really little and trifling in its self, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous Mind to an Emulation of their Virtues, and a greater Ardency of Ambition to imitate their bright Examples, if it comes duly tempered and prepared for the Impression. But this I believe you'll hardly think those to be, who are so far from entring into the Sense and Spirit of the Ancients, that they don't yet understand their Language with any Exactness.

But I have wandered from my Purpose, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond *English* Mother, and Mother's own Son, from being shewn a ridiculous Spectacle through the most polite Part of *Europe*. Pray tell them, that though to be Seasick, or jumbled in an outlandish Stage-Coach, may perhaps be healthful for the Constitution of the Body, yet it is apt to cause such a Dizziness in young empty Heads, as too often lasts their Life-time.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

Philip Homebred.

'Sir,

*Birchin-Lane.*

I was married on *Sunday* last, and went peaceably to Bed; but, to my Surprize, was awakened the next Morning by the Thunder of a Set of Drums. These warlike Sounds (methinks) are very improper in a Marriage-Consort, and give great Offence; they seem to insinuate, that the Joys of this State are short, and that Jars and Discord soon ensue. I fear they have been ominous to many Matches, and sometimes proved a Prelude to a Battle in the Honey-Moon. A Nod from you may hush them; therefore pray Sir, let them be silenced, that for the future none but soft Airs may usher in the Morning of a Bridal Night, which will be a favour not

not only to those who come after, but to me, who can still subscribe my self,

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*Your most humble  
and most obedient Servant,  
Robin Bridegroom.'*

*'Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I am one of that Sort of Women whom the gayer part of our Sex are apt to call a Prude. But to shew them that I have very little regard to their Railery, I shall be glad to see them all at the *Amorous Widow*, or, *the Wanton Wife*; which is to be acted, for the Benefit of Mrs. Porter, on *Monday* the 28th Instant. I assure you I can laugh at an Amorous Widow, or Wanton Wife, with as little Temptation to imitate them, as I could at any other vicious Character. Mrs. Porter obliged me so very much in the exquisite Sense she seemed to have of the honourable Sentiments and noble Passions in the Character of *Hermione*, that I shall appear in her Behalf at a Comedy, though I have no great Relish for any Entertainments where the Mirth is not seasoned with a certain Severity, which ought to recommend it to People who pretend to keep Reason and Authority over all their Actions.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your frequent Reader,*

*Altamira.'*

No. 365.

[BUDGELL.]

Tuesday, April 29.

*Vere magis, quia vere calor reddit ossibus*—Virg.

THE Author of the *Menagiana* acquaints us, that discoursing one Day with several Ladies of Quality about the Effects of the Month of *May*, which infuses a kindly Warmth into the Earth, and all its Inhabitants; the Marchioness of *S*—, who was one of the Company, told him, *That though she would promise to be chaste in every Month besides, she could not engage for herself in May*. As the Beginning therefore of this Month is now very near, I design this Paper for a Caveat to the Fair Sex, and publish it before *April* is quite

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quite out, that if any of them should be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely Notice.

I am induced to this, being perswaded the above-mentioned Observation is as well calculated for our Climate as for that of *France*, and that some of our *British* Ladies are of the same Constitution with the *French* Marchioness.

I shall leave it among Physicians to determine what may be the Cause of such an anniversary Inclination; whether or no it is that the Spirits after having been as it were frozen and congealed by Winter, are now turned loose, and set a rambling; or that the gay Prospects of Fields and Meadows, with the Courtship of the Birds in every Bush, naturally unbend the Mind, and soften it to Pleasure; or that, as some have imagined, a Woman is prompted by a kind of Instinct to throw her self on a Bed of Flowers, and not to let those beautiful Couches which Nature has provided lie useless. However it be, the Effects of this Month on the lower part of the Sex, who act without Disguise, is very visible. It is at this Time that we see the young Wenches in a Country Parish dancing round a *May-Pole*, which one of our learned Antiquaries supposes to be a Relique of a certain Pagan Worship that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewise on the first Day of this Month that we see the ruddy Milk-Maid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a Pyramid of Silver-Tankards, and like the Virgin *Tarpeia*, oppress'd by the costly Ornaments which her Benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the Ceremony of the Green Gown, which is also peculiar to this gay Season.

The same periodical Love-Fit spreads through the whole Sex, as Mr. *Dryden* well observes in his Description of this merry Month.

*For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries wear,  
 If not the first, the fairest of the Year,  
 For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,  
 And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs,  
 The sprightly May commands our Youth to keep  
 The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their Sleep;  
 Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she moves,  
 Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd Loves,*

Accordingly

Accordingly among the Works of the great Masters in No. 365. Painting, who have drawn this genial Season of the Year, we often observe *Cupids* confused with *Zephirs*, flying up and down promiscuously in several Parts of the Picture. I cannot but add from my own Experience, that about this Time of the Year Love-Letters come up to me in great Numbers from all Quarters of the Nation.

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I receiv'd an Epistle in particular by the last Post from a *Yorkshire* Gentleman, who makes heavy Complaints of one *Zelinda*, whom it seems he has courted unsuccessfully these three Years past. He tells me that he designs to try her this *May*, and if he does not carry his Point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admonished the female Sex, and laid before them the Dangers they are exposed to in this Critical Month, I shall in the next Place lay down some Rules and Directions for their better avoiding those Calentures which are so very frequent in this Season.

In the first Place I would advise them never to venture abroad in the Fields, but in the Company of a Parent, a Guardian, or some other sober discreet Person. I have before shewn how apt they are to trip in a flowry Meadow, and shall further observe to them, that *Proserpine* was out a *Maying*, when she met with that fatal Adventure to which *Milton* alludes when he mentions

— *That fair Field*  
*Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering Flowers,*  
*Her self a fairer Flower, by gloomy Dis*  
*Was gathered* —

Since I am got into Quotations, I shall conclude this Head with *Virgil's* Advice to young People, while they are gathering wild Strawberries and Nosegays, that they should have a care of the *Snake in the Grass*.

In the second Place I cannot but approve those Prescriptions, which our Astrological Physicians give in their Almanacks for this Month; such as are a *spare and simple Diet, with the moderate use of Phlebotomy*,

Under this Head of Abstinence I shall also advise my fair Readers to be in a particular Manner careful how they meddle with Romances, Chocolate, Novels, and the like Inflamers, which I look upon

as

No. 365. as very dangerous to be made use of during this great  
 Tuesday, Carnival of Nature.  
 April 29,  
 1712.

As I have often declared, that I have nothing more at Heart than the Honour of my dear Country-Women, I would beg them to consider, whenever their Resolutions begin to fail them, that there are but one and thirty Days of this soft Season, and that if they can but weather out this one Month, the rest of the Year will be easy to them. As for that Part of the fair Sex who stay in town, I would advise them to be particularly cautious how they give themselves up to their most innocent Entertainments. If they cannot forbear the Play-house, I would recommend *Tragedy* to them, rather than *Comedy*; and should think the *Puppet-show* much safer for them than the *Opera* all the while the Sun is in *Gemini*.

The Reader will observe, that this Paper is written for the use of those Ladies who think it worth while to war against Nature in the Cause of Honour. As for that abandoned Crew, who do not think Virtue worth contending for, but give up their Reputation at the first Summons, such Warnings and Premonitions are thrown away upon them. A Prostitute is the same easy Creature in all Months of the Year, and makes no Difference between *May* and *December*. X

No. 366.  
 [STEELE.]

Wednesday, April 30.

*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
 Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,*

*Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
 Dulce loquentem.*—Hor.

THREE are such wild Inconsistencies in the Thoughts of a Man in Love, that I have often reflected there can be no Reason for allowing him more Liberty than others possessed with Phrenzy; but that his Distemper has no Malevolence in it to any Mortal. That Devotion to his Mistress kindles in his Mind a general Tenderness, which exerts it self towards every Object as well as his fair one. When this Passion is represented by Writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain Quaintnesses

nesses and Turns of Imagination, which are apparently No. 366. the Work of a Mind at Ease; but the Men of true Taste can easily distinguish the Exertion of a Mind which over-  
 flows with tender Sentiments, and the Labour of one which is only describing Distress. In Performances of this Kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; every Sentiment must grow out of the Occasion, and be suitable to the Circumstances of the Character. Where this Rule is transgressed, the humble Servant, in all the fine things he says, is but shewing his Mistress how well he can dress, instead of saying how well he loves. Lace and Drapery is as much a Man, as Wit and Turn is Passion.

' *Mr. SPECTATOR,*

The following Verses are a Translation of a *Lapland Love-Song*, which I met with in *Scheffer's History of that Country*. I was agreeably surpriz'd to find a Spirit of Tenderness and Poetry in a Region which I never suspected for Delicacy. In hotter Climates, though altogether uncivilized, I had not wondered if I had found some sweet wild Notes among the Natives, where they live in Groves of Oranges, and hear the Melody of Birds about them; But a *Lapland Lyric*, breathing Sentiments of Love and Poetry not unworthy old *Greece or Rome*; a regular Ode from a Climate pinched with Frost, and cursed with Darkness so great a Part of the Year; where 'tis amazing that the poor Natives shou'd get Food, or be tempted to propagate their Species; this, I confess, seemed a greater Miracle to me, than the famous Stories of their Drums, their Winds, and Inchantments.

I am the bolder in commanding this Northern Song, because I have faithfully kept to the Sentiments, without adding or diminishing; and pretend to no greater Praise from my Translation, than they who smooth and clean the Furrs of that Country which have suffered by Carriage. The Numbers in the Original are as loose and unequal, as those in which the *British Ladies* sport their *Pindariques*; and perhaps the fairest of them might not think it a disagreeable Present from a Lover; But I have ventured to bind it in stricter Measures, as being more

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more proper for our Tongue, though perhaps wilder  
Graces may better suit the Genius of the *Laponian*  
Language.

It will be necessary to imagine, that the Author of this  
Song, not having the Liberty of visiting his Mistress at  
her Father's House, was in Hopes of spying her at a  
Distance in the Fields.

## I.

*Thou rising Sun, whose gladsome Ray  
Invites my Fair to rural Play,  
Dispel the Mist, and clear the Skies,  
And bring my Orra to my Eyes.*

## II.

*Oh ! were I sure my Dear to view,  
I'd climb that Pine-Tree's topmost Bough  
Aloft in Air that quivering plays,  
And round and round for ever gaze.*

## III.

*My Orra Moor, where art thou laid ?  
What Wood conceals my sleeping Maid ?  
Fast by the Roots enrag'd I'll tear  
The Trees that hide my promis'd Fair.*

## IV.

*Oh ! I cou'd ride the Clouds and Skies,  
Or on the Raven's Pinions rise ;  
Ye Storks, ye Swans, a Moment stay,  
And waft a Lover on his Way.*

## V.

*My Bliss too long my Bride denies,  
Apace the wasting Summer flies ;  
Nor yet the wintry Blasts I fear,  
Not Storms or Night shall keep me here.*

## VI.

*What may for Strength with Steel compare ?  
Oh ! Love has Fetters stronger far ;  
By Bolts of Steel are Limbs confin'd,  
But cruel Love enchains the Mind.*

## VII.

## VII.

*No longer then perplex thy Breast,  
When Thoughts torment the first are best;  
'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to stay,  
Away to Orra, hast away.'*

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'Mr. SPECTATOR,

April the 10th.

I am one of those despicable Creatures called a Chamber-Maid, and have lived with a Mistress for some Time, whom I love as my Life, which has made my Duty and Pleasure inseparable. My greatest Delight has been in being employed about her Person; and indeed she is very seldom out of Humour, for a Woman of her Quality: But here lies my Complaint, Sir, To bear with me is all the Encouragement she is pleased to bestow upon me; for she gives her cast-off Cloaths from me to others; some she is pleased to bestow in the House to those that neither wants nor wears them, and some to Hangers-on that frequents the House daily, who comes dressed out in them. This, Sir, is a very mortifying Sight to me, who am a little necessitous for Cloaths, and loves to appear what I am, and causes an Uneasiness, so that I can't serve with that Chearfulness as formerly; which my Mistress takes Notice of, and calls Envy and ill Temper at seeing others preferred before me. My Mistress has a younger Sister lives in the House with her that is some Thousands below her in Estate, who is continually heaping her Favours on her Maid; so that she can appear every Sunday, for the first Quarter, in a fresh Suit of Cloaths of her Mistress's giving, with all other things suitable: All this I see without envying, but not without wishing my Mistress would a little consider what a Discouragement it is to me to have my Perquisites divided between Fawners and Jobbers, which others enjoy entire to themselves. I have spoke to my Mistress, but to little Purpose; I have desired to be discharged (for indeed I fret my self to nothing), but that she answers with Silence. I beg, Sir, your Direction what to do, for I am fully resolved to follow your Counsel; who am

*Your Admirer,*

*and humble Servant,*

*Constantia Comb-brush.*

I

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1712.

I beg that you would put it in a better Dress, and let it come abroad, that my Mistress, who is an Admirer of your Speculations, may see it' T

No. 367.  
[ADDISON.]

Thursday, May 1.

—*Periturae parcere chartae.*—Juv.

I HAVE often pleas'd my self with considering the two kinds of Benefits which accrue to the Publick from these my Speculations, and which, were I to speak after the Manner of Logicians, I would distinguish into the *Material* and the *Formal*. By the latter I understand those Advantages which my Readers receive, as their Minds are either improved or delighted by these my daily Labours; but having already several times descended on my Endeavours in this Light, I shall at present wholly confine my self to the Consideration of the former. By the Word *Material* I mean those Benefits which arise to the Publick from these my Speculations, as they consume a considerable Quantity of our Paper Manufacture, employ our Artisans in Printing, and find Business for great Numbers of indigent Persons.

Our Paper Manufacture takes into it several mean Materials which could be put to no other use, and affords Work for several Hands in the collecting of them, which are incapable of any other Employment. Those poor Retailers, whom we see so busie in every Street, deliver in their respective Gleanings to the Merchant. The Merchant carries them in Loads to the Paper-Mill, where they pass through a fresh Set of Hands, and give Life to another Trade. Those who have Mills on their Estates by this Means considerably raise their Rents, and the whole Nation is in a great Measure supplied with a Manufacture, for which formerly she was obliged to her Neighbours.

The Materials are no sooner wrought into Paper, but they are distributed among the Presses, where they again set innumerable Artists at work, and furnish Business to another Mystery. From hence, accordingly as they are stained with News or Politicks, they fly thro' the Town

Town in Post-Men, Post-boys, Daily-Courants, Reviews, No. 367. Thursday,  
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*Medleys*, and *Examiners*. Men, Women, and Children contend who shall be the first Bearers of them, and get their daily Sustenance by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my Mind a Bundle of Rags to a Quire of *Spectators*, I find so many Hands employ'd in every Step they take through their whole Progress, that while I am writing a *Spectator*, I fancy my self providing Bread for a Multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty Readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my Paper, after it is thus printed and published, is still beneficial to the Publick on several Occasions. I must confess I have lighted my Pipe with my own Works for this Twelve-month past: My Landlady often sends up her little Daughter to desire some of my old *Spectators*, and has frequently told me, that the Paper they are printed on is the best in the World to wrap Spice in. They likewise make a good Foundation for a Mutton-pye, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much sought for last *Christmas* by the whole Neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the Changes that a Linnen Fragment undergoes by passing through the several Hands above-mentioned. The finest Pieces of Holland, when worn to Tatters, assume a new Whiteness more beautiful than their first, and often return in the Shape of Letters to their Native Country. A Lady's Shift may be metamorphosed into Billets doux, and come into her Possession a second time. A Beau may peruse his Cravat after it is worn out, with greater Pleasure and Advantage than ever he did in a Glass. In a Word, a Piece of Cloth, after having officiated for some Years as a Towel or a Napkin, may by this Means be raised from a Dunghill, and become the most valuable Piece of Furniture in a Prince's Cabinet.

The politest Nations of *Europe* have endeavoured to vie with one another for the Reputation of the finest Printing: Absolute Governments, as well as Republicks, have encouraged an Art which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial that was ever invented among the Sons of Men. The present King of *France*, in his Pursuits after Glory

No. 367. Glory, has particularly distinguished himself by the proposing of this useful Art, insomuch that several Books have been printed in the *Louvre* at his own Expence, upon which he sets so great a Value, that he considers them as the noblest Presents he can make to foreign Princes and Ambassadors. If we look into the Commonwealths of *Holland* and *Venice*, we shall find that in this Particular they have made themselves the Envy of the greatest Monarchies. *Elzever* and *Aldus* are more frequently mentioned than any Pensioner of the one or Doge of the other.

The several Presses which are now in *England*, and the great Encouragement which has been given to Learning for some Years last past, has made our own Nation as glorious upon this Account, as for its late Triumphs and Conquests. The new Edition which is given us of *Cæsar's Commentaries*, has already been taken Notice of in foreign *Gazettes*, and is a Work that does Honour to the *English* Press. It is no wonder that an Edition should be very correct, which has passed through the Hands of one of the most accurate, learned, and judicious Writers this Age has produced. The Beauty of the Paper, of the Character, and of the several Cuts with which this noble Work is Illustrated, makes it the finest Book that I have ever seen; and is a true Instance of the *English* Genius, which, though it does not come the first into any Art, generally carries it to greater Heights than any other Country in the World. I am particularly glad that this Author comes from a *British* Printing-house in so great a Magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable Account of our Country.

My illiterate Readers, if any such there are, will be surprized to hear me talk of Learning as the Glory of a Nation, and of Printing as an Art that gains a Reputation to a People among whom it flourishes. When Men's Thoughts are taken up with Avarice and Ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary Power or Interest to the Person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink this Paper so far as to engage with *Goths* and *Vandals*, I shall only regard such kind of Reasoners with

with that Pity which is due to so deplorable a Degree of No. 367.  
Stupidity and Ignorance.

L Thursday,  
May 1,  
1712.

No. 368.

[STEELE.]

Friday, May 2.

—*Nos decebat . . .*  
*Lugere, ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus,*  
*Humanae vitae varia reputantes mala;*  
*At, qui labores morte finisset graves,*  
*Omnes amicos laude & laetitia exequi.*

—Eurip. apud Tull.

AS the *Spectator* is in a kind a Paper of News from the Natural World, as others are from the busie and politick Part of Mankind, I shall translate the following Letter written to an eminent French Gentleman in this Town from *Paris*, which gives us the Exit of an Heroine who is a Pattern of Patience and Generosity.

'Sir, *Paris*, April 18, 1712.

It is so many Years since you left your native Country, that I am to tell you the Characters of your nearest Relations as much as if you were an utter Stranger to them. The Occasion of this is to give you an Account of the Death of Madam de Villacerfe, whose Departure out of this Life I know not whether a Man of your Philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some Circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole Life happy in an uninterrupted Health, and was always honoured for an Evenness of Temper and Greatness of Mind. On the 10th Instant that Lady was taken with an Indisposition which confined her to her Chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick Bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any Satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known, that some Years ago Monsieur Festeau, one of the most considerable Surgeons in *Paris*, was desperately in Love with this Lady: Her Quality placed her above any Application to her on the Account of his Passion; but as a Woman always has some Regard to the Person whom she believes to be her real Admirer, she now took it in her Head (upon Advice of her Physicians to lose some of her Blood) to send for Monsieur Festeau on that Occasion. I happened to be there at that

Time

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Time, and my near Relation gave me the Privilege to be present. As soon as her Arm was stripped bare, and he began to press it in order to raise the Vein, his Colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden Tremor, which made me take the Liberty to speak of it to my Cousin with some Apprehension: She smiled, and said she knew Mr. *Festeau* had no Inclination to do her Injury. He seemed to recover himself, and smiling also, proceeded in his Work. Immediately after the Operation he cried out, that he was the most unfortunate of all Men, for that he had opened an Artery instead of a Vein. It is as impossible to express the Artist's Distraction as the Patient's Composure. I will not dwell on little Circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three Days Time it was thought necessary to take off her Arm. She was so far from using *Festeau* as it would be natural to one of a lower Spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any Consultation about her present Condition, and on every Occasion asked whether he was satisfied in the Measures that were taken about her. Before this last Operation she ordered her Will to be drawn, and after having been about a Quarter of an Hour alone, she bid the Surgeons, of whom poor *Festeau* was one, go on in their Work. I know not how to give you the Terms of Art, but there appeared such Symptoms after the Amputation of her Arm, that it was visible she could not live four and twenty Hours. Her Behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole Affair, that I was particularly curious in taking Notice of what passed as her Fate approached nearer and nearer, and took Notes of what she said to all about her, particularly Word for Word what she spoke to Mr. *Festeau*, which was as follows.

"Sir, you give me inexpressible Sorrow for the Anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all Intents and Purposes from the Interests of human Life, therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one by whose Error I have lost my Life; no, you are my Benefactor, as you have hastened my Entrance into a happy Immortality. This is my Sense of this Accident; but the World

World in which you live may have Thoughts of it to No. 368.  
your Disadvantage; I have therefore taken Care to provide Friday,  
for you in my Will, and have placed you above what you May 2,  
have to fear from their ill Nature." 1712.

While this excellent Woman spoke these Words, *Festeau* looked as if he received a Condemnation to die instead of a Pension for his Life. *Madam de Villacerfe* lived till Eight of the Clock the next Night; and tho' she must have laboured under the most exquisite Torments, she possessed her Mind with so wonderful a Patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe than she died at that Hour. You who had not the Happiness to be personally known to this Lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the Honour you had of being related to so great Merit; but we who have lost her Conversation, cannot so easily resign our own Happiness by Reflection upon hers.

*I am, Sir, your affectionate Kinsman,  
And most obedient humble Servant,*  
Paul Regnaud.

There hardly can be a greater Instance of an Heroick Mind, than the unprejudiced manner in which this Lady weighed this Misfortune. The Regard of Life it self could not make her overlook the Contrition of the unhappy Man, whose more than ordinary Concern for her was all his Guilt. It would certainly be of singular Use to humane Society to have an exact Account of this Lady's ordinary Conduct, which was crowned by so uncommon Magnanimity. Such Greatness was not to be acquired in her last Article, nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant Practice of all that is praiseworthy, which made her capable of beholding Death, not as the Dissolution, but Consummation of her Life.

T

No. 369.

[ADDISON.]

Saturday, May 3.

MILTON, after having represented in Vision the History of Mankind to the first great Period of Nature, dispatches the remaining Part of it in Narration.

He

No. 369. Saturday, May 3, 1712.

He has devised a very handsome Reason for the Angel's proceeding with *Adam* after this manner; though doubtless the true Reason was the Difficulty which the Poet would have found to have shadowed out so mix'd and complicated a Story in visible Objects. I could wish, however, that the Author had done it, whatever Pains it might have cost him. To give my Opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the History of Mankind in Vision, and part in Narrative, is as if an History-Painter should put in Colours one Half of his Subject, and write down the remaining part of it. If *Milton's* Poem flags any where, it is in this Narration, where in some Places the Author has been so attentive to his Divinity, that he has neglected his Poetry. The Narration, however, rises very happily on several Occasions, where the Subject is capable of Poetical Ornaments, as particularly in the Confusion which he describes among the Builders of Babel, and in his short Sketch of the Plagues of *Ægypt*. The Storm of Hail and Fire, with the Darkness that overspread the Land for three Days, are described with great Strength. The beautiful Passage which follows, is raised upon noble Hints in Scripture.

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*Thus with ten wounds*  
*The River Dragon tamed at length submits*  
*To let his Sojourners depart, and oft*  
*Humbles his stubborn Heart, but still as Ice*  
*More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage*  
*Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea*  
*Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass*  
*As on dry land between two Chrystal walls,*  
*Aw'd by the rod of Moses, so to stand*  
*Divided*

---

The *River Dragon* is an Allusion to the Crocodile, which inhabits the *Nile*, from whence *Ægypt* derives her Plenty. This Allusion is taken from that sublime Passage in *Ezekiel*; *Thus saith the Lord God, behold I am against thee Pharaoh King of Egypt, the great Dragon that lieth in the midst of his Rivers, which hath said, My River is mine own, and I have made it for my self.* *Milton* has given us another very noble

noble and poetical Image in the same Description, No. 369, which is copied almost Word for Word out of the *History of Moses*.

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*All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning watch;  
Then thro' the fiery pillar and the cloud  
God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
And craze their Chariot Wheels; when by command  
Moses once more his potent rod extends  
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;  
On their Embattelled ranks the waves return  
And overwhelm their War:—*

As the principal Design of this *Episode* was to give *Adam* an Idea of the Holy Person, who was to reinstate Humane Nature in that Happiness and Perfection from which it had fallen, the Poet confines himself to the Line of *Abraham*, from whence the *Messiah* was to descend. The Angel is described as seeing the Patriarch actually travelling towards the *Land of Promise*, which gives a particular Liveliness to this Part of the Narration.

*I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith  
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, his native Soil  
Ur of Chaldea, passing now the Ford  
Of Haran, after him a cumbrous train  
Of Herds and Flocks and numerous servitude;  
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God who call'd him, in a Land unknown.  
Canaan he now attains; I see his Tents  
Pitcht about Sechem, and the neighbouring Plain  
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives  
Gift to his progeny of all that Land,  
From Hamath Northward to the desert South,  
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed).*

As *Virgil's* Vision in the sixth *Aeneid* probably gave *Milton* the Hint of this whole *Episode*, the last Line is a Translation of that Verse, where *Anchises* mentions the Names of Places, which they were to bear hereafter.

*Haec tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.*

The Poet has very finely represented the Joy and Gladness of Heart which rises in *Adam* upon his Discovery of the *Messiah*. As he sees his Day at a Distance

v.

N

through

No. 369, through Types and Shadows, he rejoices in it; but when Saturday, he finds the Redemption of Man compleated, and *Paradise* May 3, again renewed, he breaks forth in Rapture and Transport, 1712.

*O goodness infinite, Goodness immense!  
That all this good of evil shall produce, &c.*

I have hinted in my Sixth Paper on *Milton*, that an Heroick Poem, according to the Opinion of the best Criticks, ought to end happily, and leave the Mind of the Reader, after having conducted it through many Doubts and Fears, Sorrows and Disquietudes, in a state of Tranquillity and Satisfaction. *Milton's* Fable, which had so many other Qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this Particular. It is here therefore, that the Poet has shewn a most exquisite Judgment, as well as the finest Invention, by finding out a Method to supply the natural Defect in his Subject. Accordingly he leaves the Adversary of Mankind, in the last View which he gives us of him, under the lowest State of Mortification and Disappointment. We see him chewing Ashes, grovelling in the Dust, and loaden with supernumerary Pains and Torments. On the contrary, our two first Parents are comforted by Dreams and Visions, cheared with promises of Salvation, and, in a manner, raised to a greater Happiness than that which they had forfeited: In short, *Satan* is represented miserable in the Height of his Triumphs, and *Adam* Triumphant in the Height of Misery.

*Milton's* Poem ends very nobly. The last Speeches of *Adam* and the Arch-Angel are full of Moral and Instructive Sentiments. The Sleep that fell upon *Eve*, and the Effects it had in quieting the Disorders of her Mind, produces the same kind of Consolation in the Reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful Speech which is ascribed to the Mother of Mankind, without a secret Pleasure and Satisfaction.

*Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;  
For God is also in Sleep, and Dreams advise,  
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
Presaging, since with Sorrow and Heart's distress  
Wearied I fell asleep; but now lead on,*

*In*

*In me is no delay; with thee to go  
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay  
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me  
 Art all things under Heav'n, all Places thou,  
 Who for my wilful Crime art banish'd hence.  
 This farther Consolation yet secure  
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
 Such Favour, I unworthy, am vouchsaf'd,  
 By me the promised Seed shall all restore.*

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The following Lines, which conclude the Poem, rise in a most glorious Blaze of Poetical Images and Expressions.

*Heliodorus* in his *AEthiopicks* acquaints us, that the Motion of the Gods differs from that of Mortals, as the former do not stir their Feet, nor proceed Step by Step, but slide o'er the Surface of the Earth by an uniform Swimming of the whole Body. The Reader may observe with how Poetical a Description *Milton* has attributed the same kind of Motion to the Angels who were to take possession of *Paradise*,

*So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard  
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh  
 Th' Arch-Angel stood, and from the other Hill  
 To their fix'd station, all in bright array  
 The Cherubim descended, on the Ground  
 Gliding meteorous, as ev'ning mist  
 Ris'n from a River, o'er the marshy glides,  
 And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel  
 Homeward returning, High in Front advanc'd,  
 The brandish'd Sword of God before them blaz'd  
 Fierce as a Comet—*

The Author helped his Invention in the following Passage, by reflecting on the Behaviour of the Angel, who, in Holy Writ, has the Conduct of *Lot* and his Family. The Circumstances drawn from that Relation are very gracefully made use of on this Occasion.

*In either hand the hastning Angel caught  
 Our ling'ring Parents, and to the Eastern gate  
 Led them direct; and down the Cliff as fast  
 To the subiect plain; then disappear'd,  
 They looking back, &c.—*

The Scene which our first Parents are surprized with upon their looking back on *Paradise*, wonderfully strikes the

No. 369. the Reader's Imagination, as nothing can be more Saturday, natural than the Tears they shed on that Occasion.  
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*They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late their happy Seat,  
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate  
With dreadful faces strong'd and fiery Arms;  
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon;  
The world was all before them, where to chuse  
Their place of rest, and Providence their Guide.*

If I might presume to offer at the smallest Alteration in this Divine Work, I should think the Poem would end better with the Passage here quoted, than with the two Verses which follow.

*They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.*

These two Verses, though they have their Beauty, fall very much below the foregoing Passage, and renew in the Mind of the Reader that Anguish which was pretty well laid by that Consideration.

*The World was all before them, where to chuse  
Their place of rest, and Providence their Guide.*

The Number of Books in *Paradise Lost* is equal to those of the *Aeneid*. Our Author in his First Edition had divided his Poem into ten Books, but afterwards broke the Seventh and the Eleventh each of them into two different Books, by the Help of some small Additions. This second Division was made with great Judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a Chimerical Beauty as that of resembling *Virgil* in this Particular, but for the more just and regular Disposition of this great Work.

Those who have read *Bossu*, and many of the Criticks who have written since his Time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular Moral which is inculcated in *Paradise Lost*. Though I can by no means think with the last-mentioned French Author, that an Epic Writer first of all pitches upon a certain Moral, as the Ground-Work and Foundation of his Poem

Poem, and afterwards finds out a Story to it; I am, No. 369, however, of Opinion, that no just Heroic Poem ever was, or can be made from whence one great Moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in *Milton* is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined: it is in short this, *that Obedience to the Will of God makes Men happy, and that Disobedience makes them miserable*. This is visibly the Moral of the principal Fable which turns upon *Adam* and *Eve*, who continued in *Paradise* while they kept the Command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the Moral of the principal Episode, which shews us how an innumerable Multitude of Angels fell from their State of Bliss, and were cast into Hell upon their Disobedience. Besides this great Moral, which may be looked upon as the Soul of the Fable, there are an Infinity of Under Morals which are to be drawn from the several Parts of the Poem, and which makes this Work more useful and instructive than any other Poem in any Language.

Those who have Criticised on the *Odissey*, the *Iliad*, and *Aeneid*, have taken a great deal of Pains to fix the Number of Months or Days contained in the Action of each of those Poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this Particular in *Milton*, he will find that from *Adam's* first Appearance in the Fourth Book, to his Expulsion from *Paradise* in the Twelfth, the Author reckons ten Days. As for that Part of the Action which is described in the three first Books, as it does not pass within the Regions of Nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any Calculations of Time.

I have now finished my Observations on a Work which does an Honour to the *English* Nation. I have taken a general View of it under those four Heads, the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language, and made each of them the Subject of a particular Paper. I have in the next place spoken of the Censures which our Author may incur under each of these Heads, which I have confined to two Papers, though

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I might have enlarged the Number, if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a Subject. I believe, however, that the severest Reader will not find any little Fault in Heroic Poetry, which this Author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those Heads among which I have distributed his several Blemishes. After having thus treated at large of *Paradise Lost*, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this Poem in the whole, without descending to Particulars. I have therefore bestowed a Paper upon each Book, and endeavoured not only to prove that the Poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular Beauties, and to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to shew how some Passages are beautifull by being Sublime, others by being Soft, others by being Natural; which of them are recommended by the Passion, which by the Moral, which by the Sentiment, and which by the Expression. I have likewise endeavoured to shew how the Genius of the Poet shines by a happy Invention, a distant Allusion, or a judicious Imitation; how he has copied or improved *Homer* or *Virgil*, and raised his own Imaginations by the Use which he has made of several Poetical Passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several Passages of *Tasso*, which our Author has imitated; but as I do not look upon *Tasso* to be a sufficient Voucher, I would not perplex my Reader with such Quotations, as might do more Honour to the *Italian* than the *English* Poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable Kinds of Beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to Poetry, and which may be met with in the Works of this great Author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this Design, that it would have led me to so great a Length, I believe I should never have entred upon it; but the kind Reception which it has met with among those whose Judgments I have a Value for, as well as the uncommon Demands which my Bookseller tells me has been made for these particular Discourses, give me no Reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them. L

Monday

No. 370.

[STEELE.]

Monday, May 5.

*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*No. 370.  
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ANY of my fair Readers, as well as very gay and well-received Persons of the other Sex, are extremely perplexed at the *Latin* Sentences at the Head of my Speculations; I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with Translations of each of them: However, I have to Day taken down from the Top of the Stage in *Drury-Lane* a Bit of *Latin* which often stands in their View, and signifies that *the whole World acts the Player*. It is certain that if we look all round us and behold the different Employments of Mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the Player is, in an assumed Character. The Lawyer, who is vehement and loud in a Cause wherein he knows he has not the Truth of the Question on his Side, is a Player as to the personated Part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the Prostitution of himself for Hire; because the Pleader's Falshood introduces Injustice, the Player feigns for no other End but to divert or instruct you. The Divine, whose Passions transport him to say any thing with any View but promoting the Interests of true Piety and Religion, is a Player with a still greater Imputation of Guilt in Proportion to his depreciating a Character more sacred. Consider all the different Pursuits and Employments of Men, and you will find half their Actions tend to nothing else but Disguise and Imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a Man's very self is the Action of a Player. For this Reason it is that I make so frequent Mention of the Stage: It is, with me, a Matter of the highest Consideration what Parts are well or ill performed, what Passions or Sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and consequently what Manners and Customs are transfused from the Stage to the World, which reciprocally imitate each other. As the Writers of Epick Poems introduce shadowy Persons and represent Vices and Virtues under the Characters of Men and Women; so I, who am a SPECTATOR in the World, may perhaps sometimes make use of the Names of the Actors on the Stage, to represent or admonish those who transact

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transact Affairs in the World. When I am commanding *Wilks* for representing the Tenderness of a Husband and a Father in *Mackbeth*, the Contrition of a reformed Prodigal in *Harry the Fourth*, the winning Emptiness of a young Man of Good-nature and Wealth in *the Trip to the Jubilee*, the Officiousness of an artful Servant in *the Fox*: When thus I celebrate *Wilks*, I talk to all the World who are engaged in any of those Circumstances. If I were to speak of Merit neglected, misapplied, or misunderstood, might not I say *Eastcourt* has a great Capacity? but it is not the Interest of others who bear a Figure on the Stage that his Talents were understood; it is their Business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his Hands any thing in which he would shine. Were one to raise a Suspicion of himself in a Man who passes upon the World for a fine Thing, in order to alarm him, one might say, if Lord *Foppington* were not on the Stage (*Cibber* acts the false Pretensions to a genteel Behaviour so very justly), he would have in the generality of Mankind more that would admire than deride him. When we come to characters directly comical, it is not to be imagined what Effect a well regulated Stage would have upon Men's Manners. The Craft of an Usurer, the Absurdity of a rich Fool, the awkward Roughness of a Fellow of half Courage, the ungraceful Mirth of a Creature of half Wit, might be for ever put out of Countenance by proper parts for *Doggett*. *Johnson* by acting *Corbacchio* the other Night, must have given all who saw him a through Detestation of aged Avarice. The petulancy of a peevish old Fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the Ingenious Mr. *William Penkethman* in the *Fop's Fortune*; where, in the Character of *Don Cholerick Snap Shorto de Testy*, he answers no Questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no Account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. *Penkethman* is also Master of as many Faces in the Dumb-Scene, as can be expected from a Man in the Circumstances of being ready to perish out of Fear and Hunger: He wonders throughout the whole Scene very masterly, without neglecting his Victuals. If it be, as I have heard it

it sometimes mentioned, a great Qualification for the No. 370. World to follow Business and Pleasure too, what is it in <sup>Monday,</sup> the ingenious Mr. *Penkethman* to represent a Sense of <sup>May 5,</sup> 1712. Pleasure and Pain at the same time; as you may see him do this Evening?

As it is certain that a Stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the Nation, Men turned for regular Pleasure cannot employ their Thoughts more usefully for the Diversion of Mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this Entertainment to the greatest Height. It would be a great Improvement, as well as Embellishment to the Theatre, if Dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the Actors. One who has the Advantage of such an agreeable girlish Person as Mrs. *Bicknell*, joyned with her Capacity of Imitation, could in proper Gesture and Motion represent all the decent Characters of Female Life. An amiable Modesty in one Aspect of a Dancer, an assumed Confidence in another, a sudden Joy in another, a falling off with an Impatience of being beheld, a Return towards the Audience with an unsteady Resolution to approach them, and a well-acted Solicitude to please, would revive in the Company all the fine Touches of Mind raised in observing all the Objects of Affection or Passion they had before beheld. Such elegant Entertainments as these, would polish the Town into Judgment in their Gratifications; and Delicacy in Pleasure is the first Step People of Condition take in Reformation from Vice. Mrs. *Bicknell* has the only Capacity for this sort of Dancing of any on the Stage; and I dare say all who see her Performance to Morrow Night, when sure the Romp will do her best for her own Benefit, will be of my Mind. T

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[ADDISON.]

Tuesday, May 6.

*Jamne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus alter  
Ridebat? — — — — — Juv.*

I SHALL communicate to my Reader the following Letter for the Entertainment of this Day.

*'Sir,*

You know very well that our Nation is more famous for that

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that sort of Men who are called *Whims* and *Humourists*, than any other Country in the World, for which Reason it is observed that our *English Comedy* excels that of all other Nations in the Novelty and Variety of its Characters.

Among those innumerable Sets of *Whims* which our Country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more Curiosity than those who have invented any particular Kind of Diversion, for the Entertainment of themselves or their Friends. My Letter shall single out those who take Delight in sorting a Company that has something of Burlesque and Ridicule in its Appearance. I shall make my self understood by the following Example. One of the Wits of the last Age, who was a Man of a good Estate, thought he never laid out his Money better than in a Jest. As he was one Year at the *Bath*, observing that in the great Confluence of fine People, there were several among them with long Chins, a Part of the Visage by which he himself was very much distinguished, he invited to Dinner half a Score of these remarkable Persons who had their Mouths in the Middle of their Faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the Table, but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our *English Proverb* says,

*'Tis merry in the Hall,  
When Beards wag all.*

It proved so in an Assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many Peaks of Faces agitated with Eating, Drinking, and Discourse, and observing all the Chins that were present meeting together very often over the Center of the Table, every one grew sensible of the Jest, and came into it with so much good Humour, that they lived in strict Friendship and Alliance from that Day forward.

The same Gentleman some time after packed together a Set of Oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky Cast in their Eyes. His Diversion on this Occasion was to see the cross Bows, mistaken Signs, and wrong Connivances that passed amidst so many broken and refracted Rays of Sight.

The third Feast which this merry Gentleman exhibited was

was to the Stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient Body to fill his Table. He had order'd one of his Servants, who was placed behind a skreen, to write down their Table-Talk, which was very easie to be done without the Help of Short-hand. It appears by the Notes which were taken, that though their Conversation never fell, there were not above twenty Words spoken during the first Course; that upon serving up the second, one of the Company was a Quarter of an Hour in telling them, that the Ducklins and Sparrow-grass were very good; and that another took up the same Time in declaring himself of the same Opinion. This Jest did not, however, go off so well as either of the former; for one of the Guests being a brave Man, and fuller of Resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the Room, and sent the facetious Inviter a Challenge in Writing, which though it was afterwards dropp'd by the Interposition of Friends, put a Stop to these ludicrous Entertainments.

Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no Moral in these Jests, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as Pieces of Unluckiness than Wit. However, as it is natural for one Man to refine upon the Thought of another, and impossible for any single Person, how great soever his Parts may be, to invent an Art, and bring it to its utmost Perfection, I shall here give you an Account of an honest Gentleman of my Acquaintance, who upon hearing the Character of the Wit abovementioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the Benefit of Mankind. He invited half a Dozen of his Friends one Day to Dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant Phrases in their Discourse, as, *d'y' hear me, d'y' see, that is, and so Sir.* Each of the Guests making frequent use of his particular Elegance, appeared so ridiculous to his Neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the Company: By this Means, before they had sat long together, every one talking with the greatest Circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite Expletive, the Conversation was cleared of its Redundancies, and had a greater Quantity of Sense, though less of Sound in it.

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The same well-meaning Gentleman took Occasion, at another Time, to bring together such of his Friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual Custom of Swearing. In order to shew them the Absurdity of the Practice, he had Recourse to the Invention above-mentioned, having placed an *Amanuensis* in a private Part of the Room. After the second Bottle, when Men open their Minds without Reserve, my honest Friend began to take Notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary Words that had passed in his House since their sitting down at Table, and how much good Conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous Phrases. What a Tax, says he, would they have raised for the Poor, had we put the Laws in Execution upon one another? Every one of them took this gentle Reproof in good Part: Upon which he told them, that knowing their Conversation would have no Secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in Writing, and for the Humour sake would read it to them if they pleased. There were ten Sheets of it, which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable Interpolations I have before-mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold Blood, it looked rather like a Conference of Fiends than of Men. In short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he had pronounced amidst the Heat and Inadvertness of Discourse.

I shall only mention another Occasion wherein he made use of the same Invention to cure a different kind of Men, who are the Pests of all polite Conversation, and murder Time as much as either of the two former, though they do it more innocently; I mean that dull Generation of Story-tellers. My Friend got together about half a Dozen of his Acquaintance, who were infected with this strange Malady. The first Day one of them sitting down, enter'd upon the Siege of *Namur*, which lasted till four a Clock, their Time of parting. The second Day a *North-Briton* took Possession of the Discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his Hands so long as the Company staid together. The third Day was engrossed after the same Manner by a Story of the same Length. They at last began to reflect upon

upon this barbarous way of treating one another, and No. 371.  
by this means awaken'd out of that Lethargy with which  
each of them had been seized for several Years.

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As you have somewhere declared, that extraordinary  
and uncommon Characters of Mankind are the Game  
which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the  
greatest Sportsman, or, if you please, the *Nimrod* among  
this Species of Writers, I thought this Discovery would  
not be unacceptable to you.

*I am,  
Sir, &c.'*

No. 372,  
[STEELE.]

Wednesday, May 7.

—*Pudet haec opprobria nobis  
Et dici potuisse & non potuisse referri.*—Ovid.

*'Mr. SPECTATOR,*

May 6, 1712.

I AM Sexton of the Parish of *Covent-Garden*, and complained to you some Time ago, that as I was tolling in to Prayers at Eleven in the Morning, Crowds of People of Quality hastened to assemble at a Puppet-Show on the other Side of the Garden. I had at the same Time a very great Disesteem for Mr. *Powell* and his little thoughtless Common-wealth, as if they had enticed the Gentry into those Wandrings: But let that be as it will, I now am convinced of the honest Intentions of the said Mr. *Powell* and Company; and send this to acquaint you, that he has given all the Profits which shall arise to Morrow Night by his Play to the use of the poor Charity Children of this Parish. I have been inform'd, Sir, that in *Holland* all Persons who set up any Show, or act any Stage-Play, be the Actors either of Wood and Wire, or Flesh and Blood, are obliged to pay out of their Gain such a Proportion to the honest and industrious Poor in the Neighbourhood: By this Means they make Diversion and Pleasure pay a Tax to Labour and Industry. I have been told also, that all the Time of *Lent*, in Roman-Catholick Countries, the Persons of Condition administr'd to the Necessities of the Poor, and attended the Beds of Lazars and diseased Persons. Our Protestant Ladies and Gentle-  
men

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men are much to seek for proper ways of passing Time, that they are obliged to *Punchinello* for knowing what to do with themselves. Since the Case is so, I desire only you would entreat our People of Quality, who are not to be interrupted in their Pleasure to think of the Practice of any Moral Duty, that they would at least fine for their Sins, and give something to these poor Children; a little out of their Luxury and Superfluity, would attone, in some Measure, for the wanton use of the rest of their Fortunes. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if the Ladies who haunt the Cloysters and Passages of the Play-house, were upon every Offence obliged to pay to this excellent Institution of Schools of Charity: This Method would make Offenders themselves do Service to the Publick. But in the mean Time I desire you would publish this voluntary Reparation which Mr. Powell does our Parish, for the Noise he has made in it by the constant rattling of Coaches, Drums, Trumpets, Triumphs, and Battles. The Destruction of *Troy*, adorned with Highland Dances, are to make up the Entertainment of all who are so well disposed as not to forbear a light Entertainment, for no other Reason but that it is to do a good Action.

*I am,  
Sir,*

*Your most humble Servant,  
Ralph Bellfry.*

I am credibly informed, that all the Insinuations which a certain Writer made against Mr. Powell at the *Bath*, are false and groundless.

*'Mr. SPECTATOR,*

My Employment, which is that of a Broker, leading me often into Taverns about the *Exchange*, has given me Occasion to observe a certain Enormity, which I shall here submit to your Animadversion. In three or four of these Taverns, I have, at different Times, taken Notice of a precise Set of People with grave Countenances, short Wiggs, black Cloaths, or dark Camlet trimm'd with Black, and mourning Gloves and Hatbands, who meet on certain Days at each Tavern successively, and

and keep a sort of moving Club. Having often met with No. 372. their Faces, and observ'd a certain slinking way in their Wednesday, dropping in one after another, I had the Curiosity to May 7, enquire into their Characters, being the rather mov'd to 1712. it by their agreeing in the Singularity of their Dress; and I find upon due Examination they are a Knot of Parish-Clarks, who have taken a Fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the Bills of Mortality over their Half-Pints. I have so great a Value and Veneration for any who have but even an assenting *Amen* in the Service of Religion, that I am afraid lest these Persons should incur some Scandal by this Practice; and wou'd therefore have them, without Raillery advis'd to send the Florence and Pullets home to their own Houses, and not pretend to live as well as the Overseers of the Poor.

*I am,*

*Sir,*

*Your humble Servant,*  
Humphry Transfer.'

*'Mr. SPECTATOR,*

*May 6.*

I was last Wednesday Night at a Tavern in the City, among a Set of Men who call themselves the *Lawyer's Club*. You must know, Sir, this Club consists only of Attorneys; and at this Meeting every one proposes the Cause he has then in Hand to the Board, upon which each Member gives his Judgment according to the Experience he has met with. If it happens that any one puts a Case of which they have had no Precedent, it is noted down by their Clerk *Will Goosequill* (who registers all their Proceedings), that one of them may go the next Day with it to a Council. This indeed is commendable, and ought to be the principal End of their Meeting; but had you been there to have heard them relate their Methods of managing a Cause, their Manner of drawing out their Bills, and, in short, their Arguments upon the several ways of abusing their Clients, with the Applause that is given to him who has done it most artfully, you would before now have given your Remarks on them. They are so conscious that their Discourses ought to be kept

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kept secret, that they are very cautious of admiting any Person who is not of their Profession. When any who are not of the Law are let in, the Person who introduces him says he is a very honest Gentleman, and he is taken in, as their Cant is, to pay Costs. I am admitted upon the Recommendation of one of their Principals, as a *very honest good-natur'd Fellow* that will never be in a Plot, and only desires to drink his Bottle and smoke his Pipe. You have formerly remarked upon several sorts of Clubs; and as the Tendency of this is only to increase Fraud and Deceit, I hope you will please to take Notice of it.

*I am (with respect)*

*Your humble Servant,*

T

H. R.'

No. 373.  
[BUDGELL.]

Thursday, May 8.

*Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis & umbra.—Juv.*

M<sup>R</sup>. LOCK, in his Treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two Chapters upon the Abuse of Words. The first and most palpable Abuse of Words, he says, is, when they are used without clear and distinct Ideas: The second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the Application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one Idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the Result of our Contemplations and Reasonings, while we have no precise Ideas fixed to our Words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this Inconvenience, more especially in moral Discourses, where the same Word should constantly be used in the same Sense, he earnestly recommends the use of Definitions. *A Definition*, says he, *is the only way whereby the precise Meaning of moral Words can be known.* He therefore accuses those of great Negligence, who discourse of moral things with the least Obscurity in the Terms they make use of, since upon the foremention'd Ground he does not scruple to say, that he thinks *Morality is capable of Demonstration as well as the Mathematisks.*

I know no two Words that have been more abused  
by

by the different and wrong Interpretations which are put upon them, than those two, *Modesty* and *Assurance*, To say such an one is a *modest Man*, sometimes indeed passes for a good Character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish awkward Fellow, who has neither Good-breeding, Politeness, nor any Knowledge of the World.

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Again, *A Man of Assurance*, tho' at first it only denoted a Person of a free and open Carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate Wretch, who can break through all the Rules of Decency and Morality without a Blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this Essay to restore these Words to their true Meaning, to prevent the Idea of *Modesty* from being confounded with that of *Sheepishness*, and to hinder *Impudence* from passing for *Assurance*.

If I was put to define *Modesty*, I would call it, *The Reflection of an ingenious Mind, either when a Man has committed an Action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the Censure of others.*

For this Reason a Man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in Company, and as subject to a Blush in his Closet, as when the Eyes of Multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any Instance of *Modesty* with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose Father being a tributary King to the *Romans*, had several Complaints laid against him before the Senate, as a Tyrant and Oppressor of his Subjects. The Prince went to *Rome* to defend his Father; but coming into the Senate, and hearing a Multitude of Crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his Turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a Word. The Story tells us, that the Fathers were more moved at this Instance of *Modesty* and *Ingenuity*, than they could have been by the most pathetick Oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty Father for this early Promise of *Virtue* in the Son.

I take *Assurance* to be *the Faculty of possessing a Man's*

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No. 373. *Man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things Thursday, without any Uneasiness or Emotion in the Mind.* That May 8, 1712. which generally gives a Man Assurance is a moderate Knowledge of the World, but above all a Mind fixed and determined in it self to do nothing against the Rules of Honour and Decency. An open and assured Behaviour is the natural Consequence of such a Resolution. A Man thus armed, if his Words or Actions are at any Time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a Consciousness of his own Integrity, assumes Force enough to despise the little Censures of Ignorance or Malice,

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the Modesty and Assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without Assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the Folly or Ill-nature of every one he converses with. A Man without Modesty is lost to all Sense of Honour and Virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned possessed both these Qualifications in a very eminent Degree. Without Assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august Assembly in the World; without Modesty he would have pleaded the Cause he had taken upon him, tho' it had appeared never so scandalous.

From what has been said it is plain, that Modesty and Assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same Person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say a *modest Assurance*; by which we understand the just Mean between Bashfulness and Impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same Man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same Person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent Instances of this odd kind of Mixture in People of depraved Minds and mean Education; who tho' they are not able to meet a Man's Eyes, or pronounce a Sentence without Confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest Villanies, or most indecent Action.

Such a Person seems to have made a Resolution to do ill even

even in spite of himself, and in Defiance of all those No. 373.  
 Checks and Restraints his Temper and Complexion seem Thursday,  
 to have laid in his way.

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Upon the Whole, I would endeavour to establish this  
 Maxim, That the Practice of *Virtue* is the most proper  
 Method to give a Man a becoming Assurance in his  
 Words and Actions. *Guilt* always seeks to shelter it  
 self in one of the Extreams, and is sometimes attended  
 with both. X

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 [STEELE.]

Friday, May 9.

*Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.*—Luc.

**T**HREE is a Fault, which, tho' common, wants a Name. It is the very contrary to Procrastination; As we lose the present Hour by delaying from Day to Day to execute what we ought to do immediately; so most of us take Occasion to sit still and throw away the Time in our Possession, by Retrospect on what is past, imagining we have already acquitted our selves, and established our Characters in the Sight of Mankind. But when we thus put a Value upon our selves for what we have already done, any further than to explain our selves in order to assist our future Conduct, that will give us an over-weaning Opinion of our Merit to the Prejudice of our present Industry. The great Rule, methinks, should be to manage the Instant in which we stand with Fortitude, *Æquanimity*, and Moderation, according to Men's respective Circumstances. If our past Actions reproach us, they cannot be attoned for by our own severe Reflections so effectually as by a contrary Behaviour. If they are praise-worthy, the Memory of them is of no Use but to act suitably to them. Thus a good present Behaviour is an implicit Repentance for any Miscarriage in what is past; but present Slackness will not make up for past Activity. Time has swallowed up all that we Contemporaries did Yesterday, as irrevocably as it has the Actions of the Antediluvians: But we are again awake, and what shall we do to Day, to Day which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the

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the Folly of last Night, or resolve upon the Exercise of Virtue to Morrow; Last Night is certainly gone, and to Morrow may never arrive: This Instant make use of. Can you oblige any Man of Honour and Virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick Friend? Will it revive him to see you enter, and suspend your own Ease and Pleasure to comfort his Weakness, and hear the Impertinencies of a Wretch in Pain? Don't stay to take Coach, but be gone. Your Mistress will bring Sorrow, and your Bottle Madness: Go to neither. — Such Virtues and Diversions as these are mentioned because they occur to all Men. But every Man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the Use of the present Moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable Folly; what I attempted to consider, was the Mischief of setting such a Value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a Man have filled all the Offices of Life with the highest Dignity till Yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to Day, he must expect he will in the Effects upon his Reputation be considered as the Man who died Yesterday. The Man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a Press of People; those before him intercept his Progress, and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. *Cæsar*, of whom it was said, that *he thought nothing done while there was any thing left for him to do*, went on in performing the greatest Exploits, without assuming to himself a Privilege of taking Rest upon the Foundation of the Merit of his former Actions. It was the Manner of that glorious Captain to write down what Scenes he passed through, but it was rather to keep his Affairs in Method, and capable of a clear Review in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a Renown upon any thing which was past. I shall produce two Fragments of his to demonstrate, that it was his Rule of Life to support himself rather by what he should perform, than what he had done already. In the Tablet which he wore about him the same Year in which he obtained the Battle of *Pharsalia*, there were found these loose Notes for his own Conduct. It is supposed by the Circumstances they alluded

alluded to, that they might be set down the Evening of No. 374,  
the same Night.

'My Part is now but begun, and my Glory must be  
sustained by the Use I make of this Victory; otherwise  
my Loss will be greater than that of *Pompey*. Our  
personal Reputation will rise or fall as we bear our re-  
spective Fortunes. All my private Enemies among the  
Prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this, in order  
to obtain such another Day. *Trebutius* is ashamed to  
see me: I will go to his Tent, and be reconciled in private.  
Give all the Men of Honour, who take part with me,  
the Terms I offered before the Battle: Let them owe  
this to their Friends who have been long in my Interest.  
Power is weakened by the full use of it, but extended by  
Moderation. *Galbinius* is Proud, and will be servile in  
his present Fortune; let him wait. Send for *Sertinius*:  
He is modest, and his Virtue is worth gaining. I have  
cooled my Heart with Reflection; and am fit to rejoice  
with the Army to Morrow. He is a popular General  
who can expose himself like a private Man during a  
Battle; but he is more popular who can rejoice but like  
a private Man after a Victory.'

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What is particularly proper for the Example of all who  
pretend to Industry in the Pursuit of Honour and Virtue,  
is, that this Hero was more than ordinarily sollicitous  
about his Reputation, when a Common Mind would have  
thought it self in Security, and given it self a Loose to  
Joy and Triumph. But though this is a very great  
Instance of his Temper, I must confess I am more taken  
with his Reflections when he retired to his Closet in  
some Disturbance upon the Repeated ill Omens of *Cal-  
phurnia's* Dream the Night before his Death. The literal  
Translation of that Fragment shall conclude this Paper.

'Be it so then. If I am to die to Morrow, that is  
what I am to do to Morrow: It will not be then, because  
I am willing it should be then; nor shall I escape it,  
because I am unwilling. It is in the Gods when, but  
in my self how I shall die. If *Calphurnia's* Dreams are  
Fumes of Indigestion, how shall I behold the Day after  
to Morrow? If they are from the Gods, their Admonition  
is not to prepare me to escape from their Decree, but  
to

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to meet it. I have lived to a Fulness of Days and of Glory; what is there that *Caesar* has not done with as much Honour as ancient Heroes? *Caesar* has not yet died: *Caesar* is prepared to die! T

No. 375.  
[HUGHES.]

Saturday, May 10.

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris  
Recte beatum; rectius occupat  
Nomen beati, qui deorum  
Muneribus sapienter uti,  
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,  
Pejusque letho flagitium timet.—Hor.*

I HAVE more than once had Occasion to mention a noble Saying of *Seneca the Philosopher*, that a Virtuous Person strugling with Misfortunes, and rising above them, is an Object on which the Gods themselves may look down with Delight. I shall therefore set before my Reader a Scene of this kind of Distress in private Life, for the Speculation of this Day.

An eminent Citizen, who had lived in good Fashion and Credit, was by a Train of Accidents, and by an unavoidable Perplexity in his Affairs, reduced to a low Condition. There is a Modesty usually attending faultless Poverty, which made him rather chuse to reduce his Manner of Living to his present Circumstances, than solicit his Friends in order to support the shew of an Estate when the Substance was gone. His Wife, who was a Woman of Sense and Virtue, behaved herself on this Occasion with uncommon Decency, and never appeared so amiable in his Eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample Fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the Instances of her Affection, while her Husband was continually pouring out his Heart to her in Complaints that he had ruined the best Woman in the World. He sometimes came home at a Time when she did not expect him, and surprized her in Tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an Air of Clearfulness to receive him. To lessen their Expence, their eldest Daughter (whom I shall call *Amanda*) was sent

sent into the Country, to the House of an honest Farmer, No. 375, who had married a Servant of the Family. This young Woman was apprehensive of the Ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a Friend in the Neighbourhood to give her an Account of what passed from time to time in her Father's Affairs. *Amanda* was in the Bloom of her Youth and Beauty, when the Lord of the Manor, who often called in at the Farmer's House as he followed his Country Sports, fell passionately in Love with her. He was a Man of great Generosity, but from a loose Education had contracted a hearty Aversion to Marriage. He therefore entertained a Design upon *Amanda's* Virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep Private. The innocent Creature, who never suspected his Intentions, was pleased with his Person, and having observed his growing Passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a Match she might quickly be in a Capacity of supporting her impoverished Relations. One Day as he called to see her, he found her in Tears over a Letter she had just received from her Friend, which gave an Account that her Father had lately been stripped of every thing by an Execution. The Lover, who with some Difficulty found out the Cause of her Grief, took this Occasion to make her a Proposal. It is impossible to express *Amanda's* Confusion when she found his Pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her Hopes, and had no Power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost Disturbance, locked her self up in her Chamber. He immediately dispatched a Messenger to her Father with the following Letter.

'Sir,

I have heard of your Misfortune, and have offered your Daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred Pounds a Year, and to lay down the Sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you that I do not intend Marriage: But if you are wise, you will use your Authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an Opportunity of saving you and your Family, and of making her self happy.

*I am, &c.'*  
This

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This Letter came to the Hands of *Amanda's Mother*; she opened and read it with great Surprise and Concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the Messenger, but desiring him to call again the next Morning, she wrote to her Daughter as follows.

*'Dearest Child,*

Your Father and I have just now received a Letter from a Gentleman who pretends Love to you, with a Proposal that insults our Misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower Degree of Misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous Man think, that the tenderest of Parents would be tempted to supply their Want by giving up the best of Children to Infamy and Ruin? It is a mean and cruel Artifice to make this Proposal at a Time when he thinks our Necessities must compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the Bread of Shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the Snare which is laid for thy Virtue. Beware of pitying us; It is not so bad as you have perhaps been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my Child better News.

I have been interrupted. I know not how I was moved to say Things would mend. As I was going on, I was startled by a Noise of one that knocked at the Door, and hath brought us an unexpected Supply of a Debt which had long been owing. Oh I will now tell thee all. It is some Days I have lived almost without Support, having conveyed what little Money I could raise to your poor Father—— Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will be soon at Liberty. That cruel Letter would have broke his Heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no Companion at present besides little *Fanny*, who stands watching my Looks as I write, and is crying for her Sister. She says she is sure you are not well, having discovered that my present Trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my Sorrows, to grieve thee; No, it is to entreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear chearfully an Affliction, which we have not brought on our selves, and remember there is a Power who

who can better deliver us out of it than by the Loss of No. 375,  
thy Innocence. Heaven preserve my dear Child,  
*Thy Affectionate Mother*—, Saturday,  
1712.

The Messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this Letter to *Amanda*, carry'd it first to his Master, who he imagined would be glad to have an Opportunity of giving it into her Hands himself. His Master was impatient to know the Success of his Proposal, and therefore broke open the Letter privately to see the Contents. He was not a little moved at so true a Picture of Virtue in Distress: But at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his Offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the Letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his Endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a Letter from her Mother. He would not part with it, but upon Condition that she should read it without leaving the Room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his Eyes on her Face with the deepest Attention: Her Concern gave a new Softness to her Beauty, and when she burst into Tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a Part in her Sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the Letter, and was resolved to make Reparation for having been the Occasion of it. My Reader will not be displeased to see the second Epistle, which he now wrote to *Amanda's Mother*.

*'Madam,*

I am full of Shame, and will never forgive my self, if I have not your Pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my Intention to add Trouble to the Afflicted; nor could any thing, but my being a Stranger to you, have betrayed me into a Fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you Amends, as a Son. You cannot be unhappy while *Amanda* is your Daughter; nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the Power of,

*Madam,*

*Your most obedient*

*Humble Servant*—,

*This*

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This Letter he sent by his Steward, and soon after went up to Town himself, to compleat the generous Act he had now resolved on. By his Friendship and Assistance *Amanda's* Father was quickly in a Condition of retrieving his perplex'd Affairs. To conclude, he marry'd *Amanda*, and enjoyed the double Satisfaction of having restored a worthy Family to their Former Prosperity, and of making himself happy by an Alliance to their Virtues.

No. 376.  
[STEELE.]

Monday, May 12.

—*Pavone ex Pythagoreo, — Persius.*

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE not observed that the Officer you some time ago appointed as Inspector of Signs, has done his duty so well as to give you an Account of very many strange Occurrences in the publick Streets, which are worthy of, but have escaped your Notice. Among all the Oddnesses which I have ever met with, that which I am now telling you gave me most Delight. You must have observed that all the Criers in the Street attract the Attention of the Passengers, and of the Inhabitants in the several Parts, by something very particular in their Tone it self, in the dwelling upon a Note, or else making themselves wholly unintelligible by a Stream. The Person I am so delighted with has nothing to sell, but very gravely receives the Bounty of the People, for no other Merit but the Homage they pay to his Manner of signifying to them that he wants a Subsidy. You must, sure, have heard speak of an old Man who walks about the City, and that part of the Suburbs which lies beyond the Tower, performing the Office of a *Day-Watchman*, followed by a Goose, which bears the Bob of his Ditty, and confirms what he says with a Quack, Quack. I gave little Heed to the Mention of this known Circumstance, till, being the other Day in those Quarters, I passed by a decrepid old Fellow with a Pole in his Hand, who just then was bawling out, Half an Hour after One a Clock, and immediately a dirty Goose behind him made her Response, Quack, Quack

Quack. I could not forbear attending this grave Procession for the Length of half a Street, with no small Amazement to find the whole Place so familiarly acquainted with a melancholy Mid-night Voice at Noon day, giving them the Hour, and exhorting them of the Departure of Time, with a Bounce at their Doors. While I was full of this Novelty, I went into a Friend's House, and told him how I was diverted with their whimsical Monitor and his Equipage. My Friend gave me the History; and interrupted my Commendation of the Man, by telling me the Livelihood of these two Animals is purchased rather by the good Parts of the Goose than of the Leader: For it seems the Peripatetick who walked before her was a Watchman in that Neighbourhood; and the Goose of herself by frequent hearing his Tone, out of her natural Vigilance, not only observed but answered it very regularly from Time to Time. The Watchman was so affected with it, that he bought her, and has taken her in Partner, only altering their Hours of Duty from Night to Day. The Town has come into it, and they live very comfortably. This is the Matter of fact: Now I desire you, who are a profound Philosopher to consider this Alliance of Instinct and Reason; your Speculation may turn very naturally upon the Force the superior Part of Mankind may have upon the Spirits of such as like this Watchman, may be very near the Standard of Geese. And you may add to this practical Observations, how in all Ages and Times the World has been carried away by odd unaccountable Things, which one would think would pass upon no Creature which had Reason; and, under the Symbol of this Goose, you may enter into the Manner and Method of leading Creatures, with their Eyes open, through thick and thin, for they know not what they know not why.

All which is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial Wisdom, by,

*Sir,*

*Your most humble Servant,  
Michael Gander.'*

*'Mr.*

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1712.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

I have for several Years had under my Care the Government and Education of young Ladies, which Trust I have endeavoured to discharge with due Regard to their several Capacities and Fortunes: I have left nothing undone to imprint in every one of them an humble courteous Mind, accompanied with a graceful becoming Mein, and have made them pretty much acquainted with the Houshold Part of Family Affairs; but still I find there is something very wanting in the Air of my Ladies, different from what I observe in those that are esteemed your fine bred Women. Now, Sir, I must own to you, I never suffered my Girls to learn to Dance; but since I have read your Discourse of Dancing, where you have described the Beauty and Spirit there is in regular Motion, I own my self your Convert, and resolve for the future to give my young Ladies that Accomplishment. But upon imparting my Design to their Parents, I have been made very uneasy for some time, because several of them have declared, that if I did not make use of the Master they recommended, they would take away their Children. There was Colonel *Jumper's* Lady, a Collonel of the Train-Bands, that has a great Interest in her Parish; she recommends Mr. *Trot* for the prettiest Master in Town, that no Man teaches a Jigg like him, that she has seen him rise six or seven Capers together with the greatest Ease imaginable, and that his Scholars twist themselves more Ways than the Scholars of any Master in Town; besides, there is Madam *Prim*, an Alderman's Lady, recommends a Master of her own Name, but she declares he is not of their Family, yet a very extraordinary Man in his Way; for, besides a very soft Air he has in Dancing, he gives them a particular Behaviour at a Tea-Table, and in presenting their Snuff Box, to Twerl, Slip, or Flirt a Fan, and how to place patches to the best Advantage, either for Fat or Lean, Long or Oval Faces; for my Lady says there is more in these Things than the world imagines: But I must confess the major part of those I am concerned with leave it to me. I desire therefore, according

according to the inclosed Direction, you would send No. 376. your Correspondent who has writ to you on that Subject to my House. If proper Application this way can give Innocence new Charms, and make Virtue legible in the Countenance, I shall spare no Charge to make my Scholars in their very Features and Limbs bear witness how careful I have been in the other Parts of their Education.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your most humble Servant,*

T

Rachael Watchfull.'

No. 377.

[ADDISON.]

Tuesday, May 13.

*Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis  
Cautum est in horas.—Hor.*

LOVE was the Mother of Poetry, and still produces, among the most Ignorant and Barbarous, a thousand imaginary Distresses and Poetical Complaints. It makes a Footman talk like *Oroondates*, and converts a brutal Rustick into a gentle Swain. The most ordinary Plebeian or Mechanick in Love, bleeds and pines away with a certain Elegance and Tenderness of Sentiments which this Passion naturally inspires.

These inward Languishings of a Mind infected with this Softness, have given Birth to a Phrase which is made use of by all the melting Tribe, from the highest to the lowest, I mean that of *dying for Love*.

Romances, which owe their very Being to this Passion, are full of these metaphorical Deaths. Heroes and Heroines, Knights, Squires, and Damsels, are all of them in a dying Condition. There is the same kind of Mortality in our Modern Tragedies, where every one gasps, faints, bleeds and dies. Many of the Poets, to describe the Execution which is done by this Passion, represent the fair Sex as *Basilisks* that destroy with their Eyes; but I think Mr. Cowley has with great Justness of Thought compared a beautiful Woman to a *Porcupine*, that sends an Arrow from every Part.

I

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I have often thought, that there is no way so effectual for the Cure of this general Infirmitiy, as a Man's reflecting upon the Motives that produce it. When the Passion proceeds from the Sense of any Virtue or Perfection in the Person beloved, I would by no Means discourage it; but if a Man considers that all his heavy Complaints of Wounds and Deaths rise from some little Affectionts of Coquetry, which are improved into Charms by his own fond Imagination, the very laying before himself the Cause of his Distemper, may be sufficient to effect the Cure of it.

It is in this View that I have looked over the several Bundles of Letters which I have received from dying People, and composed out of them the following Bill of Mortality, which I shall lay before my Reader without any further Preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several Places where there is most Danger, and those fatal Arts which are made use of to destroy the Heedless and Unwary.

*Lysander*, slain at a Puppet-show on the 3d of September.

*Thyrsis*, shot from a Casement in *Pickadilly*.

*T. S.*, wounded by *Zelinda's Scarlet Stocking*, as she was stepping out of a Coach.

*Will. Simple*, smitten at the Opera by the Glance of an Eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

*Tho. Vainlove*, lost his Life at a Ball.

*Tim. Tattle*, killed by the Tap of a Fan on his left Shoulder by *Coquetilla*, as he was talking carelessly with her in a Bow-window.

*Sir Simon Softly*, murder'd at the Play-house in *Drury-lane* by a Frown.

*Philander*, mortally wounded by *Cleora*, as she was adjusting her Tucker.

*Ralph Gapely*, Esq., hit by a random Shot at the Ring. *F. R.* caught his Death upon the Water, *April* the 31st.

*W. W.*, killed by an unknown Hand, that was playing with the Glove off upon the side of the front Box in *Drury-lane*.

Sir

*Sir Christopher Crazy*, Bar., hurt by the Brush of a No. 377, Whalebone Petticoat

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*Sylvius*, shot through the Sticks of a Fan at St. James's Church

*Damon*, struck thro' the Heart by a Diamond Neck-lace.

*Thomas Trusty, Francis Goosequill, William Meanwell, Edward Callow*, Esqrs., standing in a Row, fell all four at the same Time by an Ogle of the Widow Trap-land.

*Tom Rattle*, chancing to tread upon a Lady's Tail as he came out of the Play-house, she turned full upon him, and laid him dead upon the Spot

*Dick Tastewell*, slain by a Blush from the Queen's Box in the third Act of the *Trip to the Jubilee*.

*Samuel Felt*, Haberdasher, wounded in his Walk to *Islington* by *Mrs. Susannah Crossstitch*, as she was clambring over a Stile.

*R, F, T, W, S, I, M, P, &c.* put to Death in the last Birth-Day Massacre.

*Roger Blinko*, cut off in the twenty first Year of his Age by a White-wash.

*Musidorus*, slain by an Arrow that flew out of a Dimple in *Belinda's* left Cheek.

*Ned Courty*, presenting *Flavia* with her Glove (which she had dropped on Purpose) she received it, and took away his Life with a Curtsey.

*John Gosselin* having received a slight Hurt from a Pair of blue Eyes, as he was making his Escape was dispatch'd by a Smile.

*Strephon*, kill'd by *Clarinda* as she looked down into the Pit.

*Charles Careless*, shot flying by a Girl of fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her Head upon him out of a Coach.

*Josiah Wither*, aged Threescore and three, sent to his long home by *Elizabeth Jett-well*, Spinster.

*Jack Freelo*, murder'd by *Melissa* in her Hair.

*William Wiseaker*, Gent, drowned in a Flood of Tears by *Moll Common*.

*John Pleadwell*, Esq., of the *Middle Temple*, Barrister at Law, assassinated in his Chambers the sixth Instant by

No. 377. by *Kitty Sly*, who pretended to come to him for his  
 Tuesday, Advice. I  
 May 13,  
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No. 378.

[STEELE.]

Wednesday, May 14.

*Aggregdere, O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.*—Virg.

I WILL make no Apology for entertaining the Reader with the following Poem, which is written by a great Genius, a Friend of mine, in the Country, who is not ashamed to employ his Wit in the Praise of his Maker.

*M E S S I A H.*

A sacred Eclogue, compos'd of several Passages  
 of *Isaiah* the Prophet.

*Written in Imitation of Virgil's POLLO.*

*Ye Nymphs of Solyma! begin the Song;*  
*To heav'nly Themes sublimer Strains belong,*  
*The Mossie Fountains and the Sylvan Shades,*  
*The Dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian Maids,*  
*Delight no more— O thou my Voice inspire*  
*Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd Lips with Fire!*

*RAPT into future Times, the Bard begun;*  
*A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!*  
*From Jesse's Root behold a Branch arise,*  
*Whose sacred Flow'r with Fragrance fills the Skies.*

*Th' AEthereal Spirit o'er its Leaves shall move,*  
*And on its Top descends the Mystic Dove,*

*Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy Nectar pour,*  
*And in soft Silence shed the kindly Show'r!*  
*The Sick and Weak the healing Plant shall aid,*  
*From Storms a Shelter, and from Heat a Shade,*  
*All Crimes shall cease, and ancient Fraud shall fail;*

*Returning Justice lift aloft her Scale;*  
*Peace o'er the World her Olive Wand extend,*  
*And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend.*  
*Swift fly the Years, and rise th' expected Morn!*  
*Oh spring to Light, auspicious Babe be born!*  
*See Nature hastens her earliest Wreaths to bring,*  
*With all the Incense of the breathing Spring;*

*See*

Isaiæ, Cap.  
 11. v. 1.

Cap. 45.  
 v. 8.

Cap. 25.  
 v. 4.

Cap. 9.  
 v. 7.

See lofty Lebanon his Head advance,  
 See nodding Forrests on the Mountains dance;  
 See spicy Clouds from lowly Saron rise,  
 And Carmel's flowry Top perfumes the Skies !  
 Hark ! a glad Voice the lonely Desart chears ;  
 Prepare the Way ! a God, a God appears ;  
 A God, a God ! the vocal Hills reply,  
 The Rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.  
 Lo Earth receives him from the bending Skies !  
 Sink down ye Mountains, and ye Vallies rise ;  
 With Heads declin'd, ye Cedars, Homage pay ;  
 Be smooth ye Rocks, ye rapid Floods give Way !  
 The SAVIOUR comes ! by ancient Bards foretold,  
 Hear him ye Deaf, and all ye Blind behold !  
 He from thick Films shall purge the visual Ray,  
 And on the sightless Eye-ball pour the Day.  
 'Tis he th' obstructed Paths of Sound shall clear,  
 And bid new Musick charm th' unfolding Ear.  
 The Dumb shall sing, the Lame his Crutch foregoe,  
 And leap exulting like the bounding Roe.  
 No Sigh, no Murmur the wide World shall hear,  
 From ev'ry Face he wipes off ev'ry Tear.  
 In Adamantine Chains shall Death be bound,  
 And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal Wound.  
 As the good Shepherd tends his fleecy Care,  
 Seeks freshest Pastures and the purest Air,  
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring Sheep directs,  
 By Day o'ersees them, and by Night protects ;  
 The tender Lambs he raises in his Arms,  
 Feeds from his Hand, and in his Bosom warms :  
 Mankind shall thus his Guardian Care engage,  
 The promis'd Father of the future Age.  
 No more shall Nation against Nation rise,  
 Nor ardent Warriors meet with hateful Eyes,  
 Nor Fields with gleaming Steel be cover'd o'er,  
 The Brazen Trumpets kindle Rage no more ;  
 But useless Lances into Scythes shall bend,  
 And the broad Faulcion in a Plow-share end.  
 Then Palaces shall rise ; the joyful Son  
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun ;  
 Their Vines a Shadow to their Race shall yeild,

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Cap. 40.  
 v. 3, 4.

C.42, v.18.  
 Cap. 35.  
 v. 5, 6.

Cap. 25.  
 v. 8.

Cap. 40.  
 v. 11.

C. 9. v. 6.  
 C. 2. v. 4.

Cap. 65.  
 v. 21, 22.

v.

P

And

No. 378. *And the same Hand that sow'd shall reap the Field.*  
 Wednesday, May 14, 1712.  
*The Swain in barren Desarts with Surprize*  
*Sees Lillies spring, and sudden Verdure rise,*  
*And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear*  
*New Falls of Water murmuring in his Ear;*  
*On rifted Rocks, the Dragon's late Abodes,*  
*The green Reed trembles, and the Bulrush nods.*

Cap. 41. v. 19, and C. 55. v. 13. *Waste sandy Vallies, once perplex'd with Thorn,*  
*The spiry Firr and shapely Box adorn;*  
*To leafless Shrubs the flow'ring Palm succeed,*  
*And od'rous Myrtle to the noisome Weed,*  
*The Lambs with Wolves shall graze the verdant*  
*Mead,*  
*And Boys in flow'ry Bands the Tyger lead;*  
*The Steer and Lion at one Crib shall meet,*  
*And harmless Serpents lick the Pilgrim's Feet.*  
*The smiling Infant in his Hand shall take*  
*The crested Basilisk and speckled Snake;*  
*Pleas'd the green Lustre of the Scales survey,*  
*And with their fork'y Tongue and pointless Sting*  
*shall play.*

C. 60. v. 1. *Rise, crown'd with Light, imperial Salem rise!*  
*Exalt thy tow'ry Head, and lift thy Eyes!*

C. 60. v. 4. *See, a long Race thy spacious Courts adorn;*  
*See future Sons and Daughters yet unborn*  
*In crowding Ranks on ev'ry Side arise,*  
*Demanding Life, impatient for the Skies!*

C. 60. v. 3. *See barb'rous Nations at thy Gates attend,*  
*Walk in thy Light, and in thy Temple bend;*  
*See thy bright Altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,*

C. 60. v. 6. *And heap'd with Products of Sabæan Springs!*  
*For thee Idume's spicy Forests blow,*  
*And Seeds of Gold in Ophyr's Mountains glow.*  
*See Heav'n its sparkling Portals wide display,*  
*And break upon thee in a Flood of Day!*  
*No more the rising Sun shall gild the Morn,*  
*Nor Evening Cynthia fill her Silver Horn,*  
*But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior Rays,*  
*One Tide of Glory, one unclouded Blaze*  
*O'erflow thy Courts: The LIGHT HIMSELF shall shine*  
*Reveal'd, and God's eternal Day be thine!*

*The*

*The Seas shall waste, the Skies in Smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to Dust, and Mountains melt away;  
But fix'd His Word, His saving Pow'r remains,  
Thy Realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.*

T

No. 378.  
Wednesday,  
May 14,  
1712.

No. 379.  
[BUDGELL.]

Thursday, May 15.

*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.*—Pers.

I HAVE often wonder'd at that ill-natur'd Position which has been sometimes maintained in the Schools, and is comprised in an old Latin Verse, namely, that *A Man's Knowledge is worth nothing, if he communicates what he knows to any one besides.* There is certainly no more sensible Pleasure to a good-natured Man, than if he can by any Means gratify or inform the Mind of another. I might add, that this Virtue naturally carries its own Reward along with it, since it is almost impossible it should be exercised without the improvement of the Person who Practices it. The reading of Books, and the daily Occurrences of Life, are continually furnishing us with Matter for Thought and Reflection. It is extreamly natural for us to desire to see such our Thoughts put into the Dress of Words, without which indeed we can scarce have a clear and distinct Idea of them our selves: When they are thus cloathed in Expressions, nothing so truly shews us whether they are just or false, as those Effects which they produce in the Minds of others.

I am apt to flatter my self, that in the Course of these my Speculations, I have treated of several Subjects, and laid down many such Rules for the Conduct of a Man's Life, which my Readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at least those few who were acquainted with them, looked upon as so many Secrets they have found out for the Conduct of themselves, but were resolved never to have made publick.

I am the more confirmed in this Opinion from my having received several Letters, wherein I am censured for having prostituted Learning to the Embraces of the Vulgar, and made her, as one of my Correspondents phrases

No. 379. phrases it, a common Strumpet; I am charged by another Thursday, with laying open the *Arcana*, or Secrets of Prudence, to May 15, the Eyes of every Reader. 1712.

The narrow Spirit which appears in the Letters of these my Correspondents is the less surprising, as it has shewn it self in all ages. There is still extant an Epistle written by *Alexander the Great* to his Tutor *Aristotle*, upon that Philosopher's publishing some part of his Writings; in which the Prince complains of his having made known to all the World, those Secrets in Learning which he had before communicated to him in private Lectures; concluding, *that he had rather excell the rest of Mankind in Knowledge than in Power.*

*Luisa de Padilla*, a Lady of great Learning, and Countess of *Aranda*, was in like Manner angry with the famous *Gratian*, upon his publishing his Treatise of the *Discreto*; wherein she fancied that he had laid open those Maxims to common Readers, which ought only to have been reserved for the Knowledge of the Great.

These Objections are thought by many of so much Weight, that they often defend the above-mentioned Authors, by affirming they have affected such an Obscurity in their Stile and Manner of Writing, that tho' every one may read their Works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their Meaning.

*Persius*, the Latin Satyrist, affected Obscurity for another Reason; with which however Mr. Cowley is so offended, that Writing to one of his Friends, You, says he, tell me, that you do not know whether *Persius* be a good Poet or no, because you cannot understand him; for which very Reason I affirm that he is not so.

However, this Art of writing unintelligibly has been very much improved, and followed by several of the Moderns, who observing the general Inclination of Mankind to dive into a Secret, and the Reputation many have acquired by concealing their Meaning under obscure Terms and Phrases, resolve, that they may be still more abstruse, to write without any Meaning at all. This Art, as it is at present practised by many eminent Authors, consists in throwing so many Words at a Venture into different

different Periods, and leaving the curious Reader to find No. 379.  
the Meaning of them.

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The *Egyptians*, who made use of Hieroglyphicks to signify several things, expressed a Man who confined his Knowledge and Discoveries altogether within himself, by the Figure of a Dark Lanthorn closed on all Sides, which tho' it was illuminated within, afforded no Manner of Light or Advantage to such as stood by it. For my own Part, as I shall from Time to Time communicate to the Publick whatever Discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compared to an ordinary Lamp which consumes and wastes it self for the Benefit of every Passenger.

I shall conclude this Paper with the Story of *Rosicrucius's* Sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform my Readers that this Man was the Founder of the *Rosicrucian* Sect, and that his Disciples still pretend to new Discoveries, which they are never to communicate to the rest of Mankind.

A certain Person having Occasion to dig somewhat deep in the Ground where this Philosopher lay interr'd, met with a small Door having a Wall on each side of it. His Curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden Treasure, soon prompted him to force open the Door. He was immediately surprized by a sudden Blaze of Light, and discovered a very fair Vault: At the upper end of it was a Statue of a Man in Armour sitting by a Table, and leaning on his Left Arm. He held a Truncheon in his Right-Hand, and had a Lamp burning before him. The Man had no sooner set one Foot within the Vault, than the Statue erecting it self from its leaning Posture, stood bolt upright; and upon the Fellow's advancing another Step, lifted up the Truncheon in its Right Hand. The Man still ventured a third Step, when the Statue with a furious Blow broke the Lamp into a thousand Pieces, and left his Guest in a sudden Darkness.

Upon the Report of this Adventure the Country People soon came with Lights to the Sepulchre, and discovered that the Statue, which was made of Brass, was nothing more than a Piece of Clock-work; that the Floor of the Vault was all loose, and underlaid with several Springs, which

No. 379. which, upon any Man's entring, naturally produced that Thursday, which had happened.

May 15, 1712. *Rosicrucius*, say his Disciples, made use of this Method, to shew the World that he had re-invented the ever-burning Lamps of the Ancients, tho' he was resolved no one should reap any Advantage from the Discovery. X

No. 380.

[STEELE.]

Friday, May 16.

*Rivalem patienter habe.* ——Ovid.

'Sir,

Thursday, May 8, 1712.

THE Character you have in the World of being the Lady's Philosopher, and the pretty Advice I have seen you give to others in your Papers, make me address my self to you in this abrupt Manner, and do desire your Opinion what in this Age a Woman may call a Lover. I have lately had a Gentleman that I thought made Pretensions to me, insomuch that most of my Friends took Notice of it and thought we were really Married; which I did not take much Pains to undeceive them, and especially a young Gentlewoman of my particular Acquaintance which was then in the Country. She coming to Town, and seeing our Intimacy so great, she gave her self the Liberty of taking me to task concerning it; I ingeniously told her we were not married, but I did not know what might be the Event. She soon got acquainted with the Gentleman, and was pleased to take upon her to examine him about it. Now whether a new Face had made a greater Conquest than the old, I'll leave you to judge: But I am informed that he utterly denied all Pretensions to Courtship, but withal profess'd a sincere Friendship for me; but whether Marriages are proposed by way of Friendship or not, is what I desire to know, and what I may really call a Lover. There are so many who talk in a Language fit only for that Character, and yet guard themselves against speaking in direct Terms to the Point, that it is impossible to distinguish between Courtship and Conversation. I hope you will do me Justice

Justice both upon my Lover and my Friend if they No. 380. provoke me further; in the mean Time I carry it Friday, with so equal a Behaviour, that the Nymph and the May 16, Swain too are mightily at a Loss; each believes I, 1712. who know them both well, think my self revenged in their Love to one another, which creates an Irreconcileable Jealousy. If all comes right again, you shall hear further from,

*Sir, your most obedient Servant,*

Mirtilla.'

*'Mr. SPECTATOR,*

April 28, 1712.

Your Observations on Persons that have behaved themselves irreverently at Church, I doubt not have had a good Effect on some that have read them: But there is another Fault which has hitherto escaped your Notice, I mean of such Persons as are very zealous and punctual to perform an Ejaculation that is only preparatory to the Service of the Church, and yet neglect to join in the Service it self. There is an instance of this in a Friend of WILL HONEYCOMB'S, who sits opposite to me; He seldom comes in till the Prayers are about half over, and when he has entered his Seat (instead of joyning with the Congregation) he devoutly holds his Hat before his Face for three or four Moments, then bows to all his Acquaintance, sits down, takes a Pinch of Snuff, (if it be Evening Service perhaps a Nap) and spends the remaining Time in surveying the Congregation. Now, Sir, what I would desire is, that you will animadvert a little on this Gentleman's Practice. In my Opinion, this Gentleman's Devotion, Cap in Hand, is only a Compliance to the Custom of the Place, and goes no further than a little Ecclesiastical good Breeding. If you will not pretend to tell us the Motives that bring such Triflers to solemn Assemblies, yet let me desire that you will give this Letter a Place in your Paper, and I shall remain,

*Sir, your obliged humble Servant,*

J. S.'

*'Mr.*

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Friday,  
May 16,  
1712.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

May the 5th.

The Conversation at a Club of which I am a Member, last Night falling upon Vanity and the Desire of being admired, put me in Mind of relating how agreeably I was entertained at my own Door last *Thursday* by a clean fresh-coloured Girl, under the most elegant and the best furnished Milk-Pail I had ever observed. I was glad of such an Opportunity of seeing the Behaviour of a Coquet in Low Life, and how she received the extraordinary Notice that was taken of her; which I found had effected every Muscle of her Face in the same Manner as it does the Feature of a first Rate Toast at a Play, or in an Assembly. This Hint of mine made the Discourse turn upon the Sense of Pleasure; which ended in a general Resolution, that the Milk-Maid enjoys her Vanity as exquisitely as the Woman of Quality. I think it would not be an improper Subject for you to examine this Frailty, and trace it to all Conditions of Life; which is recommended to you as an Occasion of obliging many of your Readers, among the rest,

*Your most humble Servant,*

T. B.'

'Sir,

Coming last Week into a Coffee-house not far from the *Exchange* with my Basket under my Arm, a few of considerable Note, as I am informed, takes half a Dozen Oranges of me, and at the same Time slides a Guinea into my Hand. I made him a Courtesy and went my Way: He followed me, and finding I was going about my Business, he came up with me, and told me plainly, that he gave me the Guinea with no other Intent but to purchase my Person for an Hour. Did you so, Sir? says I: You gave it me then to make me be wicked, I'll keep it to make me honest. However, not to be in the least ungrateful, I promise you I'll lay it out in a Couple of Rings, and wear them for your Sake. I am so just, Sir, besides, as to give every Body that asks how I came by my Rings this Account of my Benefactor; but to save me the Trouble

Trouble of telling my Tale over and over again, I No. 380.  
 humbly beg the Favour of you so to tell it once for <sup>Friday,</sup>  
 all, and you will extreamly oblige, <sup>May 16,</sup>  
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May 12,  
 1712.

*Your humble Servant,*  
 Betty Lemon.'

*'Sir,*

*St. Bride's, May 15, 1712.*

'Tis a greal deal of Pleasure to me, and, I daresay,  
 will be no less Satisfaction to you, that I have an  
 Opportunity of informing you, that the Gentlemen  
 and others of the Parish of St. *Bride's*, have raised a  
 Charity-School of fifty Girls, as before of fifty Boys.  
 You were so kind to recommend the Boys to the  
 charitable World, and the other Sex hope you will do  
 them the same Favour in *Friday's Spectator* for *Sunday*  
 next, when they are to appear with their humble  
 Airs at the Parish-Church of St. *Bride's*. Sir, the Men-  
 tion of this may possibly be serviceable to the Children;  
 and sure no one will omit a good Action attended with  
 no Expence.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your very humble Servant,*

T

*The Sexton.'*

No. 381.

[ADDISON.]

Saturday, May 17.

*Aequam memento rebus in arduis  
 Servare mentem, non secus in bonis  
 Ab insolenti temperatam  
 Laetitia, moriture Deli.—Hor.*

I HAVE always preferred Chearfulness to Mirth. The latter I consider as an Act, the former as an Habit of the Mind. Mirth is short and transient; Chearfulness fix'd and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest Transports of Mirth, who are subject to the greatest Depressions of Melancholy; On the contrary, Chearfulness, tho' it does not give the Mind such an exquisite Gladness, prevents us from falling into any Depths of Sorrow. Mirth is like a Flash of Lightning, that breaks thro'

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thro' a Gloom of Clouds, and glitters for a Moment; Clearfulness keeps up a kind of Day-light in the Mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual Serenity.

Men of austere Principles look upon Mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a State of Probation, and as fill'd with a certain Triumph and Insolence of Heart, that is inconsistent with a Life which is every Moment obnoxious to the greatest Dangers. Writers of this Complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great Pattern of Perfection was never seen to laugh.

Chearfulness of Mind is not liable to any of these Exceptions; it is of a serious and composed Nature, it does not throw the Mind into a Condition improper for the present State of Humanity, and is very conspicuous in the Characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest Philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as Saints and holy Men among Christians.

If we consider Clearfulness in three Lights, with regard to our selves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our Being, it will not a little recommend it self on each of these Accounts. The Man who is possessed of this excellent Frame of Mind, is not only easy in his Thoughts, but a perfect Master of all the Powers and Faculties of his Soul: His Imagination is always clear, and his Judgment undisturbed: His Temper is even and unruffled, whether in Action or in Solitude. He comes with a Relish to all those Goods which Nature has provided for him, tastes all the Pleasures of the Creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full Weight of those accidental Evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the Persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces Love and Good-will towards him. A cheerful Mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good Humour in those who come within its Influence. A Man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the Clearfulness of his Companion: It is like a sudden Sun-shine that awakens a secret Delight in the Mind, without her attending to it. The Heart rejoices of its own

own Accord, and naturally flows out into Friendship No. 381.  
and Benevolence towards the Person who has so kindly  
an Effect upon it.

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When I consider this cheerful State of Mind in its third Relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual Gratitude to the great Author of Nature. An inward Chearfulness is an implicit Praise and Thanksgiving to Providence under all its Dispensations. It is a kind of Acquiescence in the State wherein we are placed, and a secret Approbation of the Divine Will in his Conduct towards Man.

There are but two things which, in my Opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this Chearfulness of Heart. The first of these is the Sense of Guilt. A Man who lives in a State of Vice and Impenitence, can have no Title to that Evenness and Tranquility of Mind which is the Health of the Soul, and the natural Effect of Virtue and Innocence. Chearfulness in an ill Man deserves a harder Name than Language can furnish us with, and is many Degrees beyond what we commonly call Folly or Madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a Disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future State, under whatsoever Titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a Man of this Chearfulness of Temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human Nature in the Prospect of Non-Existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent Writers, how it is possible for a Man to out-live the Expectation of it. For my own Part, I think the Being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only Truth we are sure of, and such a Truth as we meet with in every Object, in every Occurrence, and in every Thought. If we look into the Characters of this Tribe of Infidels, we generally find they are made up of Pride, Spleen and Cavil: It is indeed no Wonder, that Men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the World; and how is it possible for a Man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in Danger every Moment of losing his entire Existence, and dropping into Nothing?

The vicious Man and Atheist have therefore no Pre-tence

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tence to Clearfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good Humour, and enjoy his present Existence, who is apprehensive either of Torment or of Annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great Principles, which are destructive of Clearfulness in their own Nature, as well as in right Reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy Temper from a virtuous Mind. Pain and Sickness, Shame and Reproach, Poverty and old Age, nay Death it self, considering the Shortness of their Duration, and the Advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the Name of Evils. A good Mind may bear up under them with Fortitude, with Indolence, and with Clearfulness of Heart. The Tossing of a Tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful Harbour.

A Man who uses his best Endeavours to live according to the Dictates of Virtue and right Reason, has two perpetual Sources of Clearfulness; in the Consideration of his own Nature, and of that Being on whom he has a Dependance. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that Existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after Millions of Ages, will be still new, and still in its Beginning. How many Self-Congratulations naturally arise in the Mind, when it reflects on this its Entrance into Eternity, when it takes a View of those improveable Faculties, which in a few Years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a Progress, and which will be still receiving an Increase of Perfection, and consequently an Increase of Happiness. The Consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual Diffusion of Joy through the Soul of a virtuous Man, and makes him look upon himself every Moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second Source of Clearfulness to a good Mind, is its Consideration of that Being on whom we have our Dependance, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint Discoveries of his Perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find our selves every where upheld by his Goodness

Goodness, and surrounded with an Immensity of Love No. 381, and Mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose Power qualifies him to make us happy by an Infinity of Means, whose Goodness and Truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose Unchangeableness will secure us in this Happiness to all Eternity.

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Such Considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his Thoughts, will banish from us all that secret Heaviness of Heart which unthinking Men are subject to when they lie under no real Affliction, all that Anguish which we may feel from any Evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little Cracklings of Mirth and Folly that are apter to betray Virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful Temper, as makes us pleasing to our selves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please. I

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[STEELE.]

Monday, May 19.

*Habes confitentem reum.—Tull.*

I OUGHT not to have neglected a Request of one of my Correspondents so long as I have; but I dare say I have given him Time to add Practice to Profession. He sent me sometime ago a Bottle or two of excellent Wine to drink the Health of a Gentleman, who had by the Penny-Post advertised him of an egregious Error in his Conduct. My Correspondent received the Obligation from an unknown Hand with the Candour which is natural to an ingenious Mind; and promises a contrary Behaviour in that Point for the future; He will offend his Monitor with no more Errors of that kind, but thanks him for his Benevolence. This frank Carriage makes me reflect upon the amiable Atonement a Man makes in an ingenious Acknowledgement of a Fault: All such Mis-carriages as flow from Inadvertency are more than repaid by it; for Reason, though not concerned in the Injury, employs all its Force in the Atonement. He that says he did not design to disoblige you in such an Action, does

as

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as much as if he should tell you, that though the Circumstance which displeased was never in his Thoughts, he has that Respect for you, that he is unsatisfied till it is wholly out of yours. It must be confessed, that when an Acknowledgment of an Offence is made out of Poorness of Spirit, and not Conviction of Heart, the Circumstance, is quite different: But in the Case of my Correspondent where both the Notice is taken and the Return made in private, the Affair begins and ends with the highest Grace on each Side. To make the Acknowledgment of a Fault in the highest manner graceful, it is lucky when the Circumstances of the Offender place him above any ill Consequences from the Resentment of the Person offended. A Dauphin of France, upon a Review of the Army, and a Command of the King to alter the Posture of it by a March of one of the Wings, gave an improper Order to an Officer at the Head of a Brigade, who told his Highness, he presumed he had not received the last Orders, which were to move a contrary Way. The Prince, instead of taking the Admonition which was delivered in a Manner that accounted for his Error with Safety to his Understanding, shaked a Cane at the Officer; and with the Return of Opprobrious Language persisted in his own Orders. The whole Matter came necessarily before the King, who commanded his Son, on Foot, to lay his Right-Hand on the Gentleman's Stirrup as he sat on Horseback in Sight of the whole Army, and ask his Pardon. When the Prince touched his Stirrup, and was going to speak, the Officer, with an incredible Agility, threw himself on the Earth, and kissed his Feet.

The Body is very little concerned in the Pleasures or Sufferings of Souls truly great; and the Reparation, when an Honour was designed this Soldier, appeared as much too great to be born by his Gratitude, as the injury was intolerable to his Resentment.

When we turn our Thoughts from these extraordinary Occurrences into common Life, we see an ingenious kind of Behaviour not only make up for Faults committed, but in a manner expiate them in the very Commission. Thus many Things wherein a Man has pressed too far, he implicitly excuses, by owning, *This is a Trespass; You'll*

*You'll pardon my Confidence; I am sensible I have No. 382. no Pretension to this Favour; and the like. But com- Monday, mend me to those gay Fellows about Town who are May 19, directly impudent, and make up for it no otherwise than 1712. by calling themselves such, and exulting in it. But this sort of Carriage, which prompts a Man against Rules to urge what he has a mind to, is pardonable only when you sue for another. When you are confident in Preference of your self to others of equal Merit, every Man that loves Virtue and Modesty ought in Defence of those Qualities, to oppose you: But, without considering the Morality of the Thing, let us at this Time behold only the natural Consequence of Candour when we speak of our selves.*

The SPECTATOR writes often in an Elegant, often in an Argumentative, and often in a Sublime Stile, with equal Success; but how would it hurt the reputed Author of that Paper to own, that of the most beautiful Pieces under his Title, he is barely the Publisher? There is nothing but what a Man really performs can be an Honour to him; what he takes more than he ought in the Eye of the World, he loses in the Conviction of his own Heart; and a Man must lose his Consciousness, that is, his very self, before he can rejoice in any Falshood without inward Mortification.

Who has not seen a very Criminal at the Bar, when his Council and Friends have done all that they could for him in vain, prevail upon the whole Assembly to pity him, and his Judge to recommend his Case to the Mercy of the Throne, without offering any thing new in his Defence, but that he, whom before we wished Convicted, became so out of his own Mouth, and took upon himself all the Shame and Sorrow we were just before preparing for him? The great Opposition to this kind of Candour, arises from the unjust Idea People ordinarily have of what we call an high Spirit. It is far from Greatness of Spirit to persist in the Wrong in any thing, nor is it a Diminution of Greatness of Spirit to have been in the Wrong: Perfection is not the Attribute of Man, therefore he is not degraded by the Acknowledgment of an Imperfection: But it is the Work of little Minds to imitate the

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the Fortitude of great Spirits on worthy Occasions, by Obsturacy in the Wrong. This Obsturacy prevails so far upon them, that they make it extend to the Defence of Faults in their very Servants. It would swell this Paper to too great a Length, should I insert all the Quarrels and Debates which are now on Foot in this Town; where one Party, and in some Cases both, is sensible of being on the faulty Side, and have not Spirit enough to acknowledge it. Among the Ladies the Case is very common, for there are very few of them who know that it is to maintain a true and high Spirit, to throw away from it all which it self disapproves, and to scorn so pitiful a Shame, as that which disables the Heart from acquiring a Liberality of Affections and Sentiments. The candid Mind, by acknowledging and discarding its Faults, has Reason and Truth for the Foundation of all its Passions and Desires, and consequently is happy and simple; the disingenuous Spirit by Indulgence of one unacknowledged Errour, is entangled with an After-Life of Guilt, Sorrow, and Perplexity. T

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[ADDISON.]

Tuesday, May 20.

*Criminibus debent hortos* — — — Juv.

AS I was sitting in my Chamber, and thinking on a Subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular Bounces at my Landlady's Door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful Voice enquiring whether the Philosopher was at Home. The Child who went to the Door answered very Innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollect that it was my good Friend Sir ROGER's Voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the Water to *Spring-Garden*, in case it proved a good Evening. The Knight put me in mind of my Promise from the Bottom of the Stair-Case, but told me that if I was Speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down I found all the Children of the Family got about my old Friend, and my Landlady herself, who is a notable prating Gossip, engaged in a Conference with him, being mightily pleased with

with his stroaking her little Boy upon the Head, and No. 383.  
bidding him be a good Child, and mind his Book.

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We were no sooner come to the *Temple* Stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of Water-men, offering us their respective Services. Sir ROGER, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a Wooden-Leg, and immediately gave him Orders to get his Boat ready. As we were walking towards it, You must know, says Sir ROGER, *I never make use of any Body to row me that has not either lost a Leg or an Arm. I wou'd rather bate him a few Strokes of his Oar, than not employ an honest Man that has been wounded in the Queen's Service. If I was a Lord or a Bishop, and kept a Barge, I would not put a Fellow in my Livery that had not a Wooden-Leg.*

My old Friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the Boat with his Coachman, who, being a very sober Man, always serves for Ballast on these Occasions, we made the best of our way for *Fox-Hall*. Sir ROGER obliged the Waterman to give us the History of his Right Leg, and hearing that he had left it at *La Hogue*, with many Particulars which passed in that glorious Action, the Knight in the Triumph of his Heart made several Reflections on the Greatness of the *British* Nation; as, that one *Englishman* could beat three *Frenchmen*; that we cou'd never be in Danger of Popery so long as we took care of our Fleet; that the *Thames* was the noblest River in *Europe*; that *London-Bridge* was a greater Piece of Work than any of the Seven Wonders of the World; with many other honest Prejudices which naturally cleave to the Heart of a true *Englishman*.

After some short Pause, the old Knight turning about his Head twice or thrice, to take a Survey of this great Metropolis, bid me observe how thick the City was set with Churches, and that there was scarce a single Steeple on this side *Temple-Bar*. *A most Heathenish Sight!* says Sir ROGER: *There is no Religion at this End of the Town. The Fifty new Churches will very much mend the Prospect; but Church-work is slow, Church-work is slow!*

I do not remember I have any where mentioned, in

v.

Q

Sir

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Sir ROGER'S Character, his Custom of saluting every Body that passes by him with a Good-morrow, or a Good-night. This the old Man does out of the Overflowings of his Humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his Country Neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice Knight of the Shire. He cannot forbear this Exercise of Benevolence even in Town, when he meets with any one in his Morning or Evening Walk. It broke from him to several Boats that passed by us upon the Water; but, to the Knight's great Surprise, as he gave the Good-night to two or three young Fellows a little before our Landing, one of them, instead of returning the Civility, asked us what queer old Putt we had in the Boat; and whether he was not ashamed to go a Wenching at his Years? with a great deal of the like *Thames-Ribaldry*. Sir ROGER seemed a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a Face of Magistracy, told us, *That if he were a Middlesex Justice, he would make such Vagrants know that her Majesty's Subjects were no more to be abused by Water than by Land.*

We were now arrived at *Spring-Garden*, which is exquisitely pleasant at this Time of the Year. When I considered the Fragrancy of the Walks and Bowers, with the Choirs of Birds that sung upon the Trees, and the loose Tribe of People that walk'd under their Shades, I could not but look upon the Place as a kind of *Mahometan Paradise*. Sir ROGER told me it put him in mind of a little Coppice by his House in the Country, which his Chaplain us'd to call an *Aviary of Nightingales*. *You must understand*, says the Knight, *there is nothing in the World that pleases a Man in Love so much as your Nightingale.* *Ah, Mr. SPECTATOR!* *The many Moon-light Nights that I have walk'd by my self, and thought on the Widow by the Musick of the Nightingale!* Here he fetch'd a deep Sigh, and was falling into a Fit of musing, when a Mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle Tap upon the Shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a Bottle of Mead with her? But the Knight being startled at so unexpected a Familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his Thoughts of the Widow

Widow, told her, *She was a wanton Baggage*, and bid No. 383, her go about her Business.

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We concluded our Walk with a Glass of Burton-Ale, and a Slice of Hung-Beef. When we had done eating our selves, the Knight called a Waiter to him, and bid him carry the Remainder to the Waterman that had but one Leg. I perceived the Fellow stared upon him at the Oddness of the Message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's Commands with a peremptory Look.

As we were going out of the Garden, my old Friend thinking himself obliged, as a Member of the Quorum, to animadvert upon the Morals of the Place, told the Mistress of the House, who sat at the Bar, That he should be a better Customer to her Garden, if there were more Nightingales, and fewer Strumpets. I

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[STEELE.]

Wednesday, May 21.

Hague, May 24. N. S. *The same Republican Hands, who have so often since the Chevalier de St. George's Recovery, killed him in our publick Prints, have now reduced the young Dauphin of France to that desperate Condition of Weakness, and Death it self, that it is hard to conjecture what Method they will take to bring him to Life again. Mean time we are assured by a very good Hand from Paris, That on the 20th Instant this young Prince was as well as ever he was known to be since the Day of his Birth. As for the other, they are now sending his Ghost, we suppose, (for they never had the Modesty to contradict their Assertions of his Death) to Commerci in Lorrain, attended only by four Gentlemen, and a few Domesticks of little Consideration. The Baron de Bothmar having delivered in his Credentials, to qualify him as an Ambassador to this State (an Office to which his greatest Enemies will acknowledge him to be equal) is gone to Utrecht, whence he will proceed to Hanover, but not stay long at that Court, for fear the Peace should be made during his lamented Absence.*

Post-Boy, May 20.

I *SHOULD be thought not able to read, should I overlook some excellent Pieces lately come out. My Lord Bishop of St. Asaph has just now published some Sermons, the Preface to which seems to me to determine a great Point. He has, like a good Man and a good*

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good Christian, in Opposition to all the Flattery and base Submission of false Friends to Princes, asserted, That Christianity left us where it found us as to our Civil Rights. The present Entertainment shall consist only of a Sentence out of the Post-Boy, and the said Preface of the Lord of St. Asaph. I should think it a little odd if the Author of the Post-Boy should with impunity call Men Republicans for a Gladness on Report of the Death of the Pretender; and treat Baron Bothmar, the Minister of Hanover, in such a manner as you see in my Motto. I must own, I think every Man in England concerned to support the Succession of that Family,

'The publishing a few Sermons, whilst I live, the latest of which was preached about eight Years since, and the first above seventeen, will make it very natural for People to enquire into the occasion of doing so; And to such I do very willingly assign these following Reasons.

First, From the Observations I have been able to make, for these many Years last past, upon our publick Affairs; and from the natural Tendency of several Principles and Practices, that have, of late been studiously revived; and from what has followed thereupon, I could not help both fearing and presaging, that these Nations would some time or other, if ever we should have an Enterprizing Prince upon the Throne, of more Ambition than Virtue, Justice and true Honour, fall into the Way of all other Nations, and lose their Liberty.

Nor could I help foreseeing to whose Charge a great deal of this dreadful Mischief, whenever it should happen, would be laid, whether justly or unjustly was not my Business to determine; but I resolved, for my own particular Part, to deliver my self, as well as I could, from the Reproaches and the Curses of Posterity, by publickly declaring to all the World, that although in the constant Course of my Ministry, I have never failed, on proper Occasions, to recommend, urge, and insist upon the loving, honouring, and the reverencing the Prince's Person, and holding it, according to the Laws, inviolable and sacred, and paying all Obedience and Submission to the Laws

Laws, tho' never so hard and inconvenient to private No. 384. People; Yet did I never think my self at Liberty, or authorized to tell the People, that either *Christ*, *St. Peter*, or *St. Paul*, or any other Holy Writer, had, by any Document delivered by them, subverted the *Laws* and *Constitutions* of the Country in which they lived, or put them in a worse Condition, with respect to their Civil Liberties, than they would have been had they not been Christians. I ever thought it a most impious Blasphemy against that Holy Religion, to father any thing upon it that might encourage Tyranny, Oppression, or Injustice in a Prince, or that easily tended to make a free and happy People *Slaves* and *miserable*. No: People may make themselves as wretched as they will, but let not God be called into that wicked Party. When Force, and Violence, and hard Necessity have brought the Yoak of Servitude upon a People's Neck, Religion will supply them with a patient and submissive Spirit under it till they can innocently shake it off; but certainly Religion never puts it on. This always was, and this at present is, my Judgment of these Matters: And I would be transmitted to Posterity (for the little Share of Time such Names as mine can live) under the Character of one who lov'd his Country, and would be thought a *good Englishman* as well as a *good Clergyman*.

This Character I thought would be transmitted by the following Sermons, which were made for, and preached in a private Audience, when I could think of nothing else but doing my Duty on the Occasions that were then offered by God's Providence, without any manner of Design of making them publick: And for that Reason I give them now as they were then delivered; by which I hope to satisfie those People who have objected a Change of Principles to me, as if I were not now the same Man I formerly was. I never had but one Opinion of these Matters; and that I think is so reasonable and well-grounded, that I believe I never can have any other.

Another Reason of my publishing these Sermons at this Time, is, that I have a mind to do my self some Honour, by doing what Honour I could to the Memory of two most excellent Princes, and who have very highly deserved

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deserved at the Hands of all the People of these Dominions, who have any true Value for the *Protestant Religion*, and the *Constitution* of the *English Government*, of which they were the great *Deliverers* and *Defenders*. I have lived to see their illustrious Names very rudely handled, and the great Benefits they did this Nation treated slightly and contemptuously. I have lived to see our Deliverance from *Arbitrary Power* and *Popery* traduced and villified by some who formerly thought it was their greatest Merit, and made it part of their Boast and Glory to have had a little Hand and Share in bringing it about; and others who, without it, must have lived in Exile, Poverty, and Misery, meanly disclaiming it, and using ill the *glorious Instruments* thereof. Who could expect such a Requital of such Merit? I have, I own it, an Ambition of exempting my self from the Number of *unthankful People*: And as I loved and honoured those great Princes living, and lamented over them when dead, so I would gladly raise them up a Monument of Praise as lasting as any thing of mine can be; and I choose to do it at this Time, when it is so unfashionable a Thing to speak honourably of them.

The Sermon that was preached upon the Duke of Gloucester's Death was printed quickly after, and is now, because the Subject was so suitable, join'd to the others. The Loss of that most promising and hopeful Prince was, at that Time, I saw, unspeakably great; and many Accidents since have convinced us, that it could not have been over-valued. That precious Life, had it pleased God to have prolonged it the usual Space, had saved us many Fears, and Jealousies, and dark Distrusts, and prevented many Alarms, that have long kept us, and will keep us still, waking and uneasy. Nothing remained to comfort and support us under this heavy Stroke, but the Necessity it brought the King and Nation under, of settling the *Succession* in the House of HANOVER, and giving it an *Hereditary Right*, by *Act of Parliament*, as long as it continues *Protestant*. So much Good did God, in his merciful Providence, produce from a Misfortune, which we could never otherwise have sufficiently deplored.

The fourth Sermon was preached upon the Queen's *Accession* to the Throne, and the first Year in which

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that Day was solemnly observed (for, by some Accident No. 384. or other, it had been over-looked the Year before); and <sup>Wednesday</sup> every one will see, without the Date of it, that it was <sup>day,</sup> <sup>May 21,</sup> preached very early in this Reign, since I was able only <sup>1712,</sup> to *promise and presage* its future Glories and Successes, from the good Appearances of Things, and the happy Turn our Affairs began to take; and could not then count up the Victories and Triumphs that, for seven Years after, made it in the Prophet's Language, a *Name and a Praise among all the People of the Earth.* Never did seven such Years together pass over the Head of any *English Monarch*, nor cover it with so much Honour; The Crown and Sceptre seemed to be the Queen's least Ornaments; those other Princes wore in common with Her, and her great personal Virtues were the same before and since; but such was the Fame of Her Administration of Affairs at home, such was the Reputation of Her Wisdom and Felicity in choosing Ministers, and such was then esteemed their Faithfulness and Zeal, their Diligence and great Abilities in executing Her Commands; to such a Height of military Glory did Her Great *General* and Her *Armies* carry the *British* Name abroad; such was the Harmony and Concord betwixt Her and Her *Allies*, and such was the Blessing of God upon all Her Counsels and Undertakings, that I am as sure as History can make me, no Prince of ours was ever yet so Prosperous and Successful, so loved, esteemed, and honoured by their Subjects and their Friends, nor near so formidable to their Enemies. We were, as all the World imagined then, just entring on the Ways that promised to lead to such a Peace, as would have answered all the Prayers of our Religious Queen, the Care and Vigilance of a most able Ministry, the Payments of a willing and obedient People, as well as all the glorious Toils and Hazards of the Soldiery; when God, for our Sins, permitted the *Spirit of Discord* to go forth, and, by troubling sore the Camp, the City, and the Country, (and oh that it had altogether spared the Places sacred to his Worship!) to spoil for a Time, this beautiful and pleasing Prospect, and give us in its Stead, I know not what—— Our Enemies will tell the

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the rest with Pleasure. It will become me better to pray to God to restore us to the Power of obtaining such a Peace, as will be to his Glory, the Safety, Honour, and the Welfare of the Queen and Her Dominions, and the general Satisfaction of all Her High and Mighty Allies.

May 2, 1712.'

T

No. 385.  
[BUDGELL.]

Thursday, May 22.

— *Thesea pectora juncta fide.*—Ovid.

I INTEND the Paper for this Day as a loose Essay upon *Friendship*, in which I shall throw my Observations together without any set Form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often said on this Subject.

*Friendship is a strong and habitual Inclination in two Persons to Promote the Good and Happiness of one another.* Tho' the Pleasures and Advantages of Friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral Writers, and are considered by all as great Ingredients of human Happiness, we very rarely meet with the Practice of this Virtue in the World.

Every Man is ready to give in a long Catalogue of those Virtues and good Qualities he expects to find in the Person of a Friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in our selves.

Love and Esteem are the first Principles of Friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.

As, on the one Hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a Man whom we cannot esteem; so, on the other, tho' we are truly sensible of a Man's Abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the Warmths of Friendship, without an affectionate Good-Will towards his Person.

Friendship immediately banishes Envy under all its Disguises. A Man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his Friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter Stranger to this Virtue.

There

There is something in Friendship so very great and No. 385. noble, that in those fictitious Stories which are invented to the Honour of any particular Person, the Authors have thought it as necessary to make their Hero a Friend as a Lover. *Achilles* has his *Patroclus*, and *Æneas* his *Achates*. In the first of these Instances we may observe, for the Reputation of the Subject I am treating of, that *Greece* was almost ruin'd by the Heroe's Love, but was preserved by his Friendship.

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The Character of *Achates* suggests to us an Observation we may often make on the Intimacies of great Men, who frequently chuse their Companions rather for the Qualities of the Heart than those of the Head, and prefer Fidelity in an easy inoffensive complying Temper to those Endowments which make a much greater Figure among Mankind. I do not remember that *Achates*, who is represented as the first Favourite, either gives his Advice, or strikes a Blow, thro' the whole *Aeneid*.

A Friendship which makes the least Noise is very often most useful, for which Reason I should prefer a prudent Friend to a zealous one.

*Atticus*, one of the best Men of ancient Rome, was a very remarkable instance of what I am here speaking. This extraordinary Person, amidst the Civil Wars of his Country, when he saw the Designs of all Parties equally tended to the Subversion of Liberty, by constantly preserving the Esteem and Affection of both the Competitors, found Means to serve his Friends on either Side; and while he sent Money to young *Marius*, whose Father was declared an Enemy of the Common-wealth, he was himself one of *Sylla*'s chief Favourites, and always near that General.

During the War between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, he still maintained the same Conduct. After the Death of *Cæsar* he sent Money to *Brutus* in his Troubles, and did a Thousand good Offices to *Anthony*'s Wife and Friends when that Party seemed ruined. Lastly, even in that bloody War between *Anthony* and *Augustus*, *Atticus* still kept his Place in both their Friendships; insomuch that the first, says *Cornelius Nepos*, whenever he was absent

No. 385. absent from *Rome* in any Part of the Empire, writ  
Thursday, punctually to him what he was doing, what he read,  
May 22, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him  
1712. constantly an exact Account of all his Affairs.

A Likeness of Inclinations in every Particular is so far from being requisite to form a Benevolence in two Minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we shall find some of the firmest Friendships to have been contracted between Persons of different Humours; the Mind being often pleased with those Perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own Accomplishments. Besides that a Man in some Measure supplies his own Defects, and fancies himself at second hand possessed of those good Qualities and Endowments which are in the Possession of him who in the Eye of the World is looked on as his *other self*.

The most difficult Province in Friendship is the letting a Man see his Faults and Errors; which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our Advice is given him not so much to please our selves as for his own Advantage. The Reproaches therefore of a Friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

The violent Desire of pleasing in the Person reproved, may otherwise change into a Despair of doing it, while he finds himself censur'd for Faults he is not conscious of. A mind that is softened and humanised by Friendship, cannot bear frequent Reproaches; either it must quite sink under the Oppression, or abate considerably of the Value and Esteem it had for him who bestows them.

The proper Business of Friendship is to inspire Life and Courage; and a Soul thus supported outdoes it self; whereas if it be unexpectedly deprived of these Succours, it droops and languishes.

We are in some Measure more inexcusable if we violate our Duties to a Friend, than to a Relation; since the former arise from a voluntary Choice, the latter from a Necessity to which we could not give our own Consent.

As

As it has been said on one Side, that a Man ought No. 385,  
 not to break with a faulty Friend, that he may not ex- Thursday,  
 pose the Weakness of his Choice; it will doubtless hold May 22,  
 much stronger with respect to a worthy one, that he 1712,  
 may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable  
 a Treasure which was once in his possession. X

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[STEELE.]

Friday, May 23.

*Cum tristibus severe, cum remissis jucunde, cum senibus  
 graviter, cum juventute comiter . . . vivere.*—Tull.

THE Piece of Latin on the Head of this Paper is part of a Character extreamly vicious, but I have set down no more than may fall in with the Rules of Justice and Honour. Cicero spoke it of Cataline, who, he said, lived with the Sad severely, with the Cheerful agreeably, with the Old gravely, with the Young pleasantly; he added, with the Wicked boldly, with the Wanton lasciviously. The two last Instances of his Complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my Thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious Behaviour as it sits upon a Companion in Pleasure, not a Man of Design and Intrigue. To vary with every Humour in this Manner cannot be agreeable, except it comes from a Man's own Temper and natural Complexion; to do it out of an Ambition to excel that Way, is the most Fruitless and unbecoming Prostitution imaginable. To put on an artful Part to obtain no other End but an unjust Praise from the Un-discriminating, is of all Endeavours the most despicable. A Man must be sincerely pleased to become Pleasure, or not to interrupt that of others: For this Reason it is a most Calamitous Circumstance, that many People who want to be alone, or should be so, will come into Conversation. It is certain, that all Men who are the least given to Reflection, are seized with an Inclination that Way; when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to Company; but indeed they had better go home, and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good Humour. In all this the Cases of communicating to a Friend a sad Thought or Difficulty, in order to relieve an

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an heavy Heart, stands excepted; but what is here meant, is, that a Man should always go with Inclination to the Turn of the Company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the Party. It is certainly a very happy Temper to be able to live with all kinds of Dispositions, because it argues a Mind that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any Particularity of its own.

This is it which makes me pleased with the Character of my good acquaintance *Acasto*. You meet him at the Tables and Conversations of the Wise, the Impertinent, the Grave, the Frolick, and the Witty; and yet his own Character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one Sect of Men; but *Acasto* has natural good Sense, good Nature, and Discretion, so that every Man enjoys himself in his Company; and tho' *Acasto* contributes nothing to the Entertainment, he never was at a Place where he was not welcome a second time. Without these subordinate good Qualities of *Acasto*, a Man of Wit and Learning would be painful to the Generality of Mankind instead of being pleasing. Witty Men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that Means grow the worst Companions imaginable; they deride the Absent or rally the Present in a wrong Manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a Man till he is uneasy in his Seat, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the Company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say, the true Art of being agreeable in Company (but there can be no such thing as Art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well Entertained, than to bring Entertainment to others. A Man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good Companion, but essentially is such, and in all the Parts of his Conversation has something Friendly in his Behaviour, which conciliates Men's Minds more than the highest Sallies of Wit or Starts of Humour can possibly do. The Feebleness of Age in a Man of this Turn, has something which should be treated with Respect even in a Man no otherwise Venerable. The Forwardness of Youth, when it proceeds from Alacrity and

and not Insolence, has also its Allowances. The Companion who is formed for such by Nature, gives to every Character of Life its due Regards, and is ready to account for their Imperfections, and receive their Accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive Law from, and not give it to your Company, to make you agreeable.

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I remember *Tully*, speaking, I think of *Anthony*, says, That *in eo facetiae erant quae nulla arte tradi possunt*. He had a witty *Mirth* which could be acquired by no Art. This Quality must be of the kind of which I am now speaking; for all Sorts of Behaviour which depend upon Observation and Knowledge of Life is to be acquired; but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the Act of Nature, must be every where prevalent, because every thing it meets is a fit Occasion to exert it; for he who follows Nature, can never be improper or unseasonable.

How unaccountable then must their Behaviour be, who without any Manner of Consideration of what the Company they have just now entered are upon, give themselves the Air of a Messenger, and make as distinct Relations of the Occurrences they last met with, as if they had been dispatched from those they talk to, to be punctually exact in a Report of those Circumstances? It is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another, that a fresh Man shall pop in, and give us only the last Part of his own Life, and put a Stop to ours during the History. If such a Man comes from *Change*, whether you will or not, you must hear how the Stocks go; and tho' you are never so intently employed on a graver Subject, a young Fellow of the other End of the Town will take his Place, and tell you, Mrs. such a one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this Subject, since I have acknowledged there can be no Rules made for excelling this Way; and Precepts of this kind fare like Rules for writing Poetry, which, 'tis said, may have prevented ill Poets, but never made good ones.

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Saturday

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Saturday, [ADDISON.]  
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Saturday, May 24.

Quid pure tranquillet———.—Hor.

**I**N my last Saturday's Paper I spoke of *Cheatfulness* as it is a *Moral Habit* of the *Mind*, and accordingly mentioned such moral Motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy Temper in the Soul of Man: I shall now consider *Cheatfulness* in its *Natural State*, and reflect on those Motives to it, which are indifferent either as to *Virtue* or *Vice*.

*Cheatfulness* is, in the first Place, the best Promoter of *Health*. *Repinings* and secret *Murmurs* of *Heart* give imperceptible Strokes to those delicate Fibres of which the vital Parts are composed, and wear out the Machine insensibly; not to mention those violent Ferments which they stir up in the *Blood*, and those irregular disturbed Motions, which they raise in the *animal Spirits*. I scarce remember, in my own *Observation*, to have met with many old Men, or with such, who (to use our *English Phrase*) *wear well*, that had not at least a certain *Indolence* in their *Humour*, if not a more than ordinary *Gaiety* and *Cheatfulness* of *Heart*. The *Truth* of it is, *Health* and *Cheatfulness* mutually beget each other, with this Difference, that we seldom meet with a great Degree of *Health* which is not attended with a certain *Cheatfulness*, but very often see *Cheatfulness* where there is no great Degree of *Health*.

*Cheatfulness* bears the same friendly Regard to the *Mind* as to the *Body*: It banishes all anxious Care and Discontent, sooths and composes the Passions, and keeps the *Soul* in a perpetual *Calm*. But having already touched on this last Consideration, I shall here take Notice that the *World*, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable Objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy Temper of *Mind*.

If we consider the *World* in its *Subserviency* to *Man*, one would think it was made for our *Use*; but if we consider it in its *Natural Beauty* and *Harmony*, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our *Pleasure*. The *Sun*, which is as the great *Soul* of the *Universe*, and

and produces all the Necessaries of Life, has a particular Influence in chearing the Mind of Man, and making the Heart glad.

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Those several living Creatures which are made for our Service or Sustenance, at the same Time either fill the Woods with their Musick, furnish us with Game, or raise pleasing Ideas in us by the Delightfulness of their Appearance, Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers are as refreshing to the Imagination, as the Soil through which they pass.

There are Writers of great Distinction, who have made it an Argument for Providence that the whole Earth is covered with Green, rather than with any other Colour, as being such a right Mixture of Light and Shade, that it comforts and strengthens the Eye instead of weakning or grieving it. For this Reason several Painters have a green Cloth hanging near them, to ease the Eye upon after too great an Application to their Colouring. A famous modern Philosopher accounts for it in the following Manner: All Colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal Spirits which are employed in Sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal Spirits a sufficient Exercise; whereas the Rays that produce in us the Idea of Green fall upon the Eye in such a due Proportion, that they give the animal Spirits their proper Play, and by keeping up the Struggle in a just Balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable Sensation. Let the Cause be what it will, the Effect is certain, for which Reason the Poets ascribe to this particular Colour the Epithet of *Clearful*.

To consider further this double End in the Works of Nature, and how they are at the same Time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important Parts in the vegetable World are those which are the most beautiful. These are the Seeds by which the several Races of Plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in Flowers or Blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal Design, and to be industrious in making the Earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great Work, and intent upon her own Preservation. The Husband-man after the same manner

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is employed in laying out the whole Country into a kind of Garden or Landskip, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in Reality he thinks of nothing but of the Harvest, and Encrease which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken Care to keep up this Chearfulness in the Mind of Man, by having formed it after such a Manner, as to make it capable of conceiving Delight from several Objects which seem to have very little Use in them, as from the Wildness of Rocks and Desarts, and the like grotesque Parts of Nature. Those who are versed in Philosophy may still carry this Consideration higher, by observing that if Matter had appeared to us endow'd only with those real Qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable Figure; and why has Providence given it a Power of producing in us such imaginary Qualities as Tastes and Colours, Sounds and Smells, Heat and Cold, but that Man, while he is conversant in the lower Stations of Nature, might have his Mind cheared and delighted with agreeable Sensations? In short, the whole Universe is a kind of Theatre filled with Objects that either raise in us Pleasure, Amusement, or Admiration.

The Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him the Vicissitude of Day and Night, the Change of Seasons, with all that Variety of Scenes which diversify the Face of Nature, and fill the Mind with a perpetual Succession of beautiful and pleasing Images.

I shall not here mention the several Entertainments of Art, with the Pleasures of Friendship, Books, Conversation, and other accidental Diversions of Life, because I would only take Notice of such Incitements to a chearful Temper, as offer themselves to Persons of all Ranks and Conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us that Providence did not design this World should be filled with Murmurs and Repinings, or that the Heart of Man should be involved in Gloom and Melancholy.

I the more inculcate this Chearfulness of Temper, as it is a Virtue in which our Countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other Nation. Melancholy is a kind of Demon that haunts our Island, and often conveys

veys her self to us in an easterly Wind. A celebrated No. 387, French Novelist, in Opposition to those who begin their Romances with the flowry Season of the Year, enters on his Story thus, *In the gloomy Month of November, when the People of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate Lover walked out into the Fields, &c.*

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Every one ought to fence against the Temper of his Climate or Constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those Considerations which may give him a Serenity of Mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little Evils and Misfortunes which are common to human Nature, and which by a right Improvement of them will produce a Satiety of Joy, and an uninterrupted Happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my Reader to consider the World in its most agreeable Lights, I must own there are many Evils which naturally spring up amidst the Entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly consider'd, should be far from overcasting the Mind with Sorrow, or destroying that Cheerfulness of Temper which I have been recommending. This Interspersion of Evil with Good, and Pain with Pleasure in the Works of Nature, is very truly ascrib'd by Mr. Lock in his *Essay on human Understanding* to a moral Reason, in the following Words:

*Beyond all this, we may find another Reason why God hath scattered up and down several Degrees of Pleasure and Pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our Thoughts and Senses have to do with; that we finding Imperfection, Dissatisfaction, and want of compleat Happiness, in all the Enjoyments which the Creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the Enjoyment of him, with whom there is Fulness of Joy, and at whose Right Hand are Pleasures for evermore.* L

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Monday, May 26.

— *Tibi res antiquae laudis & artis  
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*—Virg.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT is my Custom when I read your Papers, to read over the Quotations in the Authors from whence you take them: As you mentioned a Passage lately out of the second Chapter of *Solomon's Song*, it occasioned my looking into it; and upon reading it I thought the Ideas so exquisitely soft and tender, that I could not help making this Paraphrase of it, which, now it is done, I can as little forbear sending to you. Some Marks of your Approbation, which I have already received, have given me so sensible a Taste of them, that I cannot forbear endeavouring after them as often as I can with any Appearance of Success.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.'

The Second Chapter of *Solomon's Song*.

I.

As when in Sharon's Field the Blushing Rose  
Does its chaste Bosom to the Morn disclose,  
Whilst all around the Zephyrs bear  
The fragrant Odours thro' the Air,  
Or as the Lilly in the shady Vale,  
Does o'er each Flow'r with beauteous Pride prevail.  
And stands with Dews and kindest Sunshine blest,  
In fair Pre-eminence, superior to the rest;  
So if my Love with happy Influence shed,  
His Eyes bright Sunshine on his Lover's Head,  
Then shall the Rose of Sharon's Field,  
And whitest Lillies to my Beauties yield.  
Then fairest Flow'rs with studious Art combine,  
The Roses with the Lillies join,  
And their united Charms are less than mine. } }

II.

As much as fairest Lillies can surpass  
A Thorn in Beauty, or in Height the Grass;

So

*So does my Love among the Virgins shine,  
Adorn'd with Graces more than half Divine.  
Or as a Tree, that, glorious to behold,  
Is hung with Apples all of ruddy Gold,  
Hesperian Fruit! and Beautifully high  
Extends its Branches to the Sky;  
So does my Love the Virgin's Eye invite:  
'Tis he alone can fix their wand'ring Sight,  
Among ten thousand eminently bright.*

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## III.

*Beneath his pleasing Shade  
My wearied Limbs at Ease I laid,  
And on his fragrant Boughs reclin'd my Head.  
I pull'd the Golden Fruit with eager Haste,  
Sweet was the Fruit, and pleasing to the Taste;  
With sparkling Wine he crown'd the Bowl,  
With gentle Extasies he fill'd my Soul;  
Joyous we sat beneath the shady Grove,  
And o'er my Head he hung the Banners of his Love.*

## IV.

*I faint! I die! my labouring Breast  
Is with the mighty Weight of Love opprest.  
I feel the Fire possess my Heart,  
And Pain convey'd to every Part,  
Thro' all my Veins the Passion flies,  
My feeble Soul forsakes its Place,  
A trembling Faintness seals my Eyes,  
And Paleness dwells upon my Face:*

## V.

*Oh! let my Love with pow'rful Odours stay  
My fainting love-sick Soul, that dies away;  
One Hand beneath me let him place,  
With t'other press me in a chaste Embrace.  
I charge you, Nymphs of Sion, as you go  
Arm'd with the sounding Quiver and the Bow,  
Whilst thro' the Lonesome Woods you rove,  
You ne'er disturb my sleeping Love.  
Be only gentle Zephyrs there,  
With downy Wings to fan the Air;*

*Let*

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*Let sacred Silence dwell around,  
To keep off each intruding Sound;  
And when the balmy Slumber leaves his Eyes,  
May he to Joys unknown till then, arise.*

## VI.

*But see! he comes! with what majestick Gate  
He onward bears his lovely State,  
Now thro' the Lattice he appears,  
With softest Words dispels my Fears;  
Arise, my Fair one, and receive  
All the Pleasures Love can give,  
For now the sullen Winter's past,  
No more we fear the Northern Blast;  
No Storms nor threat'ning Clouds appear,  
No falling Rains deform the Year,  
My Love admits of no Delay,  
Arise, my Fair, and come away.*

## VII.

*Already, see! the teeming Earth  
Brings forth the Flow'rs, her beauteous Birth,  
The Dews, and soft-descending Show'rs,  
Nurse the new-born tender Flow'rs.  
Hark! the Birds melodious sing,  
And sweetly usher in the Spring.  
Close by his Fellow sits the Dove,  
And billing, whispers her his Love,  
The spreading Vines with Blossoms swell,  
Diffusing round a grateful Smell.  
Arise, my Fair One, and receive  
All the Blessings Love can give;  
For Love admits of no Delay,  
Arise, my Fair, and come away.*

## VIII.

*As to its Mate the constant Dove  
Flies through the Covert of the Spicy Grove,  
So let us hasten to some lonesome Shade,  
There let me safe in thy lov'd Arms be laid,  
Where no intruding hateful Noise  
Shall damp the Sound of thy Melodious Voice,  
Where*

*Where I may gaze and mark each beauteous Grace,* No. 388.  
*For sweet thy Voice, and lovely is thy Face.*

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## IX.

*As all of Me, my Love, is Thine,  
 Let all of Thee be ever Mine.  
 Among the Lillies we will play,  
 Fairer, my Love thou art than they,  
 Till the Purple Morn arise,  
 And balmy Sleep forsake thine Eyes,  
 Till the gladsome Beams of Day  
 Remove the Shades of Night away;  
 Then When soft Sleep shall from thy Eyes depart,  
 Rise like the bounding Roe, or lusty Hart,  
 Glad to behold the Light again  
 From Bether's Mountains darting o'er the Plain.*

T

No. 389.

[BUDGELL.]

Tuesday, May 27.

—*Meliora pii docuere parentes.*—Hor.

**N**OTHING has more surprized the Learned in *England*, than the Price which a small Book, entitled *Spaccio della Bestia triumfante*, bore in a late Auction. This Book was sold for thirty Pound. As it was written by one *Jordanus Brunus*, a professed Atheist, with a Design to depreciate Religion, every one was apt to fancy, from the extravagant Price it bore, that there must be something in it very formidable.

I must confess, that happening to get a Sight of one of them my self, I could not forbear perusing it with this Apprehension; but found there was so very little Danger in it, that I shall venture to give my Readers a fair Account of the whole Plan upon which this wonderful Treatise is built.

The Author pretends that *Jupiter* once upon a time resolved on a Reformation of the Constellations; for which purpose having summoned the Stars together, he complains to them of the great Decay of the Worship of the Gods, which he thought so much the harder, having called several of those Celestial Bodies by the Names of

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the Heathen Deities, and by that means made the Heavens as it were a Book of the Pagan Theology. *Momus* tells him, that this is not to be wondered at, since there were so many scandalous Stories of the Deities, upon which the Author takes Occasion to cast Reflections upon all other Religions, concluding that *Jupiter*, after a full Hearing, discarded the Deities out of Heaven, and called the Stars by the Names of the Moral Virtues.

This short Fable, which has no Pretence in it to Reason or Argument, and but a very small Share of Wit, has however recommended it self wholly by its Impiety, to those weak Men, who would distinguish themselves by the Singularity of their Opinions.

There are two Considerations which have been often urged against Atheists, and which they never yet could get over. The first is, that the greatest and most eminent Persons of all Ages have been against them, and always complied with the publick Forms of Worship established in their respective Countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the Honour of the Supream Being, or prejudicial to the Good of Mankind.

The *Platos* and *Ciceros* among the Ancients; the *Bacons*, the *Boyles*, and the *Locks* among our own Countrymen, are all Instances of what I have been saying, not to mention any of the Divines however celebrated, since our Adversaries challenge all those as Men who have too much Interest in this Case to be impartial Evidences.

But what has been often urged as a Consideration of much more Weight, is not only the Opinion of the better sort, but the general Consent of Mankind to this great Truth; which I think could not possibly have come to pass but from one of the three following Reasons; either that the Idea of a God is innate and co-existent with the Mind it self; or that this Truth is so very obvious, that it is discovered by the first Exertion of Reason in Persons of the most ordinary Capacities; or, lastly, that it has been delivered down to us thro' all Ages by a Tradition from the first Man.

The Atheists are equally confounded, to which ever of these three Causes we assign it; they have been so pressed

pressed by this last Argument from the general Consent No. 389, of Mankind, that after great Search and Pains they pre-  
tend to have found out a Nation of Atheists, I mean that <sup>Tuesday,  
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1712.</sup> polite People the *Hottentots*.

I dare not shock my Readers with a Description of the Customs and Manners of these Barbarians, who are in every respect scarce one Degree above Brutes, having no Language among them but a confused *Gabble*, which is neither well understood by themselves or others.

It is not however to be imagined how much the Atheists have gloried in these their good Friends and Allies.

If we boast of a *Socrates*, or a *Seneca*, they may now confront them with these great Philosophers the *Hottentots*.

Tho' even this Point has, not without Reason, been several times controverted, I see no manner of Harm it could do Religion, if we should entirely give them up this elegant Part of Mankind.

Methinks nothing more shews the Weakness of their Cause, than that no Division of their Fellow-Creatures join with them, but those among whom they themselves own Reason is almost defaced, and who have little else but their Shape, which can entitle them to any Place in the Species.

Besides these poor Creatures, there have now and then been Instances of a few crazed People in several Nations, who have denied the Existence of a Deity.

The Catalogue of these is, however, very short; even *Vanini*, the most celebrated Champion for the Cause, professed before his Judges that he believed the Existence of a God, and taking up a Straw which lay before him on the Ground, assured them, that alone was sufficient to convince him of it; alledging several Arguments to prove that 'twas impossible Nature alone could create any thing.

I was the other Day reading an Account of *Casimir Liszynski*, a Gentleman of *Poland*, who was convicted and executed for this Crime. The manner of his Punishment was very particular. As soon as his Body was burnt, his Ashes were put into a Cannon, and shot into the Air towards *Tartary*.

No. 389. I am apt to believe, that if something like this Method of Punishment should prevail in *England*, such is the natural good Sense of the *British* Nation, that whether we ram'd an Atheist whole into a great Gun, or pulverized our Infidels, as they do in *Poland*, we should not have many Charges.

I should, however, propose, while our Ammunition lasted, that instead of *Tartary*, we should always keep two or three Cannons ready pointed towards the Cape of *Good Hope*, in order to shoot our Unbelievers into the Country of the *Hottentots*.

In my Opinion, a solemn judicial Death is too great an Honour for an Atheist, tho' I must allow the Method of exploding him, as it is practised in this ludicrous kind of Martyrdom, has something in it proper enough to the Nature of his Offence.

There is indeed a great Objection against this manner of treating them. Zeal for Religion is of so affective a Nature, that it seldom knows where to rest; for which Reason I am afraid, after having discharged our Atheists, we might possibly think of shooting off our Sectaries; and, as one does not foresee the Vicissitude of Humane Affairs, it might one time or other come to a Man's own Turn to fly out of the Mouth of a Demi-Culverin.

If any of my Readers imagine that I have treated these Gentlemen in too ludicrous a manner, I must confess, for my own Part, I think Reasoning against such Unbelievers upon a Point that shocks the common Sense of Mankind, is doing them too great an Honour, giving them a Figure in the Eye of the World, and making People fancy that they have more in them than they really have.

As for those Persons who have any Scheme of Religious Worship, I am for treating such with the utmost Tenderness, and should endeavour to shew them their Errors with the greatest Temper and Humanity; but as these Miscreants are for throwing down Religion in general, for stripping Mankind of what themselves own is of excellent Use in all great Societies, without once offering to establish any thing in the Room of it, I think the best way of dealing with them, is to retort their own Weapons upon them, which are those of Scorn and Mockery. X

Wednesday

No. 390.

[STEELE.]

Wednesday, May 28.

No. 390.

Wednes-

day,

May 28,

1712.

*Non pudendo sed non faciendo id quod non decet impudentiae nomen effugere debemus.*—Tull.

MANY are the Epistles I receive from Ladies extremely afflicted that they lie under the Observation of scandalous People, who love to defame their Neighbours, and make the unjuest Interpretation of innocent and indifferent Actions. They describe their own Behaviour so unhappily, that there indeed lies some Cause of Suspicion upon them. It is certain, that there is no Authority for Persons who have nothing else to do, to pass away Hours of Conversation upon the Miscarriages of other People; but since they will do so, they who value their Reputation should be cautious of Appearances to their Disadvantage. But very often our young Women, as well as the middle-aged and the gay Part of those growing old, without entring into a formal League for that Purpose, to a Woman, agree upon a short Way to preserve their Characters, and go on in a Way that at best is only not vicious. The Method is, when an ill-natur'd or talkative Girl has said any thing that bears hard upon some Part of another's Carriage, this Creature, if not in any of their little Cabals, is run down for the most censorious dangerous Body in the World. Thus they guard their Reputation rather than their Modesty; as if Guilt lay in being under the Imputation of a Fault, and not in a Commission of it. *Orbicilla* is the kindest poor Thing in the Town, but the most blushing Creature living: It is true she has not lost the Sense of Shame, but she has lost the Sense of Innocence. If she had more Confidence, and never did any thing which ought to stain her Cheeks, would she not be much more modest without that ambiguous Suffusion, which is the Livery both of Guilt and Innocence? Modesty consists in being conscious of no Ill, and not in being ashamed of having done it. When People go upon any other Foundation than the Truth of their own Hearts for the Conduct of their Actions, it lies in the Power of scandalous Tongues to carry

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carry the World before them, and make the rest of Mankind fall in with the Ill for fear of Reproach. On the other Hand, to do what you ought, is the ready way to make Calumny either silent, or ineffectually malicious. *Spencer*, in his *Fairy Queen*, says admirably to young Ladies under the Distress of being defamed :

*The best, said he, that I can you advise,  
Is to avoid th' Occasion of the Ill;  
For when the Cause, whence Evil doth arise,  
Removed is, th' Effect surceaseth still.  
Abstain from Pleasure, and restrain your Will;  
Subdue Desire, and bridle loose Delight;  
Use scanty Diet, and forbear your Fill;  
Shun Secrecy, and talk in open Sight;  
So shall you soon repair your present evil Plight.*

Instead of this Care over their Words and Actions, recommended by a Poet in old Queen *Bess*'s Days, the modern Way is to do and say what you please, and yet be the prettiest sort of *Woman in the World*. If Fathers and Brothers will defend a Lady's Honour, she is quite as safe as in her own Innocence. Many of the Distressed, who suffer under the Malice of evil Tongues, are so harmless that they are every Day they live asleep till Twelve at Noon; concern themselves with nothing but their own Persons till Two; take their necessary Food between that Time and Four; visit, go to the Play, and sit up at Cards till towards the ensuing Morn; and the malicious World shall draw Conclusions from innocent Glances, short Whispers, or pretty familiar Railleries with fashionable Men, that these Fair Ones are not as rigid as Vestals. It is certain, say these goodest Creatures very well, that Virtue does not consist in constrained Behaviour and wry Faces,—that must be allowed; but there is a Decency in the Aspect and Manner of Ladies contracted from an Habit of Virtue, and from general Reflections that regard a modest Conduct, all which may be understood though they cannot be described. A young Woman of this sort claims an Esteem mixed with Affection and Honour, and meets with no Defamation; or if she does, the wild Malice is overcome with an undisturbed Perseverance in

in her Innocence. To speak freely, there are such No. 390, Coveys of Coquets about this Town, that if the Peace <sup>Wednesday</sup> were not kept by some impertinent Tongues of their <sup>day,</sup> own Sex, which keep them under some Restraint, we <sup>May 28,</sup> should have no manner of Engagement upon them to <sup>1712.</sup> keep them in any tolerable Order.

As I am a SPECTATOR, and behold how plainly one part of Womankind ballance the Behaviour of the other, whatever I may think of Talebearers or Slanderers, I cannot wholly suppress them no more than a General would discourage Spies. The Enemy would easily surprize him whom they knew had no Intelligence of their Motions. It is so far otherwise with me, that I acknowledge I permit a She-Slanderer or two in every Quarter of the Town, to live in the Characters of Coquets, and take all the innocent Freedoms of the rest, in order to send me Information of the Behaviour of their respective Sisterhoods.

But as the Matter of Respect to the World, which looks on, is carried on, methinks it is so very easy to be what is in the general called Virtuous, that it need not cost one Hour's Reflection in a Month to preserve that Appellation. It is pleasant to hear the pretty Rogues talk of Virtue and Vice among each other: She is the lazyest Creature in the World, but I must confess, strictly Virtuous: The peevishest Hussy breathing, but as to her Virtue she is without Blemish: She has not the least Charity for any of her Acquaintance, but I must allow rigidly Virtuous. As the unthinking Part of the Male World call every Man a Man of Honour who is not a Coward; so the Crowd of the other Sex terms every Woman who will not be a Wench Virtuous. T

Thursday

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 Thursday, [ADDISON.]  
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Thursday, May 29.

—*Non tu prece poscis emaci,  
 Quae nisi seductis nequeas committere divis,  
 At bona pars procerum tacita libabit acerra,  
 Haud cuivis promptum est murmurque humilesque susurros  
 Tollere de templis & aperto vivere voto,  
 Mens bona, fama, fides, haec clare & ut audiat hospes,  
 Illa sibi introrsum & sub lingua murmurat; o si  
 Ebulliat patrius, praeclarum funus! Et o si  
 Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria dextra  
 Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus heres  
 Impello, expungam! — Pers.*

WHERE Homer represents *Phœnix*, the Tutor of Achilles, as perswading his Pupil to lay aside his Resentments, and give himself up to the Entreaties of his Countrymen, the Poet, in order to make him speak in Character, ascribes to him a Speech full of those Fables and Allegories which old Men take Delight in relating, and which are very proper for Instruction. *The Gods*, says he, *suffer themselves to be prevailed upon by Entreaties*. *When Mortals have offended them by their Transgressions, they appease them by Vows and Sacrifices*. You must know, Achilles, that *PRAYERS* are the *Daughters of Jupiter*. They are crippled by frequent Kneeling, have their Faces full of Cares and Wrinkles, and their Eyes always cast towards Heaven. They are constant Attendants on the Goddess ATE, and march behind her. This Goddess walks forward with a bold and haughty Air, and being very light of Foot, runs thro' the whole Earth, grieving and afflicting the Sons of Men. She gets the Start of *PRAYERS*, who always follow her, in order to heal those Persons whom she Wounds. He who honours these Daughters of Jupiter, when they draw near to him, receives great Benefit from them; but as for him who rejects them, they intreat their Father to give his Orders to the Goddess ATE to punish him for his Hardness of Heart. This noble Allegory needs but little Explanation; for whether the Goddess ATE signifies Injury, as some have explained it, or Guilt in general, as others, or Divine Justice, as I am

am the more apt to think, the interpretation is obvious No. 391  
enough.

I shall produce another Heathen Fable relating to  
Prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would  
think by some Passages in it, that it was composed  
by *Lucian*, or at least by some Author who has endeavoured  
to imitate his Way of Writing; but as Dissertations of this Nature are more curious than useful, I  
shall give my Reader the Fable without any further  
Enquiries after the Author.

*Menippus the Philosopher was a second time taken up into Heaven by Jupiter, when for his Entertainment he lifted up a Trap-Door that was placed by his Footstool. At its rising there issued through it such a Din of Cries as astonished the Philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, Jupiter told him they were the Prayers that were sent up to him from the Earth. Menippus, amidst the Confusion of Voices, which was so great, that nothing less than the Ear of Jove could distinguish them, heard the Words, Riches, Honour, and Long-Life repeated in several different Tones and Languages. When the first Hubbub of Sounds was over, the Trap-Door being left open, the Voices came up more separate and distinct. The first Prayer was a very odd one, it came from Athens, and desired Jupiter to encrease the Wisdom and the Beard of his humble Supplicant. Menippus knew it by the Voice to be the Prayer of his Friend Licander the Philosopher. This was succeeded by the Petition of one who had just laden a Ship, and promised Jupiter, if he took care of it, and Returned it home again full of Riches, he would make him an offering of a Silver Cup. Jupiter thanked him for nothing; and bending down his Ear more attentively than Ordinary, heard a Voice complaining to him of the Cruelty of an Ephesian Widow, and begging him to breed Compassion in her Heart. This, says Jupiter, is a very honest fellow; I have received a great deal of Incense from him; I will not be so cruel to him as not to hear his Prayers. He was then interrupted with a whole Volly of Vows which were made for the Health of a Tyrannical*

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No. 391. *Tyrannical Prince by his Subjects who prayed for Thursday, him in his Presence.* Menippus was surprized, after May 29, 1712. having listned to Prayers offered up with so much Ardour and Devotion, to hear low Whispers from the same Assembly expostulating with Jove for suffering such a Tyrant to live, and asking him how his Thunder could lie idle? Jupiter was so offended at these prevaricating Rascals, that he took down the first Vows, and puffed away the last. The Philosopher seeing a great Cloud mounting upwards, and making its Way directly to the Trap-Door, enquired of Jupiter what it meant. This, says Jupiter, is the Smoak of a whole Hecatomb that is offered me by the General of an Army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand Men that are drawn up in Array against him: What does the impudent Wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a Sacrifice of so Many Mortals as good as himself, and all this to his Glory, forsooth? But hark, says Jupiter, there is a Voice I never heard but in time of Danger; 'tis a Rogue that is shipwreck'd in the Ionian Sea: I saved him on a Plank but three Days ago, upon his promise to mend his Manners; the Scoundrel is not worth a Groat, and yet has the Impudence to offer me a Temple if I will keep him from sinking.— But yonder, says he, is a special Youth for you, he desires me to take his Father, who keeps a great Estate from him, out of the Miseries of Human Life. The old Fellow shall live till he makes his Heart ake, I can tell him that for his Pains. This was followed by the soft Voice of a pious Lady, desiring Jupiter that she might appear amiable and charming in the Sight of her Emperor. As the Philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary Petition, there blew a gentle Wind through the Trap-Door, which he at first mistook for a Gale of Zephirs, but afterwards found it to be a Breeze of Sighs: They smelt strong of Flowers and Incense, and were succeeded by most passionate Complaints of Wounds and Torments, Fires and Arrows, Cruelty, Despair, and Death. Menippus fancied that such lamentable Cries arose from some general Execution, or from Wretches lying

*lying under the Torture; but Jupiter told him that they No. 391  
came up to him from the Isle of Paphos, and that he every Thursday,  
Day received Complaints of the same Nature from that May 29,  
whimsical Tribe of Mortals who are called Lovers. I  
1712.*

*I am so trifled with, says he, by this Generation of both  
Sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether  
I grant or refuse their Petitions, that I shall order a  
Western Wind for the Future to intercept them in their  
Passage, and blow them at Random upon the Earth.  
The last Petition I heard was from a very aged Man  
of near an hundred Years old, begging but for one Year  
more of Life, and then promising to die Contented.  
This is the rarest old Fellow! says Jupiter. He has made  
this Prayer to me for above Twenty Years together.  
When he was but Fifty Years old, he desired only that  
he might live to see his Son settled in the World; I  
granted it. He then begged the same Favour for his  
Daughter, and afterwards that he might see the Educa-  
tion of a Grandson: When all this was brought about, he  
puts up a Petition that he might live to finish a house  
he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old  
Cur, and never wants an Excuse; I will hear no more of  
him. Upon which he flung down the Trap-Door in a  
Passion, and was resolved to give no more Audiences  
that Day.*

Notwithstanding the Levity of this Fable, the Moral of it very well deserves our Attention, and is the same with that which has been inculcated by *Socrates* and *Plato*, not to mention *Juvenal* and *Persius*, who have each of them made the finest Satyr in their whole Works upon this Subject. The Vanity of Men's Wishes, which are the natural Prayers of the Mind, as well as many of those Secret Devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other Reasons for Set Forms of Prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the Folly and Extravagance of Men's Desires may be kept within due Bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous Petitions on so great and solemn an Occasion. I

Friday

No. 392.  
Friday,  
May 30,  
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No. 392.  
[STEELE.]

Friday, May 30.

*Per ambages & ministeria deorum  
Praecipitandus est liber spiritus.—Pet.*

*To the SPECTATOR.*

*The Transformation of Fidelio into a Looking-Glass.*

I WAS lately at a Tea-Table, where some young Ladies entertained the Company with a Relation of a Coquet in the Neighbourhood, who had been discovered practising before her Glass. To turn the Discourse, which, from being witty grew to be malicious, the Matron of the Family took Occasion, from the Subject, to wish that there were to be found amongst Men such faithful Monitors to dress the Mind by, as we consult to adorn the Body. She added, that if a sincere Friend were miraculously changed into a Looking-Glass, she should not be ashamed to ask its Advice very often. This whimsical Thought worked so much upon my Fancy the whole Evening, that it produced a very odd Dream.

Methought, that as I stood before my Glass, the Image of a Youth, of an open ingenuous Aspect, appeared in it; who with a small Shrill Voice spoke in the following Manner.

The Looking-Glass, you see, was heretofore a Man, even I, the unfortunate *Fidelio*. I had two Brothers, whose Deformity in Shape was made up by the Clearness of their Understanding; It must be owned however, that (as it generally happens) they had each a Perverseness of Humour suitable to their Distortion of Body. The eldest, whose Belly sunk in monstrously, was a great Coward; and tho' his splenetick contracted Temper made him take Fire immediately, he made Objects that beset him appear greater than they were. The second, whose Breast swelled into a bold Relievo, on the contrary, took great Pleasure in lessening every thing, and was perfectly the Reverse of his Brother. These Oddnesses pleased Company once or twice, but disgusted when often seen; for which Reason the young Gentlemen

Gentlemen were sent from Court, to study Mathematicks No. 392.  
at the University.

Friday,  
May 30,  
1712.

I need not acquaint you, that I was very well made, and reckoned a bright, polite Gentleman. I was the Confident and Darling of all the Fair; and if the Old and Ugly spoke ill of me, all the World knew it was because I scorned to flatter them. No Ball, no Assembly was attended till I had been consulted. *Flavia* colour'd her Hair before me, *Celia* shewed me her Teeth, *Panthea* heaved her Bosom, *Cleora* brandished her Diamond; I have seen *Cloe*'s Foot, and tied artificially the Garters of *Rhodope*.

'Tis a general Maxim, that those who doat upon themselves, can have no violent Affection for another: But on the contrary, I found that the Women's Passion for me rose in Proportion to the Love they bore to themselves. This was verified in my Amour with *Narcissa*, who was so constant to me, that it was pleasantly said, Had I been little enough, she would have hung me at her Girdle. The most dangerous Rival I had, was a gay empty Fellow, who by the Strength of a long Intercourse with *Narcissa*, joined to his natural Endowments, had formed himself into a perfect Resemblance with her. I had been discarded, had she not observed that he frequently asked my Opinion about Matters of the last Consequence: This made me still more considerable in her Eye.

Though I was eternally caressed by the Ladies such was their Opinion of my Honour, that I was never envied by the Men. A jealous Lover of *Narcissa* one Day thought he had caught her in an amorous Conversation; for though he was at such a Distance that he could hear nothing, he imagined strange things from her Airs and Gestures. Sometimes with a serene Look she stepp'd back in a listening Posture, and brightened into an innocent Smile. Quickly after she swelled into an Air of Majesty and Disdain, then kept her Eyes half shut after a languishing manner, then covered her Blushes with her Hand, breathed a Sigh, and seemed ready to sink down. In rushed the furious Lover; but how great was his Surprize to see no one there but the innocent

v.

s

*Fidelio*

No. 392.  
Friday,  
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1712.

*Fidelio, with his Back against the Wall betwixt two Windows.*

It were endless to recount all my Adventures. Let me hasten to that which cost me my Life, and *Narcissa* her Happiness.

She had the Misfortune to have the Small-Pox, upon which I was expressly forbid her Sight; it being apprehended that it would encrease her Distemper, and that I should infallibly catch it at the first Look. Assoon as she was suffered to leave her Bed, she stole out of her Chamber, and found me all alone in an adjoining Apartment. She ran with Transport to her Darling, and without Mixture of Fear, lest I should dislike her. But, oh me; What was her Fury when she heard me say, I was afraid and shock'd at so loathsome a Spectacle. She stepp'd back, swollen with Rage, to see if I had the Insolence to repeat it. I did with this Addition, that her ill-timed Passion had increased her Ugliness. Enraged, Inflamed, distracted, she snatched a Bodkin, and with all her Force stabb'd me to the Heart. Dying I preserved my Sincerity, and express'd the Truth, tho' in broken Words; and by reproachful Grimaces to the last I mimick'd the Deformity of my Murderess.

*Cupid*, who always attends the Fair, and pity'd the Fate of so useful a Servant as I was, obtained of the *Destinies*, that my Body should be made incorruptible, and retain the Qualities my Mind had possessed. I immediately lost the Figure of Man, and became smooth, polished and bright, and to this Day am the first Favourite of the Ladies.' T

No. 393.

[ADDISON.]

Saturday, May 31.

*Nescio qua praeter solitum dulcedine laeti*—Virg.

LOOKING over the Letters that have been sent me, I chanced to find the following one, which I received about two Years ago from an ingenious Friend, who was then in *Denmark*.

'Dear Sir,

*Copenhagen, May 1, 1710.*

The Spring with you has already taken Possession of the

the Fields and Woods: Now is the Season of Solitude, and No. 393. of moving Complaints upon trivial Sufferings: Now the Griefs of Lovers begin to flow, and their Wounds to bleed afresh. I too, at this distance from the softer Climates, am not without my Discontents at present. You, perhaps, may laugh at me for a most Romantick Wretch, when I have disclosed to you the Occasion of my Uneasiness; and yet I cannot help thinking my Unhappiness real, in being confined to a Region, which is the very Reverse of Paradise. The Seasons here are all of them unpleasant, and the Country quite destitute of Rural Charms. I have not heard a Bird sing, nor a Brook murmur, nor a Breeze whisper, neither have I been blest with the Sight of a flow'ry Meadow these two Years. Every Wind here is a Tempest, and every Water a turbulent Ocean. I hope, when you reflect a little, you will not think the Grounds of my Complaint in the least frivolous and unbecoming a Man of serious Thought; since the Love of Woods, of Fields and Flowers, of Rivers and Fountains, seems to be a Passion implanted in our Natures the most early of any, even before the fair Sex had a Being.

*I am, Sir, &c.'*

Could I transport my self with a wish from one Country to another, I should chuse to pass my Winter in *Spain*, my Spring in *Italy*, my Summer in *England*, and my Autumn in *France*. Of all these Seasons there is none that can vie with the Spring for Beauty and Delightfulness. It bears the same Figure among the Seasons of the Year, that the Morning does among the Divisions of the Day, or Youth among the Stages of Life. The *English* Summer is pleasanter than that of any other Country in *Europe*, on no other Account but because it has a greater Mixture of Spring in it. The Mildness of our Climate, with those frequent Refreshments of Dews and Rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual Cheerfulness in our Fields, and fill the hottest Months of the Year with a lively Verdure.

In the opening of the Spring, when all Nature begins to recover her self, the same animal Pleasure which makes the Birds sing, and the whole brute Creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the Heart of Man. I know

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know none of the Poets who have observed so well as *Milton* those secret Overflowings of Gladness which diffuse themselves through the Mind of the Beholder, upon surveying the gay Scenes of Nature; he has touch'd upon it twice or thrice in his *Paradise Lost*, and describes it very beautifully under the Name of Vernal Delight, in that Passage where he represents the Devil himself as almost sensible of it.

*Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue  
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mixt;  
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his Beams  
Than in fair evening Cloud, or humid Bow,  
When God hath shower'd the Earth; so lovely seem'd  
That Landskip: And of pure now purer Air  
Meets his approach, and to the Heart inspires  
Vernal delight, and Joy able to drive  
All sadness but despair, &c.*

Many Authors have written on the Vanity of the Creature, and represented the Barrenness of every thing in this World, and its Incapacity of producing any solid or substantial Happiness. As Discourses of this Nature are very useful to the Sensual and Voluptuous, those Speculations which shew the bright Side of things, and lay forth those innocent Entertainments which are to be met with among the several Objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to Men of dark and melancholy Tempers. It was for this Reason that I endeavoured to recommend a Clearfulness of Mind in my two last Saturday's Papers, and which I would still inculcate, not only from the Consideration of our selves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general Survey of that Universe in which we are placed at present, but from Reflections on the particular Season in which this Paper is written. The Creation is a perpetual Feast to the Mind of a good Man, every thing he sees chears and delights him; Providence has imprinted so many Smiles on Nature, that it is impossible for a Mind which is not sunk in more gross and sensual Delights to take a Survey of them without several secret Sensations of Pleasure. The Psalmist has in several of his divine Poems celebrated those beautiful and agreeable Scenes which

which make the Heart glad, and produce in it that vernal Delight which I have before taken Notice of

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Natural Philosophy quickens this Taste of the Creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the Imagination, but to the Understanding. It does not rest in the Murmur of Brooks, and the Melody of Birds, in the Shade of Groves and Woods, or in the Embroidery of Fields and Meadows, but considers the several Ends of Providence which are served by them, and the Wonders of Divine Wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the Pleasures of the Eye, and raises such a rational Admiration in the Soul as is little inferior to Devotion.

It is not in the Power of every one to offer up this kind of Worship to the great Author of Nature, and to indulge these more refined Meditations of Heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his Sight; I shall therefore conclude this short Essay on that Pleasure which the Mind naturally conceives from the present Season of the Year, by the recommending of a Practice for which every one has sufficient Abilities.

I would have my Readers endeavour to moralize this natural Pleasure of the Soul, and to improve this vernal Delight, as *Milton* calls it, into a Christian Virtue. When we find our selves inspired with this pleasing Instinct, this secret Satisfaction and Complacency, arising from the Beauties of the Creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these Entertainments of Sense, and who it is that thus opens his Hand and fills the World with Good. The Apostle instructs us to take Advantage of our present Temper of Mind, to graft upon it such a religious Exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that Precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing Psalms. The Chearfulness of Heart which springs up in us from the Survey of Nature's Works, is an admirable Preparation for gratitude. The Mind has gone a great way towards Praise and Thanksgiving that is filled with a secret Gladness: A grateful Reflection on the supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the Soul, and gives it its proper Value. Such an habitual Disposition of Mind consecrates every Field and Wood, turns an ordinary Walk

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Walk into a morning or evening Sacrifice, and will improve those transient Gleams of Joy, which naturally brighten up and refresh the Soul on such Occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual State of Bliss and Happiness. I

No. 394.  
[STEELE.]

Monday, June 2.

*Bene colligitur haec pueris & mulierculis & servis & servorum simillimis liberis esse grata. Gravi vero homini & ea quae siunt iudicio certo ponderanti posse nullo modo.—Tull.*

I HAVE been considering the little and frivolous things which give Men Accesses to one another, and Power with each other, not only in the common and indifferent Accidents of Life, but also in Matters of greater Importance. You see in Elections for Members to sit in Parliament, how far saluting Rows of old Women, drinking with Clowns, and being upon a Level with the lowest Part of Mankind in that wherein they themselves are lowest, their Diversions, will carry a Candidate. A Capacity for prostituting a Man's self in his Behaviour, and descending to the present Humour of the Vulgar, is perhaps as good an Ingredient as any other for making a considerable Figure in the World; and if a Man has nothing else, or better, to think of, he could not make his way to Wealth and Distinction by properer Methods, than studying the particular Bent or Inclination of People with whom he converses, and working from the Observation of such their Biass in all Matters wherein he has any Intercourse with them: For his Ease and Comfort he may assure himself, he need not be at the Expence of any great Talent or Virtue to please even those who are possessed of the highest Qualifications. Pride in some particular Disguise or other, (often a secret to the Proud Man himself) is the most ordinary Spring of Action among Men. You need no more than to discover what a Man values himself for; then of all things admire that Quality, but be sure to be failing in it your self in Comparison

Comparison of the Man whom you court. I have No. 394. heard, or read, of a Secretary of State in *Spain*, who Monday, served a Prince who was happy in an elegant use of <sup>June 2,</sup> *Latin* Tongue, and often writ Dispatches in it with <sup>1712,</sup> his own Hand. The King shewed his Secretary a Letter he had written to a foreign Prince, and under the Colour of asking his Advice, laid a Trap for his Applause. The honest Man read it as a faithful Counsellor, and not only excepted against his tying himself down too much by some Expressions, but mended the Phrase in others. You may guess the Dispatches that Evening did not take much longer Time. Mr. Secretary, as soon as he came to his own House, sent for his eldest Son, and communicated to him that the Family must retire out of *Spain* as soon as possible; for, said he, the King knows I understand *Latin* better than he does.

This egregious Fault in a Man of the World should be a Lesson to all who would make their Fortunes: But a Regard must be carefully had to the Person with whom you have to do; for it is not to be doubted but a great Man of common Sense must look with secret Indignation, or bridled Laughter, on all the Slaves who stand round him with ready Faces to approve and smile at all he says in the Gross. It is good Comedy enough to observe a Superior talking half Sentences, and playing an humble Admirer's Countenance from one thing to another, with such Perplexity that he knows not what to sneer in Approbation of. But this kind of Complaisance is peculiarly the Manner of Courts; in all other Places you must constantly go farther in Compliance with the Persons you have to do with, than a meer Conformity of Looks and Gestures. If you are in a Country-Life, and would be a leading Man, a good Stomach, a loud Voice, and a rustick Chearfulness will go a great way, provided you are able to drink, and drink any thing. But I was just now going to draw the Manner of Behaviour I would advise People to practise under some Maxim, and intimated, that every one almost was governed by his Pride. There was an old Fellow about forty Years ago so peevish and fretful

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fretful, tho' a Man of Business, that no one could come at him: But he frequented a particular little Coffee-house, where he triumphed over every Body at Trick-track and Baggammon. The way to pass his Office well, was first to be insulted by him at one of those Games in his leisure Hours; for his Vanity was to shew, that he was a Man of Pleasure as well as Business. Next to this sort of Insinuation, which is called in all Places (from its taking its Birth in the Housholds of Princes) making one's Court, the most prevailing way is by what better bred People call a Present, the Vulgar a Bribe. I humbly conceive that such a thing is conveyed with more Gallantry in a *Billet-doux* that shou'd be understood at the *Bank*, than in gross Money: But as to stubborn People, who are so surly as to accept of Neither Note or Cash, having formerly dabbled in Chymistry, I can only say that one Part of Matter asks one thing, and another another, to make it fluent; but there is nothing but may be dissolved by a proper Mean: Thus the Virtue which is too obdurate for Gold or Paper, shall melt away very kindly in a Liquid. The Island of *Barbadoes* (a shrewd People) manage all their Appeals to *Great Britain*, by a skilful Distribution of Citron-Water among the Whisperers about Men in Power. Generous Wines do every Day prevail, and that in great Points where ten thousand times their Value would have been rejected with Indignation.

But to wave the Enumeration of the sundry ways of applying by Presents, Bribes, Management of People's Passions and Affections, in such a Manner as it shall appear that the Virtue of the best Man is by one Method or other corruptible; let us look out for some Expedient to turn those Passions and Affections on the Side of Truth and Honour. When a Man has laid it down for a Position, that parting with his Integrity, in the minutest Circumstance, is losing so much of his very Self, Self-Love will become a Virtue. By this means Good and Evil will be the only Objects of Dislike and Approbation; and he that injures any Man, has effectually wounded the Man of this Turn as much

as

as if the Harm had been to himself. This seems to be No. 394, the only Expedient to arrive at an Impartiality; and a Monday, Man who follows the Dictates of Truth and right <sup>June 2,</sup> Reason, may by Artifice be led into Error, but never <sup>1712,</sup> can into Guilt.

T

*The End of the Fifth Volume.*



## NOTES

*A.* =Original Daily Issue.  
*B. I.* =Biographical Index.

## NOTES

PAGE 3. *Motto*. Horace, *Ars Poet.* 110. No. 322.

PAGE 6. *Motto*. Ovid, *Metam.* iv. 280. It is said in the folio and No. 323, octavo to be from Virgil; and Chalmers, who could not find it, endeavoured to explain it as a misquotation of *Eneid* vi. 448.

— *Mohock*. See next paper.

PAGE 7. *A new Head*. See vol. ii. p. 328, and vol. iv. p. 291.

PAGE 8. *Fontange*. See vol. ii. p. 328.

— *Not at home*. Probably a very early use of the phrase in this sense.

PAGE 9. *Indamora*, the 'Captive Queen' in Dryden's *Aureng-Zabe*.  
 — *A Lady in the Front Box*. See vol. ii. p. 323.

— *Nicolini*. See vol. i. p. 20; vol. iv. p. 249: and *B. I.*

— *Ancora*. Cf. Toby Rentfree's Letter, vol. iv. pp. 249-50.

— *The dumb Man* was a Duncan Campbell, much in repute as a fortune-teller. He is alluded to in No. 31 (vol. i. p. 326) and again, at greater length, in No. 474 (g. v.).

PAGE 10. *An uncertain Author*. Generally ascribed to Ben Jonson, but claimed for William Browne, author of *Britannia's Pastorals*.  
 — *Motto*. Persius, *Sat.* ii. 61. The motto in *A* is 'Saevis No. 324, inter se convenit ursis—Juv.'

PAGE 11. *Mohocks*. Contemporary literature, and especially the epistolary literature of this month, is full of references to this "race of rakes" (as Swift called them), "that play the devil about this town every night." They carried on the traditions of the *Muns*, the *Tityre Tus*, the *Hectors*, and the more famous *Scowlers* of the Seventeenth Century (*ante*, vol. i. p. 328: see also Shadwell's *Scowlers*, i.), and in their reputation for brutality had quite eclipsed their immediate predecessors the *Nickers* and *Hawcubites*. Their name and that of their leader ('Emperor of the Mohocks') seem to have been suggested by the title of one of the four Indian Kings who had been on a visit to England (*ante*, vol. i. p. 336). They are further discussed in subsequent numbers of the *Spectator* (see by index). Cf. also Swift's *Journal to Stella*, March 8, 12, 16, 18, 22, and 26, 1712; Gay's *Trivia* iii. 326, etc. Mr. Austin Dobson quotes an interesting passage from a letter of Lady Wentworth, of 14th March 1712—"I am very much frighted with the fyer, but much more with a gang of Devils that call themselves Mohocks; they put an old woman into a hogshead, and rooled her down a hill, they cut of soms nosis, others hands, and several barbarass tricks, without any provocation. They are said to be young gentlemen, they never take any mony from any; instead of setting fifty pound upon the head of a highwayman, sure they would doe much better to sett a hundred upon thear heads." (*Wentworth Papers* 1883, 277-8.) Gay, in the passage referred to above, describes

No. 324.

" How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,  
Were tumbled furious thence."

[*Cf.* the name of *Tumblers*, in this essay and in No. 347.] These miscreants were afterwards found to be but common thieves. Lord Chesterfield has said, "The Society of Mohocks never existed." In No. 349 (*A*) is advertised—*The Mohocks. A Tragi-Comical Farce. As it was Acted near the Watch-house in Covent-Garden. By Her Majesty's Servants. Printed for Bernard Lintott.*

PAGE 13. *The rest is torn off.* The continuation will be found in the original paper No. 328 (*A*) printed at the foot of this page. "This letter," says Percy, "was really conveyed in the manner here mentioned to a Mrs. Cole, the wife of a churlish attorney in or near Northampton, who would not suffer her to correspond with any body. It was written by a substantial freeholder in Northamptonshire, whose name was Gabriel Bullock, and given to Steele by his friend, the ingenious antiquary, Mr. Browne Willis." (*Quoted by Chalmers*).

No. 325.

PAGE 14. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* iii. 432-6.PAGE 15. *Mr. Dryden in his Ovid.* "The Story of Acis, Polyphemus and Galatea, from the Thirteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses," line 30.

No. 326.

PAGE 17. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, III. xvi. 1-5.— *Your subsequent Discourse.* See No. 311 (vol. iv. p. 236).— *Reconnoitring (as I think you call it).* See vol. ii. p. 305; and iv. p. 297 (note).

No. 327.

PAGE 20. *Motto.* Virgil, *Aen.* vii. 44.

PAGES 24, 26. Addison does not hesitate to name Le Bossu when he chooses to disagree with him. See the note in vol. iv. p. 292-3.

PAGE 26. Line 26. *Imagination.* So in *A*; but *Indignation* in the octavo.

No. 328.

PAGE 27. *Motto.* Horace, *Epop.* xvii. 24.This paper takes the place in the octavo edition of the following, which was published as No. 328 in *A* :—" *Delectata illa urbanitate tam stulta.*—Petron. Arb.

That useful Part of Learning which consists in Emendations, Knowledge of different Readings, and the like, is what in all Ages Persons extremely wise and learned have had in great Veneration. For this reason I cannot but rejoice at the following Epistle, which lets us into the true Author of the Letter to Mrs. Margaret Clark, part of which I did myself the Honour to publish in a former Paper. I must confess I do not naturally affect critical Learning; but finding my self not so much regarded as I am apt to flatter my self I may deserve from some professed Patrons of Learning, I could not but do my self the Justice to shew I am not a Stranger to such Erudition as they smile upon, if I were duly encouraged. However this only to let the World see what I could do; and shall not give my Reader any more of this kind, if he will forgive the Ostentation I shew at present.

"Sir,

March 13, 1712.

Upon reading your Paper of Yesterday, I took the Pains to look out a Copy I had formerly taken, and remembered to be very like your last Letter: Comparing them, I found they were the

very same, and have underwritten sent you that Part of it which No. 328, you say was torn off. I hope you will insert it, that Posterity may know 'twas *Gabriel Bullock* that made Love in that natural Stile of which you seem to be fond. But, to let you see I have other Manuscripts in the same way, I have sent you enclosed three Copies, faithfully taken by my own Hand from the Originals, which were writ by a *Yorkshire* gentleman of a good estate to Madam *Mary*, and an Uncle of her's, a Knight very well known by the most ancient Gentry in that and several other Counties of *Great Britain*. I have exactly followed the Form and Spelling. I have been credibly informed that Mr. *William Bullock*, the famous Comedian, is the descendant of this *Gabriel*, who begot Mr. *William Bullock's* great grandfather on the Body of the above-mention'd Mrs. *Margaret Clark*. But neither *Speed*, nor *Baker*, nor *Selden*, taking notice of it, I will not pretend to be positive; but desire that the letter may be reprinted, and what is here recovered may be in Italick.

*I am, Sir,  
Your daily Reader.*

*To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.*

Lovely, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. *Margaret Clark*, I pray you let Affection excuse Presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the Sight of your sweet Countenance and comely Body, sometimes when I had Occasion to buy Treacle or Liquorish Powder at the Apothecary's Shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming Desire to become your Servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own Man, and may match were I please; for my Father is taken away; and now I am come to my Living, which is Ten Yard Land, and a House; and there is never a Yard of Land in our Field but is as well worth ten Pound a Year, as a Thief's worth a Halter; and all my Brothers and Sisters are provided for: Besides I have good Household-stuff, though I say it, both Brass and Pewter, Linnens and Woollens; and though my House be thatched, yet if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you shall think well of this Motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new Cloaths is made and Hay-Harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good *Matches in our Town*; but my Mother (*God's Peace be with her*) charged me upon her Death-Bed to marry a Gentlewoman, one who had been well trained up in *Sowing and Cookery*. I do not think but that if you and I can agree to marry, and lay our Means together, I shall be made Grand-Jury-man e'er two or three Years come about, and that will be a great Credit to us. If I could have got a Messenger for Sixpence, I wou'd have sent one on purpose, and some Trifle or other for a Token of my Love; but I hope there is nothing lost for that neither. So hoping you will take this Letter in good part, and answer it with what care and speed you can, I rest and remain,

*Yours, if my own,*

*Swepson, Leistershire.*

*Mr. Gabriel Bullock,  
now my father is dead.*

No. 328.

When the Coal Carts come, I shall send oftener; and may come in one of them my self.

For Sir William to go to london at westminster, remember a parlement.

Sir,

William, i hope that you are well. i write to let you know that i am in troubel about a lady you nease; and I do desire that you will be my frend; for when i did com to see her at your hall, i was mighty Abuesed. i would fain a see you at topecliff, and thay would not let me go to you; but i desire that you will be our frends, for it is no dishonor neither for you nor she, for God did make us all. i wish that I might see you, for thay say that you are a good man; and many doth wounder at it, but madam norton is abuesed and ceated two i beleive. i might a had many a lady, but i con have none but her with a good consons, for there is a God that know our harts. if you and madam norton will come to York, there i shill meet you if God be willing and if you pleased. so be not angterie till you know the trutes of things.

I give my to me lady, and to Mr. Aysenby, and to *George Nillson.* madam norton. March, the 19th; 1706.

This is for madam mary norton disforth Lady she went to York.

Madam Mary. Deare loving sweet lady, i hope you are well. Do not go to london, for they will put you in the nunnery; and heed not Mrs. Lucy what she saith to you, for she will ly and ceat you. go from to another Place, and we will gate wed so with speed. mind what i write to you, for if they gate you to london they will keep you there; and so let us gate wed, and we will both go. so if you go to london, you ruing your self. so heed not what none of them saith to you. let us gate wed, and we shall lie to gader any time. i will do any thing for you to my poore. i hope the devill will faile them all, for a hellish Company there be, from there cursed trick and mischiefus ways good lord bless and deliver both you and me.

I think to be at york the 24 day.

This is for madam mary norton to go to london for a lady that belongs to dishforth.

Madam Mary, i hope you are well. i am soary that you went away from York. deare loving sweet lady, i wrtit to let you know that i do remain faithfull; and if can let me know where i can meet you, i will wed you, and i will do any thing to my poor; for you are a good woman, and will be a loving Misters. i am in troubel for you, so if you will come to yor i will wed you. so with speed come, and i will have none but you. so, sweet love, heed not what to say to me, and with speed come: heed not what none of them say to you; your Maid makes you believe ought.

So deare love think of Mr. george Nillson with speed; i sent you 2 or 3 letters before.

I gave misteris elcock some nots, and thay put me in pruson all the night for me pains, and non new whear i was, and i did gat cold.

But it is for mrs. Lucy to go a good way from home, for in York No. 328, and round about she is known; to writ any more her deeds, the same will tell her soul is back within, her corkis stinks of hell,  
March 19th, 1706.'"

A portion of the letter to Mrs. Clarke is printed in No. 324 (p. 13 of this volume). Chalmers states, on the authority of a MS. note by Dr. Birch, that a paper in the original folio, probably this one, was withdrawn in the octavo edition on the remonstrance of a family who conceived themselves injured by it.

PAGE 28. *Charles Mather*, a toy-dealer in Fleet Street.

PAGE 29. *Persico*. In No. 335 (A) and subsequent numbers, one Paul Girard, at the 3 Flower de Luces, at Charing Cross, advertises distilled waters from Italy "of the 4 most select Sorts, Millefleur, Orangiat, Burgamot, and Persicot."

PAGE 30. *Motto*. Horace, *Epist.* I. vi. 27.

No. 329.

PAGE 31. *Baker's Chronicle*. See note, vol. i. page 330.

PAGE 32. *Sir Cloudly Shovel*. Cf. the passage in No. 26 (vol. i. p. 97).

— *Dr. Busby*, head master of Westminster School from 1640 to 1695. See vol. iv. p. 246, and note.

— *The little Chappel*, of St. Edmund.

— *That Martyr to good Housewifry*. Elizabeth Russell.

PAGE 34. *Motto*. Juvenal, *Sat.* xiv. 47.

No. 330.

— In A the paper concludes with this note, bearing on the original paper, No. 328, (given in the note, p. 286),—

“*Mr. SPECTATOR*, March the 18th.

The Ostentation you shew'd Yesterday wou'd have been pardonable, had you provided better for the two Extremities of your Paper, and plac'd in one the Letter R, in the other *Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis*. A Word to the Wise.

*I am your most humble Servant*,

T. Trash.

According to the Emendation of the above Correspondent, the Reader is desired in the Paper of the 17th to read R for T.”

PAGE 38. *Motto*. Persius, *Sat.* ii. 28.

No. 331.

— *Aelian. Var. Hist.* xi. 10.

— *Zoilus*. See note, vol. iv. p. 295.

PAGE 40. *Hudibras*, I. i. 241-6.

— *They already appear in Hats*, etc. Cf. No. 104 (vol. ii.

p. 84 and note).

PAGE 41. *Motto*. Horace, *Sat.* I. iii. 29-30.

No. 332.

PAGE 44. *Motto*. Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 172.

No. 331.

— *Par. Lost*, i. 44-9; i. 128-9, 134-7, 169-77.

PAGE 45. *Par. Lost*, ii. 165-8. The second quotation is from the Second Book, ll. 988-98.

PAGE 46. *Longinus*, viii. The passage in Homer is in the *Odyssey* (xi. 314).

PAGE 48. *Lord Roscommon's Essay*. Cf. No. 253 (vol. iv. p. 10).

PAGE 49. *My Bow*, etc. Later texts read—

My bow and thunder, my almighty arms,  
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh.

No. 333. PAGE 50. *All Heaven*, etc. Rather—

All Heaven  
Resounded ; and, had Earth been then, all Earth  
Had to her centre shook.

No. 334. PAGE 51. *Motto*. Cicero, *De Oratore*, i. 61 (258).

PAGE 52. *Booth in the Character of Pyrrhus*. In Philips's *Distrest Mother*, referred to in the next paper.

— *The following letter*. Probably by John Weaver, being an epitome of portion of his *Essay towards the History of Dancing*, 8vo, 1712. John Essex's *Treatise of Choreography* (3rd ed.) is advertised in No. 336.

PAGE 53. *Terence*. In the prologue to *Hecyra*.

PAGE 54. *Macrobius, Somnium Scipionis*, ii. (near the beginning).

No. 335. PAGE 56. *Motto*. Horace, *Ars Poet*. 317-8.

— Sir Roger's visit to the play may be compared with Mr. Bickerstaff's, which is the subject of the 122nd *Tatler*.

— *The New Tragedy—The Distressed Mother*. See No. 290 and note thereon (vol. iv. p. 296). The leading parts were taken as follows:—Orestes, Mr. Powell (see No. 346, p. 104); Pyrrhus, Mr. Booth (see preceding paper); Andromache, Mrs. Oldfield (see No. 341, p. 80); Hermione, Mrs. Porter. The play was, according to Genest, acted about nine times. It was published by Buckley, on Friday, March 28 (see advt. in this number, *A*). It was burlesqued by Fielding in his *Covent Garden Tragedy* (1732).

— *The Committee*, by Sir Robert Howard, had great vogue after the Restoration, on account of its political character. See Pepys's *Diary* (12th June 1663).

— *Mohocks, ante*, p. 285.

No. 336. PAGE 59. *Motto*. Horace, *Epist*. II. i. 80-5.

PAGE 60. *So these three Men*. Job, xxxii.

No. 337. PAGE 63. *Motto*. Horace, *Epist*. I. ii. 63-4.

PAGE 65. *Says Horace*. *Satires*, I. iv.

— *Xenophon*. *Cyropaedia*, I. ii. 6.

— *Apuleius*. *Florida*, vi.

PAGE 66. *The Archbishop of Cambray*. Fénelon. See vol. ii. p. 328.

No. 338. PAGE 67. *Motto*. Horace, *Sat*. I. iii. 18-19.

— *Is publish'd to Day*. So, too, the advertisement in *A*.

— *Author of the Prologue*. See note, vol. iv. p. 296.

— *Gentleman who writ the Epilogue*. See vol. iv. p. 296. “The propriety of epilogues in general, and consequently of this,” says Johnson in his Life of Ambrose Philips, “was questioned by a correspondent of the *Spectator*, whose Letter was undoubtedly admitted for the sake of the answer, which soon followed, written with much zeal and acrimony [No. 341]. The attack and defence equally contributed to stimulate curiosity and continue attention. It may be discovered in the defence, that Prior's Epilogue to *Phædra* had a little excited jealousy ; and something of Prior's plan may be discovered in the performance of his rival.”

Of this distinguished Epilogue the reputed author was the wretched Budgel, whom Addison used to denominate ‘the man who calls me cousin’ ; and when he was asked how such a silly

fellow could write so well, replied, 'The Epilogue was quite **No. 338.** another thing when I saw it first.' It was known in Tonson's family, and told to Garrick, that Addison was himself the author of it, and that, when it had been at first printed with his name, he came early in the morning, before the copies were distributed, and ordered it to be given to Budgel, that it might add weight to the solicitation which he was then making for a place."

PAGE 68. *Mrs. Oldfield as Andromache.* See note to p. 56.

PAGE 70. *Paul Lorrain*, Ordinary of Newgate. Cf. *Tatler*, No. 63.

"Most Writers, like the Generality of Paul Lorrain's Saints, seem to place a peculiar Vanity in dying hard." He published accounts of the chief criminals whom he had executed. Cf. Bolingbroke to Swift (Pope's Letters, ed. Elwin, vii. (ii.) 67).

PAGE 70. *Motto.* Virgil, *Eclog.* vi. 33-6. In the original it is **No. 339.** ascribed to Ovid.

— *Longinus. On the Sublime*, viii.

PAGE 71. *The Critick above-mentioned. On the Sublime*, xiv. ; and, again, ix.

PAGE 72. *And behold there came*, etc. *Zechariah*, vi. 1.

PAGE 76. Line 26. 'Resounded' in the later texts of *Par. Lost*.

— *A Poem which has lately appear'd. The Creation*, by Blackmore (see note, vol. i. p. 315). It first appeared on 28th Feb. 1712.

PAGE 77. *Motto.* Virgil, *Aen.* iv. 10-11. **No. 340.**

PAGE 78. *The Prince.* Eugene of Savoy. See note, vol. iv. p. 293.

— *Of that Stature.* Cf. Swift's *Journal to Stella*, especially under Jan. 13, 1712.

PAGE 79. *His Action and Address*, etc. Cf. Burnet's *History of his Own Time*, 1734, ii. 590—"He has a most unaffected Modesty, and does scarcely bear the Acknowledgments, that all the World pay him: He descends to an easy Equality with those, with whom he converses; and seems to assume nothing to himself, while he reasons with others."

PAGE 80. *Never was equalled but by one Man*—i.e. The Duke of Marlborough.

PAGE 80. *Motto.* Virgil, *Aen.* i. 206-7. **No. 341.**

— Some of the editors have commented on the bitterness of this epistle, but the writers of this letter and that in No. 338 (q.v.) are less serious in their critical anger than in drawing the attention of the public to their friend's piece. See the note on p. 290.

PAGE 81. *In a Tragedy where there is not only a Death*, etc., i.e. in Dryden's *Tyrannic Love, or, The Royal Martyr* (1669). Nell Gwyn ("Mrs. Ellen") played Valeria, daughter of Maximin, and Mrs. Boutell, S. Catharine, Princess of Alexandria. The concluding lines of the Epilogue run—

Here Nelly lies, who, though she lived a slattern,  
Yet died a princess, acting in S. Catharine.

This may explain the Spectator's slip.

— *Phaedra and Hippolitus.* See vol. i. p. 322. The Epilogue was written by Prior.

PAGE 82. *Orestes and Lubin.* Probably Racine's *Andromaque* and Molière's *George Dandin, ou Le Mari Confondu*.

No. 341. PAGE 82. *The Rehearsal.* "Now Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both serve for either (do you mark?): nay, they may both serve too, I gad, for any other Play as well as this" (I. i.).  
 — *The Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance.* Don Quixote.

No. 342. PAGE 83. *Motto.* Cicero, *De Officiis*, i. 28 (99).  
 No. 343. PAGE 87. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* xv. 165-8.  
 — *Sir Paul Rycant.* His *Present State of the Ottoman Empire* appeared in 1669.

No. 344. PAGE 91. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* XI. ii.  
 PAGE 93. *Taking Snuff.* See note in vol. i. p. 343.

No. 345. PAGE 94. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* i. 76-8.  
 PAGE 99. Dryden's *State of Innocence, and Fall of Man*, Act II. sc. ii.

No. 346. PAGE 101. *Motto.* Cicero, *De Officiis*, ii. 18 (63).  
 PAGE 102. *My beloved Author.* Cicero. Cf. vol. ii. pp. 263, 275, and note in vol. i. p. 313. The reader (and the editor) can emphatically endorse Steele's admission.  
 PAGE 103. *The Practice of some wealthy Men.* See note, vol. iii. p. 323 (No. 248).  
 — *York-Buildings.* See vol. iv. p. 290. It was a general name applied to the blocks of houses erected on the site of York House.  
 — *George Powell* (*ante*, vol. i. p. 320). He played Falstaff this night at Drury Lane.

No. 347. PAGE 105. *Motto.* Lucan, *Pharsalia*, i. 8.  
 — The 'Emperor's' technicalities are explained in the letter printed in No. 332.

No. 348. PAGE 108. *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* II. iii. 13.

No. 349. PAGE III. *Motto.* Lucan, *Pharsalia*, i. 459-62.  
 — *Letter of Phalaris.* Bentley would note that Addison did not say 'the so-called.'  
 PAGE 112. *St. Evremont* (*ante*, vol. i. p. 122, etc.). Addison here refers to Saint-Evremond's *Life and Character of Petronius Arbiter*, which appeared with the translation of 1708.  
 PAGE 113. *The Abbot de Vertot.* Aubert de Vertot d'Aubœuf, author of a *History of the Revolutions of Portugal*.  
 — *Don Sebastian.* This tale is the plot of the old play *The Battle of Alcazar* (1594), and of Dryden's famous tragedy *Don Sebastian* (1690).

No. 350. PAGE 114. *Motto.* Cicero, *De Officiis*, i. 19 (62).  
 PAGE 116. *A French Author,* etc. Le Bossu, *Du Poème Epique*, IV. x. (towards the end).

No. 351. PAGE 117. *Motto.* Virgil, *Aen.* xii. 59.  
 PAGE 118. *Heus etiam,* etc. Virgil, *Aen.* vii. 116.  
 PAGE 121. . . . Some cursed fraud  
 Of enemy hath beguiled thee . . .  
 (Par. Lost, ix. 905-6, ed. Masson.)

No. 352. PAGE 124. *Motto.* Cicero, *De Officiis*, iii. 8 (35).  
 No. 353. PAGE 128. *Motto.* Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 6.  
 PAGE 129. *Two Persons.* Chalmers suggests that this may be a reference to Swift and his friend Mr. Stratford, the Hamburg merchant, who is referred to very frequently in the *Journal to Stella*.

No. 354. PAGE 131. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* vi. 168-9.

PAGE 132. *Questions and Commands.* Cf. vol. iii. p. 283; *The Vicar of Wakefield*, xi. (2nd paragraph). No. 354.

PAGE 133. *Xenophon. On the Polity of Lacedaemon.*

PAGE 134. *Red Breeches*, etc. Wycherley, *The Plain Dealer*, II. i.  
— *Otway. Friendship in Fashion*, III. i.

PAGE 134. *Motto.* Ovid, *Tristia*, ii. 563. No. 355.

PAGE 135. *Epictetus. Enchiridion*, xlvi., lxiv.

PAGE 136. *Balzac.* Balzac's *Letters* were first translated into English by W. Tirwhyt, in 1634. Sir Richard Baker added two volumes of *New Epistles* in 1638. An enlarged edition was published in one volume in 1654.

PAGE 137. *Boccalini.* See note in vol. iv. p. 296.  
— *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 349-50. No. 356.

PAGE 138. *Catastrophe of this Day.* Good Friday.  
— *In plain and apt parable.* It would appear that from this point the paper is a reprint, with a few alterations (chiefly by way of condensation), of the concluding portion of the second chapter of Steele's early work, *The Christian Hero*.

PAGE 141. *Motto.* Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 6, 8. No. 357.

PAGE 148. *Homer . . . represents sleep.* *Iliad.* xiv.

PAGE 149. *Strength and Necessity.* Aeschylus, *Prometheus Bound.*  
— *Before him went the Pestilence,* *Habakkuk*, iii. 5. No. 358.

PAGE 150. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, IV. xii. 28.  
— *Charles Lillie.* *Ante*, vol. i. p. 335.  
— *Mosaick Work.* Steele's allusion to the Stonesfield mosaic is best explained by an advertisement in No. 349 *et seq.* (A.):— “Whereas about nine Weeks since there was accidentally discovered by an Husbandman at Stimsfield [Stunsfield], near Woodstock in Oxfordshire, (a large Pavement of rich Mosaick Work of the Ancient Romans, which is adorn'd with several Figures alluding to Mirth and Concord, in particular that of Bacchus seated on a Panther). This is to give Notice, that an exact Delineation of the same is Engrav'd and Imprinted on a large Elephant Sheet of Paper; which are to be sold at Mr. Charles Lillie's, Perfumer, at the corner of Beauford Buildings, in the Strand, at 1s. N.B. There are to be had at the same Place at one Guinea each on superfine Atlas Paper, some painted with the same variety of Colours that the said Pavement is beautified with; this piece of Antiquity is esteemed by the Learned to be the most considerable ever found in Britain.” The engraver was Vertue.

PAGE 151. *And one perhaps.* Probably a reference to a frolic of Sir Charles Sedley.

PAGE 152. *Estcourt.* (See note, vol. iv. p. 292). Congreve's *Love for Love* is advertised in *A* for Tuesday, April 22nd.  
— *Ancient Pantomime.* *Pantomime* is here used in its older and more correct sense. The word is defined in Blount's *Glossary* (ed. 1674), as “an actor of many parts in one play.” Cf. Johnson in his *Dictionary*, where he quotes *Hudibras*, III. ii. 1287-90.

PAGE 153. *Motto.* Virgil, *Eclog.* ii. 63-4. No. 359.

PAGE 155. *Pocket Milton.* Perhaps a good word for the pocket edition so frequently advertised by Buckley in the *Spectator* (A.).  
— *Paradise Lost*, x. 888-908. Usually—

No. 359. "O, why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven."

No. 360. PAGE 156. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* I. xvii. 43-4.  
— *Silence of our Poverty.* Cf. vol. iv. p. 50 (foot), and p. 111 (foot).  
— *The Christian Hero.* In chap. iii. See the note *supra*, p. 293.

PAGE 159. *A Fellow of no Mark.* 1st Henry IV., III. ii. 45.  
— *Motto.* Virgil, *Aen.* vii. 514-5. Addison had changed it to *Omnis contremuit domus.*  
— *The Humorous Lieutenant*, by Beaumont and Fletcher. See also vol. iv. p. 58.

PAGE 162. *Mr. \* \* \*.* In *A*, at the end, is added—"Not being yet determined with whose Name to fill up the Gap in this Dissertation, which is marked with Asterisks, I shall defer it till this Paper appears with others in a Volume."  
— *Mr. Collier.* The passage will be found on p. 24 of Part ii. of his *Essays upon Several Moral Subjects* (1697).  
— *Almanzor.* See vol. ii. p. 339 and vol. iii. p. 321.

No. 362. PAGE 163. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* I. xix. 6.  
— *Celebrated Yesterday.* 23rd April was Queen Anne's Coronation Day (1702); and also St. George's Day.  
— *Brooke & Hellier.* See note in vol. iv. p. 299. This paper on Bad Wine recalls No. 131 of the *Tatler*, which exposes the "Chymical Operators" who, "by the Power of Magical Drugs and Incantations," raise "under the Streets of London the choicest Products of the Hills and Valleys of France." Steele there speaks of the adulteration of Port, of "the Lands in Herefordshire" being "raised Two Years Purchase since the Beginning of the War." He denounces the operators "as no better than a kind of Assassins and Murderers within the Law." It will be hard for the modern victim to believe that the vintners of Steele's day were such good alchemists, but the advertisements of protestation, in the columns of the original *Spectator*, amply prove the venerable fraud.  
— *Cully Mully Puff.* See vol. iii. p. 307, and note.

No. 363. PAGE 167. *Motto.* Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 368-9.  
— *They forthwith.* This is adapted from *Par. Lost*, x. 1086-90. The other quotations in this paper show several variations from the accepted text.

PAGE 173. *Janque mare, &c.* Ovid, *Metam.* I. 291-2.

No. 364. PAGE 175. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* I. ii. 28-9.  
— "This letter on travelling," says Chalmers, "was written by Mr. Philip Yorke, afterwards Earl of Hardwicke, who was likewise the author of another paper in the *Spectator*, which his son could not particularly remember. This information is given on the authority of Dr. Thomas Birch, in a letter dated June 15, 1764."

PAGE 178. *Exactness.* After this word the text of *A* continues:— "I can't quit this Head without paying my Acknowledgments to one of the most entertaining Pieces this Age has produc'd, for the Pleasure it gave me. You will easily guess, that the Book I have in my head is *Mr. A—'s Remarks upon Italy.* That Ingenious gentleman has with so much Art and Judgment applied his exact

Knowledge of all the Parts of Classical Learning to illustrate the No. 364, several occurrences of his Travels, that his Work alone is a pregnant Proof of what I have said. No Body that has a Taste this way, can read him going from *Rome* to *Naples*, and making *Horace* and *Silius Italicus* his Chart, but he must feel some Uneasiness in himself to Reflect that he was not in his Retinue. I am sure I wish'd it Ten Times in every Page, and that not without a secret Vanity to think in what State I should have Travelled the *Appian* Road with *Horace* for a Guide, and in company with a Countryman of my own, who of all Men living knows best how to follow his Steps.

But I have wandered. . . ."

PAGE 179. *The Amorous Widow, or, The Wanton Wife*, a comedy based on Molière's *George Dandin* (see note on p. 292), first played at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1670. Mrs. Porter had taken the part of Philadelphia at the revival at the Haymarket on 19th November, 1709. See Genest. i. p. 108.

No. 365.

PAGE 179. *Motto*. Virgil, *Georg.* iii. 272.

— *Menagiana*. See vol. i. p. 226, and note.

PAGE 180. Dryden. *Palamon and Arcite*, ii. 53-56; i. 176-179: "breaks their slaggard sleep."

PAGE 181. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 268-271.

— *Snake in the Grass*. Virgil, *Eclog.* iii. 92-3.

PAGE 182. *Motto*. Horace, *Odes*, I. xxii. 17-18, 23-24.

No. 366.

PAGE 183. Scheffer's *History of Lapland* is the Oxford translation (1674) of his Latin account, entitled *Lapponia* (1673). Scheffer, a native of Strassburg (died 1679), was librarian to Queen Christina of Sweden and a Professor in the University of Uppsala. The version of this translation in the *Spectator* is by Ambrose Philips, whose translations from Sappho had been printed in Nos. 223 and 229 (see note in vol. iii. p. 319). Another song in Scheffer's book is rendered in No. 406.

No. 367.

PAGE 186. *Motto*. Juvenal, *Sat.* i. 18.

PAGE 188. *The new edition . . . of Cæsar's Commentaries*. This is the beautiful folio edited by Samuel Clarke, and published by Tonson. The Preface is dated 4th Dec. 1711.

No. 368.

PAGE 189. *Motto*. Cicero, *Tusc. Quest.* i. 48 (115).

No. 369.

PAGE 191. *Motto*. Horace, *Ars Poet.* 180-1.

PAGE 193. *Haec tum, etc.* Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 777.

PAGE 196. *Bossu*. See vol. i. p. 264, and note. Cf. also Johnson, "Bossu is of opinion that the poet's first work is to find a moral, which his fable is afterwards to illustrate and establish" (*Life of Milton*). See the note on Addison's use of *Le Bossu*, iv. pp. 292, 296, and v. p. 286.

PAGE 198. This paper concludes Addison's weekly critiques of *Paradise Lost*. With all due appreciation of the literary merits of Addison's work in this matter, one is forced to the conclusion that it is unsatisfactory as a piece of systematic criticism. Its influence was undoubtedly great (see note in vol. iv. p. 292), but its true merit lies in the success which it achieved for the reputation of Milton. The papers took the public fancy, as Addison's bookseller was glad to testify, and were the innocent cause of much exaggerated

No. 369.

praise, of which Eusden's verses in Steele's *Miscellany* (1727) are a typical example. An excellent critique of Addison's papers will be found in a note by Richard Hurd. "It gives one pain to refuse to such a writer, as Mr. Addison, any *kind* of merit, to which he appears to have laid claim, and which the generality have seemed willing to allow him. Yet it must not be dissembled, that *criticism* was, by no means, his talent. His taste was truly elegant; but he had neither that vigour of understanding, nor chastised, philosophical spirit, which are so essential to this character, and which we find in hardly any of the antients, besides Aristotle, and but in a very few of the moderns. For what concerns his *Criticism on Milton* in particular, there was this accidental benefit arising from it, that it occasioned an admirable poet to be read, and his excellencies to be observed. But for the merit of the work itself, if there be any thing just in the *plan*, it was because Aristotle and Bossu had taken the same route before him. And as to his *own* proper observations, they are for the most part, so general and indeterminate, as to afford but little instruction to the reader, and are, not unfrequently, altogether frivolous. They are of a kind with those, in which the French critics (for I had rather instance in the defects of *foreign* writers than of our *own*) so much abound; and which good judges agree to rank in the worst sort of criticism." (*Q. Horatii Flacci Epistles ad Pisones et Augustum*, etc., 3rd edition, Cambridge, 1757. Vol. ii. p. 94.)

No. 370.

PAGE 199. *Motto*. See text of paper.

PAGE 200. This paper is a companion to No. 182 of the *Tatler*. Steele there says—"It may possibly be imagined by severe Men, that I am too frequent in the mention of the 'Theatrical Representations,' and he proceeds (to refer to but one point of identity) to make a comparison between Robert Wilks (see *B. I.*) and Colley Cibber (see *B. I.*), much in the terms of the present paper. "Wilks has a singular Talent in representing the Graces of Nature, Cibber the Deformity in the affectation of them. . . . Cibber, in another Light, hits exquisitely the flat Civility of an affected Gentleman-Usher, and Wilks the easy Frankness of a Gentleman. If you would observe the Force of the same Capacities in higher Life, Can any Thing be more ingenuous, than the Behaviour of Prince Harry when his Father checks him? Any Thing more exasperating, than that of Richard, when he insults his Superiors? To beseech gracefully, to approach respectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the Places wherein Wilks may be made to shine with the utmost Beauty: To rally pleasantly, to scorn artfully, to flatter, to ridicule, and to neglect, are what Cibber would perform with no less Excellence."

— *The Trip to the Jubilee*. The second title of Farquhar's *Constant Couple* (1700). Sir Harry Wildair is the "Young Man of Good-nature."

— *An artful Servant*. Mosca in Ben Jonson's *Volpone, or, The Fox*.

— *Escourt*. See p. 293.

— *Lord Foppington*. In Colley Cibber's *Careless Husband*.

PAGE 200. *Dogget.* *Ante*, vol. iii. p. 249. See *B. I.* No. 370.  
 — *Corbacchio.* Corbaccio was Johnson's part in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*.  
 — *William Penkethman* (*ante*, vol. i. p. 326). Cibber's *Love Makes a Man, or, the Pop's Fortune* is advertised in 'A' for his benefit that evening. He took the part of Don Lewis, *alias* Don Choleric Snap Shorto de Testy, and the author that of Clodio, *alias* Don Dismallo Thick-Sculo de Half Witto.

PAGE 201. *Mrs. Bicknell* took her benefit in Cibber's *Constant Couple* (*supra*). Mrs. Oldfield took the part of *Lady Lurewell*. The bill of the play adds, "Dancing by Mr. Prince, Mr. Thurmond, and Mrs. Bicknell" (Advt. in *A*). See *B. I.* No. 371.  
 — *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 28-9.

PAGE 202. *One of the Wits of the last Age.* Perhaps Buckingham, author of the *Rehearsal*. No. 372.

PAGE 205. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* i. 758-9.  
 — Ralph Bellfry refers to the letter in No. 14 (vol. i. p. 54).

PAGE 206. *Mr. Powell at the Bath.* See the *Tatler*, Nos. 44, 50 (containing Powell's reply from Bath), 77, and 115; also note in vol. i. of the *Spectator*, p. 319.

PAGE 208. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* xiv. 109. No. 373.  
 — *Locke's Treatise.* III. x. xi.

PAGE 211. *Motto.* Lucan, *Pharsalia*, ii. 657. Some texts read No. 374.  
 "Nil actum credens, cum quid . . ." Steele translates it in the *Essay*.

PAGE 214. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, iv. 45-50. No. 375.  
 — *A noble saying of Seneca.* See the first paragraph of No. 39 (i. p. 143).

PAGE 218. *Motto.* Persius, *Sat.* vi. ii. No. 376.

PAGE 221. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, II. xiii. 13-14. No. 377.  
 — *Oroondates.* See vol. iii. p. 114, and note.  
 — *Porcupine.* Cowley's *Anacreontiques*, iii.—  
 "They are all Weapon, and they dart  
 Like Porcupines from every Part."

PAGE 222. *The Ring.* *Ante*, vol. i. p. 335.

PAGE 223. *The Trip to the Jubilee.* See note on p. 296.

PAGE 224. *Motto.* Virgil, *Eclog.* iv. 48. No. 378.  
 — This is the first appearance of the *Messiah*, which Pope had written at Binfield. Steele printed it in *A* as he received it, and on June 1st wrote to the author—"I have turned to every verse and chapter, and think you have preserved the sublime heavenly spirit throughout the whole, especially at *Hark a glad voice*, and *The Lamb with wolves shall graze*. There is but one line which I think below the original,  
*He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.*  
 You have expressed it with a good and pious, but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet, *The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces*. If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better than the Pollio." Pope accepted the advice, and altered the line in  
 v. u

No. 378. the octavo edition (see p. 225, l. 22). The poem (with Introduction and Notes) will be found in the first volume of Elwin & Courthope's Edition.

No. 379. PAGE 227. *Motto.* Persius, *Sat.* i. 27.  
PAGE 228. *There is still extant.* Aulus Gellius, *Noct. Att.* xx. ch. 5.  
— *Gratian.* See note in vol. iv. p. 296.  
— *Cowley.* *Several Discourses by Way of Essays*, x. ('The Danger of Procrastination').

PAGE 229. A book entitled *Le Comte de Gabalis*, by the Abbé Villars, dealing with the Rosicrucian mysteries, was at this time much read and talked about in England. It was translated from the French by Ozell. Pope derived from it his notion of the Machinery of the Sylphs, which he incorporated in the revised version of the *Rape of the Lock*.

No. 380. PAGE 230. *Motto.* Ovid, *Ars Amat.* ii. 539.  
PAGE 233. *You were so kind to recommend.* See vol. iv. p. 165.

No. 381. — *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, II. iii. 1-4.

No. 382. PAGE 237. *Motto.* Cicero ?

No. 383. PAGE 240. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* i. 75. In the original it is ascribed to Horace.  
— *Spring-Garden*, also known as Vauxhall ('Fox-hall,' on p. 241). Cf. note in vol. ii. p. 328; and see Mr. Dobson's *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, vol. i.

PAGE 241. *La Hogue.* 'Bantry Bay,' in *A*.  
PAGE 243. *Motto.* As there noted.

No. 384. — *My lord Bishop of Asaph* (Dr. William Fleetwood) published *Four Sermons* in 1712, to which he prefixed the Preface here reprinted by Steele. The House of Commons having condemned the book, because of its Whig principles, Steele by this editorial ruse gave it a wide circulation (fourteen thousand copies were said to have been sold). He delayed publication till twelve o'clock, so that it might go direct to the Queen's breakfast-table without risk of suppression by the Court officials. Mr. Spectator here, and in the case of the Duke of Marlborough, had forgotten his vow not to meddle with politics. See Johnson's *Life of Addison*.

No. 385. PAGE 248. *Motto.* Ovid, *Tristia*, I. iii. 66.

No. 386. PAGE 251. *Motto.* Cicero, *Oratio pro M. Caelio*, 6, 13.

No. 387. PAGE 254. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* I. xviii. 102. This paper and Nos. 388 and 390 are wrongly numbered in *A*.

No. 388. PAGE 258. *Motto.* Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 174-5.  
— There is an editorial tradition that verse renderings of a chapter of Proverbs and of another portion of the Old Testament were by a Mr. Parr, a dissenting minister at Morton-Hampstead, in Devonshire. The passage in Addison's paper which suggested the present exercise will be found in No. 327. The last lines in the first and second stanzas read in *A*, respectively—

"And their united Beauties shall be less than mine."  
"And stands among ten thousand eminently bright."

No. 389. PAGE 261. *Motto.* ? Horace.  
— *A Small Book, etc.* This copy of Giordano Bruno's work was purchased in 1711 by Mr. Walter Clavel at public auction

for twenty-eight pounds. [In *A* the sum is given as *fifty* pounds.] No. 389.  
See the note in Chalmers's edition.

PAGE 261. *Vanini*. Lucilio Vanini was burned at Toulouse in 1619.  
*Casimir Lyszynski* suffered at Warsaw in 1689. See Chalmers's  
notes.

PAGE 265. *Motto*. Cicero ? No. 390.

PAGE 266. *The best, said he*. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Bk. VI.  
canto vi. st. 14.

PAGE 268. *Motto*. Persius, *Sat.* ii. 3-13. No. 391.

PAGE 269. *An Ephesian Widow*. Cf. vol. i. p. 45, and vol. iii.  
p. 241.

PAGE 272. *Motto*. Petronius Arbiter, cxviii. The passage runs— No. 392.  
“Sed per ambages, deorumque ministeria, et fabulosum senten-  
tiarum tormentum, praecipitandus est liber spiritus.”  
— (End of 1st par.)— that it produced so odd a Dream, that  
no one but the SPECTATOR could believe that the Brain, clogged  
in Sleep, could furnish out such a regular Wildness of Imagina-  
tion’ (4).

PAGE 274. *Motto*. Virgil, *Georg.* i. 412. No. 393.

PAGE 276. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 148-156.

PAGE 278. *Motto*. Cicero ? No. 394.



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